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A CONVERSATION IN PEKING

BY EDWIN ROGERS EMBREE

I

'ARE you sure,' asked the Chinese professor, 'that your Christian religion makes all this difference between the Western world and the Orient? I admire many things that I have seen in America,' he added; 'your schools and motor cars for everyone, and your bathtubs and canned meat.'

The eyes of the old philosopher brightened as he recalled the conveniences and the plenty of the West.

'Most of all,' he went on, 'I marvel at the magic by which you keep away disease; that thin, mysteriously powerful line — "public health," I believe you call it — which wards off the evil spirits of typhoid fever and malaria and smallpox and leprosy. Some other things in your Western countries I do not admire at all, but I don't see that any of them have much to do with Christianity.'

The discussion had started in the living room of an ancient Chinese temple transformed into a modern residence. A group typical of what one sees in present-day Peking — or Peiping, as they are now calling it — included many races: three or four Americans and Englishmen, a Japanese diplomat, and several Chinese scholars and officials.

The conversation of these men who had lived all over the world had turned to racial differences and to religious influences. The prosperous son of a missionary, who was expounding the transforming power of Christianity, had been pushed further and further into a corner by his Chinese and American friends.

'This difference between America and China I admit,' said Wu Ting, professor at Peking National University. 'It is a difference that is explained by racial inheritance, by social and physical surroundings, and by modes of living, not by religion.'

'But religion is just that part of the mode of living which has most greatly influenced Western development,' said the American.

'I think,' replied Wu Ting, 'that that statement cannot be proved. If Christianity has a transforming power, it should show itself in Chinese, or Armenian, or Siamese converts, as well as in church members in America and England. So far as China is concerned, no such change seems to occur. I know many Chinese who live flawless lives filled with love and kindness, but they are not Christians; I know also a few Chinese Christians, but I do not seem to find them any more interested in brotherly love or the Golden Rule than

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their neighbors who follow the ancient teachings of Confucius.'

This declaration was met by general protests.

'Very well,' said the Chinese philosopher, 'I shall be satisfied if any of you can name a single Chinese convert whose way of life over a period of years can in any essential be attributed to the influence of this new religion.'

There was an astonishing absence of examples. One or two suggested recent converts whose enthusiasm was still apparent. When it came to naming persons who had accepted the new religion years ago and had reshaped their lives because of it, one after another of the examples offered had to be abandoned under the fire of Chinese cross-examination and analysis. Finally the original advocate eagerly offered the name of a general, then conspicuous, whose adherence to the new doctrines was so well known as to earn for him the title of 'the Christian General.'

'That example would have been more convincing two days ago,' replied one of the Chinese. 'Unfortunately this general has just yesterday committed one of the most atrocious massacres of defenseless prisoners known in recent Chinese history. While he still remains a conspicuous figure of war, and while he is likely to achieve high place among the generals, those considerations of love and mercy which are supposed to be the characteristic features of the Christian doctrine have unfortunately failed to affect his conduct.'

Further conversation brought into relief the Western theory that, regardless of specific, unfortunate instances, religion *must* influence a man's way of life, and that very deeply.

Again said Dr. Wu: 'I think that cannot be proved. As a matter of fact, I believe that religious creeds, oftener than not, represent the very opposite of the characteristics of the people who adopt them. They are in this sense what your psychologists would call "compensations."'

The Chinese philosopher then proceeded to outline a theory of religion quite unfamiliar to his hearers. 'It is not,' said he, 'a positive influence realizing its principles in the lives of its adherents; it is rather a kind of counter-satisfaction, a means of expression which may make possible the more complete adherence by a people to practices the very opposite of the doctrines concerned.'

In order to illustrate this theory, he suggested that we consider two religions, both of which started in the same section of the world and only a few centuries apart in time, and see if the nations to which Christianity and Mohammedanism have spread are today marked by the principles of the respective teachers, or whether, as a matter of fact, just the opposite is not the case.

'What are the characteristic tenets of Christian teaching?' the philosopher asked. 'Are they not brotherly love, the avoidance of force, the lack of thought for the morrow, the disregard of capitalistic treasure, emphasis upon the spiritual rather than the material?' And to drive home his point he recited some typical quotations from the Founder of Christianity taken from the several Gospel reports: —

'God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. — John iv. 24

'Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you, Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you. And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other. — Luke vi. 27–29

'Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful. — Luke vi. 36

'Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. — Matthew v. 5

'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth. — Matthew vi. 19

'Judge not, that ye be not judged. — Matthew vii. 1

'Go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven. — Matthew xix. 21

'A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another. — John xiii. 34

'And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise. — Luke vi. 31

'Now what are the countries which have most completely adopted Christianity?' the professor went on. 'Are they not the countries of Europe and of the Americas, and are not these countries of all the world the most warlike, the most capitalistic, the most devoted to careful planning for the morrow, to efficient preparedness, and to careful execution of well-laid plans? Are they not the nations which have created the amplest stores of worldly treasure, having made acquisitiveness a principle not only in regard to physical goods, but in regard to stocks and bonds, which are but tokens of goods stored the world over? Are not the "Nordics" leaders alike in Christianity and in race prejudice?

'These characteristics,' said Dr. Wu, 'of taking thought for the morrow, of laying up treasure, of methodical preparation for war, of looking down upon other human races and exploiting them — these characteristics may not be evil in themselves. I am not prepared to criticize them, for they have carried the Western nations to domination of the world. But certainly they are the very opposite of the teachings of the religion which these nations profess.'

At this point an Englishman interrupted the orderly development of the thesis to point out that it was unfair to judge so-called Christian nations by the acts of men who themselves were admittedly not followers of Christ or even members of a church.

'But it works out just the same, even if you take only professing Christians!' shouted one of the Americans. 'The most famous parish in New York is a typical capitalistic corporation. It has made marvelous profits from stocks and bonds, and in the past, at least, from its ownership of abominable tenements. And did n't preachers in England and America and Germany whoop it up for the war quite as eagerly as anyone, and with just as inflaming distortions of fact?

'Furthermore,' said the man, showing signs of prejudice as he warmed to the argument, 'some of the missionaries are themselves among the worst offenders against the principles of brotherly love. I often wonder how men and women who devote their lives to "saving" the natives of foreign countries can at the same time be so arrogant and so race-proud in their actual personal relations with them.'

II

The critic held the floor for several minutes elaborating his theme of the un-Christlike actions of the very emissaries of Christianity. His statements, denuded of excessive emphasis and a good deal of extraneous matter, were in substance as follows: —

'Everyone in China knows Kuling, the mountain summer resort standing, clear and beautiful, three thousand feet above the Yangtze River. Kuling is striking in setting and daring in conception; it is a triumph of Western imagination and Western skill over material obstacles. One feature, however, is most amazing of all: the resort was established and is controlled in large part by Christian missionaries to China, and the inexorable law is that no Chinese may live there!

'One grows calloused to the arrogance of business people of the Christian nations toward the Chinese off whom they are making their fortunes and whose territory they have occupied by force: the ownership by foreigners of the valuable sections of a city like Shanghai; their control there of the municipal government of all but the poor old section within the wall; the policing of the city with Indian Sikhs, feared and hated by the Chinese; the proprietorship of the Bund along the beautiful river front in Hankow, on which, until the Nationalist armies forced a change, no Chinese was allowed to walk unless he was carrying a white man's bag or pushing a white baby in a perambulator. You all remember the supreme example — the sign that used to stand in the charming park in Shanghai which declared, in staring letters, DOGS AND CHINESE NOT ALLOWED.[1]

'One comes to recognize such abuses as the spoils taken by the strong from the exploited weak; but there still remains, to me at least, a different kind of shock whenever one sees this same attitude of superiority taken by Christian missionaries.'

Another American, recently returned from 'God's country,' suddenly joined the conversation. 'While I was visiting Kentucky last winter I met a Southerner whom I had known years before. He was the kind who would have starved rather than eat with a Negro, who would to this day kill his sister before he would see her dancing with a mulatto.

'"Where have you been all these years?" I asked him.

'"Oh, did n't you know?" he answered. "I am just home on a furlough; my sister and I are foreign missionaries."

'"Splendid," said I. "Where is your field?"

'And he replied: "Central Africa."

'Can anyone explain this to me? Why does a man of this stripe choose Africa as a place to carry the gospel of brotherly love — and when he gets there why does he treat the natives as a race apart while he frantically tries to bring them into Heaven so that he can live with them forever?

'Do you suppose this fervor for black and yellow souls on the part of the "honorable white master" comes from a desire to make sure of a supply of coolie labor for whatever menial tasks may turn up in Heaven? To polish the golden streets, to carry the spiritual burdens, to mind the troublesome little angels? Or can these superior whites be looking forward to a color line in Heaven? Can they be expecting that there will be segregated districts for Chinese and Negro and Indian souls, while special mountains of pearl are reserved for the white ghosts? What will that Kentucky missionary to Africa do if a Negro angel steps up to welcome his sister into Heaven?'

We all exclaimed in protest against these unjust and frivolous questions. But the speaker declared very earnestly that he did n't mean to be frivolous, that he was seriously confused by the contradictions in the lives and aims of these missionaries. And he went on to explain that he was not straining the point in his references to human life in Heaven. Missionaries, he bade us remember, are the very people who believe in such a community of the saved. Professing Christians in reciting the Apostles' Creed still declare, 'I believe in . . . the Resurrection of the body,'

[1] Listeners should not interrupt a conversation, but anyone who has lived in the East can readily conjure up a few of the difficulties which would follow the withdrawal of every artificial barrier between the races. The barriers may be difficult to defend on theoretical grounds, but they undoubtedly do have their practical uses. — THE EDITORS

and 'the Communion of Saints' has with them a tangible basis of fact. Orthodox evangelists in China as elsewhere accept with absolute literalness the Old Testament Heaven, with the continuance of a very human sort of existence for the elect.

'Just so,' said the American who had first put in his oar. 'The attitude of white church people toward Chinese and Indians and Filipinos has been to me a never-ending source of wonder. Human nature is a strange and inconsistent thing at best. But of all the spectacles I have seen in the East the most bizarre is that of Christians holding their noses, as it were, while between outstretched thumb and finger they piously lift Chinese coolies and Malay natives into their own Heaven.'

'Maybe' — a new member of the group was speaking — 'Dr. Wu's theory would explain it. Many of these missionaries are just plain, small-minded people, full of Nordic prejudice. They proclaim the Golden Rule and equality before the Lord, and many of them devote their careers to the spread of this and similar Christian precepts. But they don't give up their prejudices. Like the business man, the missionary draws the bar of race against social intercourse. I don't want to run down men who have abandoned comfortable lives in the West for the sake of an ideal. I don't mean to say that missionaries have not worked hard and done very great good, especially with their hospitals and schools. It's just that so many of them lack that instinct of brotherhood which was the central teaching of their Messiah. Take this Southern missionary to Africa — it's not unnatural he was prejudiced. Despising blacks more than all others, in some queer mental or emotional throw-over he devotes his life to saving their souls. But watch him when one of his black brothers in Kentucky invites him to dinner!'

At this point one of the Chinese officials called attention to the recent tragic results in China of this arrogant attitude. 'What our friends have just commented upon,' he said, 'has been felt and resented in China for many years. Of course, missionaries are not all alike. I have known some who have lived right among the poorest of the people they have come to teach, who have shared their meagre homes and food and have helped in all their daily tasks. But the general impression of Westerners, missionaries as well as civilians, throughout China is that from a race-proud eminence they look down upon the "natives" and are interested only in converting them to the new religion.

'You can imagine,' the official continued, 'the resentment against this attitude which has been seething in China and which has now flared up in riots and wars. You must remember that bitterness when you read of attacks on missionaries, the burning of churches, and the pillaging of homes. These bands of angry Chinese have nothing in particular against Christianity. Of course the marauding armies are interested in loot for themselves, but they remember besides that foreign missionaries came to their country, took the choicest property for their comfortable homes, treated native servants none too kindly, and made it very evident that they despised China and everything Chinese. These uprisings against foreigners, and in certain instances directly against missionaries, are the answer of the Chinese masses to decades of foreign exploitation and arrogance.'

III

During this discussion Dr. Wu Ting had remained immobile.

'If you are finished,' he said when a pause occurred, 'let me go on with the general argument.' And he proceeded to do so.

'Take another religion by way of comparison — that of Islam. This religion started in the same part of the world as Christianity did. Its Prophet, Mohammed, traveled paths near those where the Founder of Christianity had walked a few centuries before. Yet, while the Christian religion spread westward to the efficient, capitalistic, warlike nations, Mohammedanism, for the most part, spread east and south.

'Mohammedanism, as contrasted with Christianity, emphasizes efficiency, materialism, and war. It dictates in detail the tasks which must be performed by the devotee. The times of prayer practically control the Mohammedan's rising and retiring; careful directions as to the washing of hands and body and as to foods to be eaten and avoided regulate such material items as sanitation and diet. Islam exalts the principle of private property. From the beginning it was built about warfare. The army is a regular part of Mohammedan organization — an institution for the conquering of unbelievers and for the suppression of internal rebellion. The Koran gives minute directions as to the distribution of booty and the handling of conquered peoples. Consider such typical sayings of Mohammed as these: —

'Your lives and property are sacred and inviolable amongst one another until the end of time.

'The practice of religion is founded upon cleanliness, which is one half of faith and the key to prayer.

'And give full measure when you measure out and weigh with a true balance.

'The sword is the key of heaven and hell; a drop of blood shed in the cause of God or a night spent in arms is of more avail than two months of fasting and prayer.

'Yet Islam, this efficient, warlike religion, full of detailed instructions for the handling of worldly goods, for personal hygiene, and for conquest by arms, has spread during the centuries to the southern and eastern peoples, to Africa, the Near East, and Asia, to people who were and are unhygienic, inefficient, and dishonest in the Western sense, unorganized in preparedness and war as compared with Europeans, uninterested in treasure houses of goods and chattels as contrasted with Westerners.

'Except for the first military successes of the Arab horsemen, Islam, with all its warlike trappings and efficient régime, has not much affected, below superficial observance, the life of the people to whom it has spread. It has not raised its followers in North Africa and Western Asia from sloth, dirt, disease, and inefficiency. And Christianity has had equally little success in making European and American nations peaceful, philosophic, or unworldly.

'The directions of the spread of Christianity and Mohammedanism are to be explained not by any willingness of the peoples who adopted them to follow their teachings, but rather by the tendencies of these peoples to use the principles as a compensation for their own recognized shortcomings in these respects.

'The Easterners realized perhaps subconsciously the lacks which come with inefficiency and with a happy-go-lucky socialism. They therefore accepted a simple mechanism of religion which would care for their habits in eating and bathing, in fighting and in holding property, without too much anxious concern on their part, and which would enable them, by expressing a theoretic interest in all these matters, then to go about their lives free to pursue the exact opposites.

'The nations of Europe and America on the other hand, failing to find complete satisfaction in their jealousies and wars and in their capitalism and busy planning for the future, have welcomed an opportunity to declare loudly their belief in the very opposite of those things to which in reality they devote their lives.'

'Well, anyway,' the son of a missionary interposed, 'all you say goes to show that people turn to religion because they want something they do not find in the rest of their lives. You call it compensation: I should prefer to call it aspiration or idealism. To me it is gratifying to see successful business men turning to the meek and patient Messiah, to see army colonels and other race-conscious Nordics attending the Christian church.'

'Call it what you please,' said Dr. Wu, 'so long as you don't pretend that it transforms life,' and went on to make some pointed comments upon the World War and the treatment of Negroes by Christian mobs in America.

'By the way,' said one of the Englishmen who had not previously spoken, 'when I last visited the United States I heard a good deal about a man who was doing a lot to help the Negroes — building schools for them and helping them get decent living quarters and medical care. Yet this man was not a Christian. Queer, is n't it, that with all the Christian teaching of the Golden Rule and brotherly love it should be a Jew who conspicuously exemplifies these doctrines in his service to Negroes. No doubt a great many Christians also have helped the Negroes, with loving-kindness as well as with money, but as many Christians, I'll venture to say, have been in mobs that lynched them. Anyway, this Jewish philanthropist stands out as one of the great American benefactors of the Negro.'

'Fascinating,' murmured Wu Ting, and began to discuss Judaism. He said that, while he did n't pretend to know much about Jews or the Jewish religion, one thing that had always struck him was that they spoke of themselves as 'the chosen people,' and their prophets emphasized their essential separateness from all other groups.

The Jews, he went on to explain, still proclaim themselves followers of their ancient prophets, and they have never accepted Jesus as a teacher or Messiah. Yet Jews are really the most charitable of peoples. In western Europe and America they are among the liberal contributors to general causes as well as to their own charities and hospitals. And as a matter of fact they probably do not really wish to be separated from other people. In Europe for centuries they have been forcibly isolated and segregated. Therefore, by way of compensation, they keep declaring that they are a separate, chosen people of God. Thus in a social evil they try to find a religious good.

'Right!' cried one of the Americans. 'I don't believe Jews want to be segregated any more than any other group does. They probably use their old religious slogan of a select people simply to compensate themselves for a situation which has been forced on them. I don't see Jews avoiding other groups when they get a chance to mingle. They go to schools and colleges wherever they can. They are keen enough to move into Christian or gentile neighborhoods. They intermarry quickly enough. Why, they even change their names, so they won't be thought to be Jews. I can't believe they hold to this "chosen people" idea very sincerely — whenever they can get a chance to drop it. But so long as they are segregated, this is a comforting doctrine to chant by way of defense and compensation.'

At this point the Japanese diplomat arose and, apropos of nothing in particular, announced with a polite bow: 'There has been a great revival of Buddhism in Japan in recent years.'

'Just so,' answered Dr. Wu; and, sitting with half-closed eyes, he went on. 'Buddhism — a great religion. We cannot now take the time of the schedule-worshiping Westerners to elaborate its doctrines and philosophy. All of you who have lived in the East or who have studied at all know it anyway. It is essentially the religion of calm detachment from the world, of the "way of life" which looks toward peaceful contemplation and poise.

'And, as our friend has indicated, Buddhism to-day is in a state of active renaissance, of conscious energetic promulgation nothing short of a crusade in just one country — Japan. Interesting, is n't it? For Japan, I need scarcely add, is the one country of the entire East which has become notoriously bustling, feverish, materialistic, efficient, and successful. The Japanese army is as efficient as that of Germany at the beginning of the century. Japanese railways are among the best-managed in the world; you can safely set your watch by trains as they come and go through the stations. The national currency exchanges throughout the world at par even with sterling. Tokyo rivals New York and London in active business, clattering trains, trade in all commodities, and in stocks and bonds. The stop watch to-day rules the country.

'Millions of Japanese people, as they turn their backs upon centuries of the simple way of life, of calm and contemplation, seek compensation in shouting their adherence to the quiet, eternal Buddha.'

No one volunteered any further comments, and there was silence for a time.

'Creeds,' said Wu Ting, evidently by way of summing up his thesis, 'creeds do not represent the expression of the real beliefs and desires of the people who adopt them. Nor do religious precepts affect very much the lives of the worshipers. Oftener than not religious tenets are the exact opposite of the characteristics of those who profess them. They are not a positive expression of belief or emotion, but a compensation for recognized or unconscious contraries in life and ideals.'

Such was the doctrine of the Chinese philosopher. But as he rose to go to his home a smile played about his features.

MISREPRESENTED INDIA

BY SIR JOHN CAMPBELL

I

As all the world knows, a Round Table Conference will meet in London, sometime this autumn, to consider the situation in India, and the detailed proposals which should be placed before Parliament to deal with that situation. At present the position is strained and delicate; discussion — and more especially ill-formed discussion — may easily aggravate it. Indians are sensitive to criticism; Englishmen whose interests are linked with those of India have often clean-cut and tenaciously held opinions as to the most suitable course to adopt; and at such a moment, with the gravest issues calling imperatively for decision, and with much depending upon the 'atmosphere' in which the discussions of the Conference will take place, the general feeling in England is that a truce should be called to discussion until the Conference has met and reported.

There have been no general debates in Parliament, for this reason; and such examination as the subject has received in the press has been characterized by an objectivity and a restraint unusual in similar circumstances. It is felt that the issues are so grave, the decisions to be taken so far-reaching in their consequences, and the material upon which these decisions must be based so complicated and so vast, that any examination which the press can make will probably fail to elucidate points of major importance, and may on the other hand occasion resentment in this quarter or in that prejudicial to that just, reasoned, impartial, and equitable treatment of the subject which all political parties in England unite in desiring. The writer has 'eaten the salt' of India; in common with all who have worked there he has, throughout his official life, placed the interests of India first; and he feels that any examination of the general political situation at the moment — even though that examination would be based upon long personal experience — would be inopportune, for the reasons stated above.

It may be, however, that a minor and subordinate rôle might still usefully be played. The *Economist*, in reviewing on August 3 of this year the performances of the first session of the second Labor Government in England, commented as follows, after referring to the signing of the Naval Treaty: 'Certainly not less important is the fact that, after several years of increasing and dangerous estrangement, Anglo-American relations have been reëstablished on a basis of harmony and coöperation which, we hope, will not be prejudiced by the recent misrepresentations of British action and policy in India which have been widespread in the United States.' The *Times* has, within the last few weeks, published a series of special articles dealing with these misrepresentations, and refuting them. But they persist; they are widely believed in the United States, they have created a strong opinion adverse to England there, and the mere existence of that opinion prejudices

America's attitude toward any solution which may be adopted by the Round Table Conference, and eventually by Parliament. It would perhaps be useful, therefore, to set out some of the salient facts as regards British administration in India, and to pass briefly in review some of the more striking results achieved there, as a corrective, and in order to enable Americans to judge, with some accuracy and fairness, as to the rights and wrongs of the general situation.

All the statements made in the following paragraphs have been carefully verified. All are readily verifiable. Where opinions are expressed, they are the opinions of the writer. In order that some estimate may be formed of the weight of experience behind these opinions, it may be stated that he spent twenty-five years in the Indian Civil Service. During that period he was for about two years in the Secretariat of the local Government, for several years in the Secretariat of the Government of India, for roughly two years at the India Office, and the remainder of the time he was occupied with work in the districts, was in charge of one of the larger cities of India, and served on various provincial and imperial commissions which gave him an opportunity to travel practically throughout the Indian Empire. While in the districts, he spent many months each year camping among the people, and he spoke their language fluently. His official work brought him into contact with all classes of the people — from princes to peasants, from criminals to philanthropists, from Brahmans to Sansiyahs.

In the writer's view, administration in India is conditioned by, and subject to, four major disabilities — the prevalence of the 'caste' system, acute communal differences, a geographical and political situation which renders heavy expenditure upon defense unescapable, and the existence of natural conditions which determine that the vast bulk of the population must live in scattered villages and earn their living by the practice of agriculture. It will be well to examine each of these disabilities in turn.

II

Caste, in the form in which it exists in India, has no analogue elsewhere. It is a system which is so alien to European thought that it is most difficult to comprehend it, or — more important still — to appreciate its actual working. The origin of the system has been discussed for very many years, but there is still no general agreement on the point. The probability is that it originated in the desire of the Aryan invaders of India to preserve their racial purity and their predominant social and political position as against the aboriginal inhabitants of the Peninsula; if that is so — and it is the view to which the weight of authority leans — it is one of the subtle ironies of history that one of the main forces behind the political movements in India today should be resentment against the alleged social exclusiveness of the European.

Under the caste system, the status of every Hindu is determined by his birth. He is born into a caste; there is — save for extremely rare and wholly unimportant exceptions — no other method by which he can enter it. Throughout his life he remains a member of that caste, subject to his compliance with the major rules of conduct which govern it. He may be outcasted for failure to comply with these rules; in that event, the structure of social life in India is in general such that he probably attempts to enter some other association of individuals which calls itself a caste,

and which does in time assume all the characteristics of a caste. The writer was at one time in contact with a criminal tribe which claimed to be a caste, had a caste name and caste rules, caste inhibitions and prohibitions, but which was prepared to welcome outcasted men (with suitable professional qualifications!) from all sources.

Caste is largely, though not always, associated with occupation; the degree of association depends upon the caste; and there are some occupations which no member of a certain caste could possibly undertake. A Brahman may be a cultivator, a policeman, a cook, or a lawyer, for example: he could not conceivably be a leather worker or a laundryman, or a dustman. Rich or poor, literate or illiterate, he is still a Brahman, and as such an object of respect — even of veneration. A Chamar could not be a water carrier, for no man of superior caste could take water from him. He might be very wealthy, — some of them are, — but all the social disabilities attaching to his low caste remain unimpaired.

It is almost inconceivable that a Hindu should marry outside his caste; he would forfeit his caste by doing so. Caste is something fixed, immutable, governing the great majority of the ordinary acts of life, determining the range of possible occupations to a large extent, fixing the social status, determining in advance the orbit in which the individual must move. It cuts him off, to a very large degree, from free social intercourse with his fellow men. It is restrictive, conservative, rigid, exclusive. Men are divided into exclusive groups; they are born to compliance with a set of meticulous rules; their life has to be fitted into a cast-iron framework; and, through the agency of the 2300 or so castes which have been recognized, Hindu society is rigidly controlled and organized upon intensely conservative lines. Ability, intellect, wealth, all alike beat in vain against the iron bars of caste.

Caste, then, is the negation of equality; it is frequently the denial of opportunity. It has divided and segmented Hindu society — and the term 'Hindu' has in practice the very widest signification — into separate, water-tight compartments. It has produced an intense conservatism which impedes advance. It hampers administration and progress in a thousand ways, direct and indirect, subtle and obvious. It limits the choice of officials, for example — for a man of low caste cannot possibly exercise any wide authority. It complicates all communal life, for its network of restrictions upon conduct spreads across the normal lines of social and economic activity. It affects most seriously the administration of justice, for the man of lower caste feels diffident about inflicting punishment upon the high-caste man, and the witness often considers that the claims of caste are superior to the claims of truth. It is obvious that the problem of education is greatly complicated by the existence of 'untouchability,' and that the task of the administration in providing sanitation and adequate water supplies is rendered much more difficult by the rigid limit which the caste system places upon the numbers available for the former purpose, and upon the utilization of water supplies by the various sections of the community.

It is, in short, a tyranny which, though universally accepted, hampers progress and impedes administration at every turn. To give a concrete idea of the field of its influence, it may be stated that there are roughly $216\frac{3}{4}$ million 'Hindus' in India, over 163 million in British India; and that the 'untouchables' in British India (excluding Burma) are estimated at approximately $43\frac{1}{2}$ millions.

III

With regard to the second major disability mentioned above — the existence of acute communal differences — the basic fact is that, in British India, there are over 59 million Muhammadans, living side by side with over 163 million Hindus. These groups are, to a large extent, different in their racial origins; they differ in their outlook upon this life and upon the future life; they have different social customs, different habits, different dress, different diet to a large extent; naturally they differ as regards religion, and they have different mental and physical characteristics. The Muhammadan religion is not in general tolerant of 'the idolater'; and the use of beef by Muhammadans raises problems of great complexity in a society which regards the cow as an object of veneration.

Fanaticism, on both sides, is a commonplace of administration; it has to be taken into account on all occasions and at all times, but particularly when religious festivals and religious processions occur.

The Muhammadans see all around them the memorials of their past greatness and their recent empire; some of them, at least, still dream of domination; the glories of their race, and the propagation of their religion, are heady thoughts in a primitive country; they still take pride in their former military prowess; and they resent the increased power which numbers, and superior mental ability, confer upon the Hindu. They are neither so quick mentally, nor so capable of rapid adaptation to a new situation, as the Hindu; on the other hand, they think — and with considerable reason — that they possess superior virility, that they are more suited to executive work, and that their racial origin and their social habits and religion make for a stronger individuality.

The two communities live, as a consequence, in a continual state of watchfulness and tension; and this tension breaks, not infrequently, into serious disturbances and distressing conflicts. The administration has to be constantly on its guard against such occurrences; no one who has not lived in India, and who has not had personal experience of the infinity of patience and the complexity of the organization necessary, as a matter of day-to-day administration, in order to deal with recurring problems of the kind, can form an accurate idea of how much the existence of this perennial if often latent hostility hampers progress, imposes what ought to be regarded as useless expenditure, and retards the advancement of the country. It means troops — and, from the nature of the problem, mainly European troops; it necessitates a larger police force; it implies in the aggregate an enormous waste of administrative power and energy; it forces the administration, in respect of many of its activities, to do the expedient thing rather than the right thing.

IV

The third of the major disabilities alluded to above is the fact that the geographical and political situation in India, and beyond its borders, renders heavy expenditure upon defense unavoidable. This expenditure amounts to just a shade over one quarter of the total expenditure, central and provincial. The percentage is formidable; everyone is agreed that it is regrettably high; but the Government of India is faced with a situation in which it finds it impossible to reduce it. The first duty of any government is to provide adequately for the security of its territories. On the northwest frontier of

India, where the great natural barrier protecting the continent breaks down, stands the gate through which, during the centuries, wave after wave of invasion has poured into India. India has never offered effective resistance. It is imperative that that gate should be firmly closed; and, since the British occupation, it has been effectively closed.

The border is inhabited by wild and lawless tribes, who delight in swift, ruthless raids into the fat lands of India. For them the temptation is constant and great. From 1850 to 1922 there were seventy-two expeditions against these tribes — an average of one a year. Every possible device has been tried to ameliorate the situation, but without much effect. The necessity — the proved necessity — for military force is still there; and it has to be met. Behind this fringe stands Afghanistan, which is not a member of the League of Nations, and which is occupied by a notoriously turbulent and warlike people. There again every effort has been made to deal on satisfactory lines with the situation; and there again the Government has been slowly and unwillingly forced back to the conclusion that the safety of India requires the presence of an adequate armed force. Behind Afghanistan there is Russia. Russia is not a member of the League of Nations; and Russia has, as a matter of common knowledge, been pursuing a policy which does not suggest that safety for India would lie in the direction of a reduction in the numbers, or a diminution in the efficiency, of her armed forces. Under the Tsarist régime, Russia pushed on, steadily and rapidly, from the Urals to the Sea of Japan; she extended to the far north, she dominated northern Persia, and she acquired Central Turkestan. She was, clearly, a somewhat difficult neighbor; the threat to India was freely spoken of, and plans for invasion were openly discussed. Under the Soviet régime, attempts have been made to foment rebellion in India.

The difficulties are clear enough; what is the force with which to meet them? There are 60,000 British troops in India, and 150,000 Indian troops, with 34,000 reservists. This force constitutes the sole military weapon, on the spot, with which to defend an area of 1,805,000 square miles and a population of approximately 319 millions, to protect a vast continent against external aggression and internal disturbance. There is one British soldier to each thirty square miles of territory, and to each group of 5315 Indians.

It will be recollected that, as stated above, it is necessary, for reasons connected with the communal tension in India, to rely to a considerable extent upon the British forces in case of internal disturbance. There is no other body which cannot be suspected, or which will not be accused, of partiality. As will be seen later, the exiguousness of the police force also throws an additional and heavy burden, as regards internal disturbance, upon the army. The Government of India has always been fully conscious that the necessity for a relatively high expenditure upon the army diminishes the amount available for ordinary administrative services, and thereby retards the more rapid development of the country. But, while keenly appreciating the disadvantages inherent in their decision, they have been reluctantly forced to the conclusion that the military forces now at their command are the minimum with which they can adequately discharge their primary duty of protecting the country against external attack and internal disturbance.

It may assist in giving a more concrete idea of the position if it is pointed

out that the figures quoted above represent — assuming an even distribution — one unit of a thousand British troops for each 30,000 square miles of territory, and one unit of a thousand Indian troops for each 12,000 square miles. In many cases, the district officer is hundreds of miles from the nearest troops; he may easily spend his whole service in India without seeing a British soldier, except when he visits a garrison town, probably well over a hundred miles away, for official or social purposes. We have often been told that 'India is held by the sword'; the statistics given above lend no support to that dictum, and it is hotly denied by all who know the real facts of the situation.

V

The last of the major disabilities mentioned above is the fact that the natural conditions in India are such that the bulk of the population must necessarily reside in scattered villages, and earn their living by the practice of agriculture. Distances in India are very great; communications are still imperfect; natural resources — in the form of coal, minerals, water power, and so on — are concentrated at relatively few points; railway freights (even at the extremely low rates ruling in India) cut deeply into possible profits from industrial activity except in a few specially favored localities; and, though India is now one of the eight largest industrial states in the world, physical and geographical conditions are such that the great majority of the population must necessarily turn to agriculture for their livelihood.

Roughly, 92 per cent of the population live in villages, or in towns of less than ten thousand inhabitants. Agriculture, and allied occupations, occupy over 70 per cent of the whole population, scattered among half a million villages. They speak over 220 vernaculars. When the last census was taken, 90 per cent of the 319 millions then counted were found to be living in the district in which they had been born; and, of the balance, two out of every three were living in a contiguous district.

These figures 'give furiously to think.'

Here we have about one fifth of the whole population of the world, isolated by great distances from the centres of thought and activity, strongly disinclined to move from the villages where they were born, speaking over two hundred tongues, many engaged in what is traditionally one of the most unchanging of occupations, almost wholly illiterate, certainly not at all anxious to become literate, conservative to a degree, and governed by custom to an extent which is almost unbelievable to the American or the Englishman without Oriental experience. The village bounds their horizon; their ways are the ways of their fathers; they passively but strongly resent change. And this vast mass of population, scattered over nearly two million square miles, apathetic and largely inert, held in the grip of the deadening caste system, presents a problem of appalling magnitude to the administrator.

The most powerful efforts are readily absorbed with little more than a tremor in the huge mass; to lever up this colossal dead-weight by the most infinitesimal fraction demands a tremendous expenditure of time, energy, and money. Yet the problem of the British in India is now, as it has always been, to improve the standard of life of these hundreds of millions, to give them a new and wider outlook, to increase their material prosperity, to awaken them to political consciousness, to fit them eventually to govern themselves.

VI

The foregoing paragraphs will, it is hoped, give a basis, however slight, for an appreciation of some of the graver disabilities under which British administration works in India. Before proceeding to deal, in the broadest outline, with the results which have hitherto been achieved, it may be well to refer to some of the more serious charges which are frequently brought against that administration by its critics.

One of the commonest assertions is that Indians are 'dragooned' by the British army, and by a venal police force. Statistics have already been given concerning the British forces in India. For the area of British India under governors (an area of 1,011,000 square miles, with a population of 242,945,000) there is a total police force of 187,000 men, with approximately one thousand officers. Of these, under six hundred are Europeans! The area per policeman is five times as great, and the population twice as great, as in England, which is one of the most law-abiding countries in the world, where communal tension is hardly existent, where the population is homogeneous, and where the people have always assisted, actively and energetically, their police force. In India there is in general no such assistance or coöperation; crimes are usually more violent and more subtle; false charges are unquestionably very much more prevalent; organized robbery is much more common; and evidence is for a variety of reasons much less reliable.

It is difficult to resist the conclusion that here also, as in the case of the army, the desire to economize, to obtain funds for much-needed development, has led the Government to reduce expenditure on the police to the absolute minimum. No one with district experience in India will, the writer considers, be disposed to contest this statement; the general opinion would probably be that an increase in the police force, and a substantial addition to their pay, were eminently desirable or even essential in the best interests of the country.

Another allegation frequently made is that England has governed India in her own interests. It is, of course, peculiarly difficult to reply to a charge of this kind; to prove a negative is not easy. During the long course of England's relations with India, there have been cases where British officers working in India felt — and felt strongly — that Indian interests were being subordinated to those of England. Such cases were very few in number; and only one could reasonably be regarded as of major importance — the cotton excise duties.

In the course of the writer's service, although he occupied for years positions in which cases of this kind would necessarily have come before him, he cannot recollect more than three instances where he personally felt — and stated as strongly as official decorum permitted — that India's legitimate interests were being inadequately considered. His opinion may have been incorrect, of course; looking back on these crowded years, he is rather inclined to think that the English officer in India had a perfervid loyalty to India which, on occasion, possibly did more credit to his heart than to his head. The Government of India and the British officer in India tended, in the nature of things, to see the special strength of the Indian case in all such matters; they were probably, also in the nature of things, less appreciative of the more general considerations which affected the issue, but with which they were necessarily less familiar. On one point — and it is the major point — the writer's personal experience admits

of no doubt. He is convinced that India has always found, and will probably continue to find, its keenest and ablest defenders from among the ranks of British officers serving or who have served in India.

However this may be, there are two acid tests which may be applied in judging whether England governs India in her own interests or not. Although he possesses the power, as a matter of law, the Secretary of State for India does not interfere with the enactment of any tariff measure upon which the Government of India and the Indian Legislature are agreed. There was a recent and crucial instance, where, despite the insistence of Lancashire, the Government of the day refused to disallow, or to bring any pressure upon India to alter, a measure which Lancashire strongly objected to. Unemployment was then widespread in England, and particularly in Lancashire; it was felt that the measure in contemplation would seriously aggravate an already most difficult situation; but, despite that, the Government in England confined itself to a brief statement of the position, and to the expression of a hope that modification might be found possible. Its views were not accepted by India; but no attempt was made to disallow the legislation passed by the Indian authorities.

Again, the Secretary of State has relinquished his control of policy in the matter of the purchase of government stores for India, other than military stores. The governments in India, in agreement with the legislatures there, are now free to buy stores in India or in England or abroad, as may seem best to them; and the Secretary of State, although he is by statute responsible to Parliament, has undertaken not to intervene. So we have the spectacle of India raising loans — which have the special character of trustee investments, and can as such be issued on favorable terms — in England, and spending the money in buying locomotives for her railways in Germany or in Belgium, and that at a time when unemployment in England has increased to an unheard-of degree, and when the English electorate is fully aware alike of the extent and of the gravity of the unemployment problem.

In passing, and in view of the widespread credence given to the statement, it may be mentioned that England has never administered her colonies or possessions on the basis of receiving tribute. The revenues of India, for example, are declared by statute to be applicable solely to the purposes of the government of India; and there is a further statutory provision that, except for preventing or repelling actual invasion of His Majesty's Indian possessions, Indian revenues cannot be expended on military operations carried on beyond the external frontiers of India, without the consent of both Houses of Parliament. England does not receive one penny of tribute from India — or, for that matter, from any of her colonies or possessions; she has not infrequently to aid them financially; but the ideal has always been that each unit of the Empire should be financially independent and self-contained. The revenues of each unit are attributed solely to that unit; if loans can be raised locally, so much the better; if capital has to be obtained in England, it is readily placed at the disposal of the constituent parts of the Empire; if grants in aid have to be given, they are accorded, their amount being limited as narrowly as may be; and they have, if possible, to be repaid.

In any attempt to balance the account as between India and England, it should not be forgotten that India is, in the ultimate analysis, protected by the British navy, of which the whole

cost falls on the British taxpayer. It is believed that India has in recent years made a small contribution on this account; but that contribution is of importance chiefly as constituting a recognition of the benefits received, and is so small that it cannot be regarded as in any sense a payment for them.

Before leaving this point — the assertion that England has governed India in her own interests, and not in the interests of India — it is well to remember that the policy of the English in India has always been that of the 'open door.' The citizens of any state, Americans or Swiss, Germans or Austrians, Japanese or Chinese, are free to enter India, to settle there, to found businesses, to trade, to engage in industry. They are subject to no special discrimination or disqualification; they stand upon the same footing as the Indian or the Englishman. This — as most people are aware — is certainly not the policy of the colonizing Powers generally. Further, trade and shipping are entirely free — again a notable departure from the normal procedure. Shipping traffic between India and England, or between India and any part of the British Empire, is not regarded as 'coasting traffic,' reserved for national bottoms; it is open to all. To summarize, the assertion that England is mindful of her own interests, and neglectful of those of India, finds, in the view of the writer, no justification either in history or in fact.

VII

Another charge which one frequently hears is that India is exploited in the interests of the upper classes — the so-called 'governing classes' — of England. Here again indisputable figures cast a flood of light on the position, particularly for those who are unfamiliar with Indian conditions.

In the whole civil administration of India, from the highest to the lowest grade, there are about 12,000 Europeans, out of a total approximating to a million and a half — eight tenths of one per cent only. If the superior grades of the Civil Service only are taken into account — and the 12,000 mentioned above includes a large number of engine drivers, and others of the same class — the total is about 3500. The proportion to the number of government servants as a whole is 0.23 per cent. Expressed in another fashion, it means one European to each 70,600 of the population.

If the statistics of the individual services be examined, the figures are even more striking.

The Indian Civil Service governs India; in that service, on January 1, 1929, there were 894 Europeans and 367 Indians; by January 1, 1939, the present programme provides for 715 Europeans and 643 Indians. In other words, there is at present one member of the Indian Civil Service for each 195,000 of the population of British India. The proportion is certainly not extravagant; and it will be observed that, even at present, over 29 per cent of the personnel of the Indian Civil Service is Indian. By January 1939 the proportion will be over 47 per cent. At the moment, there is one European member of the Civil Service for each 276,250 of the population of British India.

Similar, and equally illuminating, figures could be quoted for other services. The Irrigation Service, for example, has at present 255 Europeans and 240 Indians in its superior branch; by 1939 it will have 229 Europeans and 270 Indians. To turn to the judicial side, the detailed figures show that, in the higher courts in the Presidency of Madras, there are, out of a total of 177 officers, 50 Europeans and 127 Indians.

In the High Court — the supreme court for the Presidency — there are 8 Europeans and 6 Indians.

The writer thinks it will be agreed that these statistics — and many others of a similar character which could be produced — do not lend any support to the suggestion that India is overstaffed with Europeans, or that the Government has been slow to accord to Indians a fair proportion of the higher appointments, as soon as men with the requisite qualifications for these appointments became available. The writer is not aware of any colonial administration, British or foreign, where the proportion of Europeans is so small as in India, where the total staff is so restricted relative to area and population, or where so large a percentage of that staff is composed of residents of the country.

Criticism of the Government of India's opium and excise policy has probably been more envenomed, more unfair, less well informed, and more widely accepted than in respect of any other branch of the administration. Such criticism has originated chiefly in America; and it is, almost uniformly, based upon a plenteous lack of knowledge.

The broad facts are clear enough, and the figures which will shortly be quoted are undisputed and indisputable. India — accompanied in this by regrettably few of the nations of the world — has not allowed her policy as regards opium to be determined by financial considerations. After the so-called 'opium wars,' England did not, as is almost invariably asserted, force China to admit Indian opium; no such demand was made. The matter was left entirely to the Chinese. When China, in the early years of the present century, expressed the desire to prohibit the cultivation and consumption of opium in China, and as a necessary step to that end to secure the gradual extinction of the imports of opium from India, the Government of India readily acceded to the request. An arrangement was quickly come to; and the heavy loss of revenue which that arrangement entailed was cheerfully accepted by India, although opinion there strongly inclined to the view that China had set herself an impossible task, and that the object aimed at could not and would not be attained. It is difficult to estimate with accuracy the loss of revenue involved; the figure currently accepted was in the region of £4,000,000 a year.

This arrangement was scrupulously observed by India; and exports to China did, in fact, cease some years before there was any obligation upon India to prohibit them. At that time there were also no international obligations of any kind binding India in the matter; it was before the days of the Hague Convention. Exports of opium from India to China ceased as long ago as 1913. Events have proved that the skepticism felt in India as to China's power to carry through her projected reform was amply justified; the situation in China at the moment, and during recent years, is now a matter of common knowledge.

The only consideration which India received for her heavy loss of revenue was the hope that it might be found possible to prohibit, or rigidly control, the use of opium in China; that hope has been disappointed by the march of events, but India does not complain. She is, frankly, glad to be quit of the traffic. India did not, however, content herself with a mere rigid compliance with the terms of the convention arranged with China. She took various steps, which it would take too long to enumerate here, to secure, as far as that was possible, that there should be no floating surplus of opium in the Far

East available for smuggling into China. In recent years she has taken a further and most important step. Again disregarding all financial considerations, — the loss involved is in the region of £2,000,000 per annum, — India decided, for a variety of reasons which need not be explained in detail, that the export of opium from India, other than for purely medical and scientific purposes, should cease by the end of 1935. Here again she was under no international obligation of any kind; her action was purely voluntary. It may safely be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that no other government has incurred such heavy financial sacrifices in the interests of the repression of the drug traffic.

VIII

Despite these and other cogent facts, however, it is still repeatedly asserted that India's policy is governed solely by financial considerations; and that England still reaps, from an infamous traffic, vast revenues. It has already been explained that England reaps nothing, in any event; whatever revenue there may be is Indian revenue, utilizable solely by India in the interests of India. Let us see what this net revenue is. For the latest year for which data are available, it was, as near as may be, £2,300,000. This includes the revenue from the export of opium to 'smoking' countries, from the export of opium for medical purposes, and from the sale, at something near cost price, of opium to the provincial governments for excise purposes. This net revenue is less than 4½ cents per head of the population of British India; it is less per head than it would cost an Indian to send a letter to China. And, as pointed out above, it is a revenue which India will, by the end of 1935, have voluntarily abandoned.

As regards the consumption of opium in India itself, the position is complicated by various considerations which it would be out of place to discuss here in detail. It will perhaps be sufficient to say that the consumption in India was till quite recently, and for many years, at a considerably lower rate than the consumption in the United States. This is a little-known but highly significant fact. Very rapid advance has been made in America during recent years in controlling and limiting the consumption of opium products; and the rigid control now exercised has naturally led to a much lower consumption. The consumption per capita in India has also fallen, steadily and fairly rapidly; it now stands at approximately one half higher than the consumption in the United States. Evidently there is no basis here for the assertion — which has frequently been made — that the Government of India deliberately encourages the opium traffic, in order that it may be easier to rule over the drugged and helpless subjects. At the time when that monstrous assertion was first made — by an American — the consumption per capita in the United States was in fact higher, and considerably higher, than the consumption per capita in India! The consumption of opium at the present time in India is just under sixteen grains per head per annum.

The excise revenue from opium — that is, the revenue derived from sales of the drug in India — works out at just a shade under five cents a head a year. The rate at which the opium is issued to vendors varies; but it ranges about eleven dollars a pound. The price paid by the consumer, purchasing in very small quantities, is naturally much higher.

We have, then, in India an average consumption of opium per head per annum of just under sixteen grains, and

an average incidence of taxation per capita upon the consumption of opium of just under five cents a year. The former figure is all the consumer takes; the latter is all the Government gets. And neither points to abuse.

The matter may be looked at from another standpoint. There is on an average one shop for the sale of drugs to each seventy-three square miles of territory in British India. On the same scale, this would correspond to something like 1290 shops for the whole of the United Kingdom. There are, in fact, over 100,000 shops for the sale of intoxicating liquors in that area — a figure which is not of course comparable, but which nevertheless serves to give some aid in visualizing what one shop to each seventy-three square miles really means. It clearly cannot be contended that the Government of India places temptation in the way of the opium eater, or that it makes much money out of him.

The liquor problem may be briefly disposed of. Muhammadans, speaking generally, do not consume liquor; its consumption is forbidden by their religion. Nor do the higher-caste Hindus drink, except in rare individual cases. The consumption of liquor is, in practice, confined to the lower-caste Hindus; and it is the lowest castes of all which provide the heaviest drinkers. But steady drinking is unusual. There are riotous orgies on feast days, during marriage ceremonies, and on other similar occasions; but for weeks or months at a time the average Indian, even of the lowest caste, probably abstains from drink. The operative reason, in most cases, is doubtless that he cannot afford it. As in the case of opium, the price is always kept at the maximum point, consistently with the fundamental condition that it must not be so high as to lead to smuggling or illicit distillation on any material scale. The revenue from liquor is, as near as may be, £10,300,000 a year; the incidence is almost exactly twenty cents per head per annum. There is, on an average, one shop for each twenty-four square miles of territory; this would correspond to approximately 3900 shops for the whole of the United Kingdom, as against the 100,000 which actually exist there. There is in India one shop for each group of 5620 inhabitants; in England the shop density is about twelve times greater. The total excise revenue, from all sources, — opium, liquor, other drugs, and miscellaneous, — works out at something under twenty-nine cents a head a year.

OVER THE WIRE

A Drama

BY JEAN COCTEAU

[THE scene of the action, framed in a drop painted to imitate red draperies, shows the corner of a woman's bedroom — a sombre room, in bluish tones. To the left, a bed in disorder; to the right, a door opening into a white bathroom ablaze with light; in the centre, leaning forward from a panel, the photographic enlargement of some great picture, or possibly a family portrait — in a word, a disheartening room. In front of the prompter's box stand an easy-chair and a table with telephone, books, and a lamp throwing out merciless light.

The curtain rises on what seems to be a room where a murder has been committed. On the floor by the bed lies a woman in a long negligée, stretched out as if assassinated. Dead silence. The woman sits up, and becomes motionless again. Finally she makes up her mind, gets to her feet, takes a cloak from the bed, and moves toward the door, after stopping a moment by the telephone. Just as she reaches the door, the telephone bell rings. She drops the cloak and hastens to answer the call, kicking the cloak out of her way as she goes. She takes down the receiver.

From now on she talks — standing, sitting, facing the audience, turning away from it, kneeling behind the easy-chair, leaning over its back, pacing up and down the room with the cord trailing after her — until the very end, when she falls face-down across the bed. Then her head drops dead over the edge, and the receiver falls like a stone.

Each pose the woman takes serves some particular phase of the monologue-dialogue (the dog phase, the lie phase, and so forth). Her nervousness is not revealed by haste, but by this succession of poses, each seeming to embody the very climax of distress.

The woman's negligee, the ceiling, door, easy-chair, furniture covers, lamp shade — all are white. By some device a shadow must be projected from the prompter's box high above the woman, in order to emphasize the light streaming from the lamp.

As the style of this play excludes everything resembling cleverness, the author advises any actress attempting to play it without his guidance to put into the rôle none of the sarcasm of a wounded woman — no bitterness. The character is merely a commonplace victim, in love from head to heels; she attempts only a single ruse, when she gives the man a chance to admit he has lied to her, in order that she shall not be left with this tawdry memory of him. The actress should give the impression of bleeding — of losing her blood like a wounded animal — of bringing the act to a close in a room full of blood.]

HELLO! hello! hello! . . . No, no, this is a party line; will you please hang up? . . . Hello! . . . This is my call. . . . Oh! . . . Hello. . . . Hang up yourself. . . . Hello, operator, hello! . . . Kindly let us talk. . . . No, this is *not* Dr. Schmidt's. . . . 18 J, not 18 W. . . . Hello! . . . This is absurd. . . . Someone was trying to get me, I don't know who. (*She hangs up, with her hand still on the receiver. The bell rings.*) Hello! . . . Hello, what can I do about it? . . . You are very rude. . . . What, *my* fault? . . . Certainly not . . . certainly not. . . . Hello! . . . Hello, operator! . . . Someone is trying to get me and I can't hear them. Another person is trying to cut in. Please ask that lady to hang up. (*She hangs up.*

The bell rings.) Hello! Is that you? . . . Is that you? . . . Yes. . . . I can hardly hear you. You sound far away, very far. . . . Hello! . . . This is too much! . . . Somebody is trying to cut in. . . . Ask for my number again. Hello! *Ask-for-my-num-ber-a-gain!* . . . I said, ask for my number again! . . . Will you *please* get off the line? I told you that I am not Dr. Schmidt. . . . Hello! (*She hangs up the receiver. The bell rings.*)

Ah, at last! . . . At last it's you. . . . Yes . . . I'm all right. . . . . Hello! . . . Yes. . . . It was maddening to hear you trying to talk against all those other people . . . yes . . . yes. . . . No. . . . How lucky! . . . I only came in ten minutes ago. . . . You did n't call me up before? . . . Ah! . . . No, no. . . . I was dining out. . . . At Marthe's. . . . It must be about quarter past eleven. . . . Are n't you at home? . . . Well, then, look at your electric clock. . . . That's what I thought. . . . Yes, yes, dearest. . . . Last night? Last night I went right to bed, and when I found I could n't sleep I took a powder . . . No . . . only one . . . about nine o'clock. . . . I did have a little headache, but I soon shook that off. Then Marthe came in. She had lunch with me. I did some errands, then I came home. I've put all the letters in the yellow bag. I have . . . What? . . . Oh, very strong! . . . I give you my word . . . I have lots and lots of courage. . . . After that? After that I got dressed, Marthe called for me, and that's that! . . . I've just come back from her house. She was perfect — simply perfect. . . . Very, very sweet. . . . She looks that way, but she is n't! You were right; you always are. . . . My pink dress, with the fur. . . . My black hat . . . I still have my hat on. . . . No, no, I'm not smoking. I've only smoked three cigarettes. . . . Yes, honor bright! . . . Yes, it is. . . . You're very dear. . . . And have you just come in? . . . You stayed home? . . . Which trial? . . . Oh, of course! . . . You must n't get too tired . . . Hello, hello! Don't cut me off. Hello! . . . Hello, dearest . . . Hello! . . . If they cut off, call me back right away . . . of course. . . . Hello! No, here I am. . . . The bag? . . . Your letters and mine. You can send for them whenever you like. . . . It's a little hard. . . . I understand. . . . Oh, my darling, don't make any excuses; it's perfectly natural; I was the stupid one. . . . . You are a dear . . . you're a perfect dear. . . . I did n't, either; I did n't think I was strong enough. . . . No, I'm nothing so wonderful. I go around like a woman walking in her sleep. I dress, I go out, I come in again like a piece of machinery. Perhaps to-morrow I won't be so brave. . . . . You? . . . of course not! . . . Why, dearest, I don't blame you the least bit in the world. . . . I . . . I . . . Don't say that! . . . What? . . . Perfectly natural. . . . On the contrary. . . . It was . . . it was always understood we'd be frank with each other, and it would have been wicked if you'd let me go without telling me anything till the last minute. That would have been too much to bear. As it was, I had time to get used to it, to understand. . . . Acting? . . . Hello! You say that I'm acting? Me? . . . You know perfectly well I'm not that sort of person. . . . Not at all, not at all! . . . Certainly not! . . . Perfectly calm. . . . You'd hear it if I did. . . . I say you'd hear it if I did. I don't sound like a person trying to hide something. . . . No, I made up my mind to be brave, and I'm going to be . . . no, please! . . . That was n't the same. . . . That's possi-

ble; but it does n't matter how much you think you're prepared for the bad news, it knocks you out just the same. . . . Don't exaggerate. . . . Yes, but all the same I had time to get used to it. You *tried* to make it painless for me. . . . Our love never had a chance. I either had to resist it and refuse five years of happiness or take the risk. I never thought it would come out right. I'm paying dear now, but what I had was worth it. . . . Hello! . . . I say, was worth it and I don't regret. . . . I don't regret . . . I don't regret anything, anything, anything! . . . You . . . you're mistaken! . . . You're . . . you're mistaken. I've got . . . Hello! . . . I've got what I deserve. I wanted to throw everything to the winds and have the happiness of madness . . . darling . . . listen . . . Hello! . . . darling . . . please! . . . Hello! . . . let me speak. Don't blame yourself. It's all my fault. Yes, it is. . . . Do you remember that Sunday at Versailles and the telegram? . . . Ah! . . . Well, then . . . It was *I* who wanted to come, it was I who would n't listen to you, it was I who said I did n't care what happened. . . . No . . . no . . . no. . . . Now you're being unfair. . . . I . . . I was the first to telephone. . . . No, Tuesday . . . Tuesday, I'm sure of it. Tuesday the twenty-seventh. Your telegram came Monday evening, the twenty-sixth. Don't you suppose I know those dates by heart? . . . Your mother? Why? . . . It's hardly worth while. . . . I don't know yet. . . . Yes . . . perhaps. . . . Oh no, certainly not right away. And you? . . . *To-morrow?* . . . I did n't know it was so soon. . . . Well, then, wait . . . it's perfectly simple . . . to-morrow morning the concierge will have the bag. Just let Joseph come and get it. . . . Oh, as for me, it's just possible I may stay here, or else I may spend a few days in the country with Marthe. . . . He's here. He's acting like a lost soul. All yesterday he was walking back and forth between the vestibule and the bedroom. He kept looking at me. He kept pricking up his ears and listening. He was looking for you everywhere. He seemed to think I ought to get up and help him find you. . . . I think it would be better if you took him. . . . If that poor animal has to suffer . . . Me? Oh, well! . . . He's not a woman's dog. I would n't know what to do with him. I could n't exercise him. Much better if he goes with you. . . . He'll soon forget me. . . . We'll see . . . very well, we'll see. . . . That's not difficult. Just say he belongs to a friend. He's fond of Joseph. Send Joseph for him. . . . I'll put his red collar on; there's no name plate on that. . . . We'll see . . . yes . . . yes . . . yes, dearest. . . . Certainly . . . why, of course, dear. . . . What gloves? . . . The fur-lined gloves, the ones you drove in? . . . I don't know. I have n't seen them. Perhaps. I'll look . . . wait a minute. Don't ring off.

(*On the table, behind the lamp, she picks up a pair of fur-lined gloves, which she kisses passionately. She goes on talking with the gloves pressed to her cheek.*)

Hello . . . hello. . . . No . . . I've looked on the table, the armchair, in the vestibule, everywhere. They're not here. . . . Listen . . . I'll look again, but I'm sure . . . If I find them to-morrow morning, I'll have them put with the bag. . . . What did you say, dearest? . . . The letters . . . yes . . . you'll burn them, of course. . . . I wonder if you'd do something foolish for me. . . . No, no; I was going to say, if you burn them I wish you'd keep the ashes in that little tortoise-shell box I gave you for cigarettes and . . . hello! . . . No

. . . Oh, I am so stupid! Yes, I was strong then! There, forgive me! (*She weeps.*) . . . There, that's over, and I'm blowing my nose. But still I would love to have those ashes . . . What a dear you are! . . . Ah!

(*The actress will then say, in the foreign language with which she is most familiar, the following passage in quotation marks.*)

'As for those papers of your sister's, I burned them all in the kitchen stove. I was going to take out the drawing you spoke about, but you told me to burn everything, and I did. . . . Oh, good! . . . Good . . . yes.'

Of course you're in your dressing gown, aren't you? . . . You're going to bed? . . . You ought n't to work so late. You must go to bed if you're getting up early to-morrow morning. Hello! . . . Hello! . . . How is that? . . . But I'm speaking very loud as it is. . . . Now do you hear me? . . . I said, do you hear me? . . . That's strange. I hear you as plainly as if you were here in the room. . . . Hello! . . . Hello! . . . Hello! . . . Now I can't hear *you!* . . . Yes, but far away, very far away. . . . Do you hear me? First it's one and then the other. . . . Oh no, don't ring off! . . . Hello! . . . Operator, I'm still talking. . . . Ah! Now I hear you! I hear you plainly. It was horrible — like being dead — hearing and not being able to be heard. . . . No, very well. It's strange they've let us talk so long. Usually they cut off, after three minutes, and then give you back the wrong number. . . . Yes, yes indeed. . . . I hear better than before, but there's a humming in your telephone. It almost seems as if it were n't yours. . . . You know, I can see you. . . . (*He makes her guess.*) Which dressing gown? The red one! . . . Ah! . . . . You're leaning on your left elbow . . . your sleeves are rolled up. . . . In your left hand? The receiver, of course. . . . And in your right hand? Why, your fountain pen! You're drawing faces and stars and hearts on the blotter. Now you're laughing! I've got eyes in place of ears. . . . (*Hiding her face with a mechanical gesture*) Oh no, darling! Whatever you do, don't look at me! . . . Afraid? . . . No, I shan't be afraid. . . . No, that's worse. . . . Well, I've got out of the habit of sleeping alone. . . . Yes . . . yes. . . . Yes, yes . . . I promise you. . . . I . . . I . . . I promise. . . . . You *are* a dear. . . . I don't know. I try not to look at myself. I don't dare turn on the light by my mirror. Yesterday I found myself face to face with an old woman. . . . No, no! A thin old woman with white hair and a lot of wrinkles. . . . It's nice of you to say so, but, darling, a pretty face is the worst of all; that's for the artists. . . . I liked it better when you used to say, 'Just look at that ugly little mug!' . . . Yes, indeed! . . . . Oh, I was only joking! . . . Don't be stupid. . . . How glad I am that you're clumsy, and that you love me! If you did n't love me, and you were clever, what a terrible weapon the telephone would be! A weapon that does its work without leaving a trace, without making a sound! . . . I, unkind? . . . Hello! . . . Hello, hello! . . . Darling . . . where are you? . . . Hello! Hello! Operator, you've cut me off! Hello! (*The telephone rings.*) Hello, is that you? . . . No, no, operator! You cut me off! . . . I don't know the number! . . . I mean . . . yes, I do . . . wait a minute. . . . . Auteuil 047. . . . Hello! . . . . The line is busy? . . . Hello! Operator, they're trying to get me again. . . . Very well. (*She hangs up the receiver; the bell rings.*) Hello, hello — 047. No, not 6 — 7! Oh, dear! Hello! . . . Operator, you gave me

the wrong number. I want 047. (*She waits.*) Hello! Auteuil 047? Yes! Oh, is that you, Joseph? . . . Yes, it's I. . . . I was talking with him a minute ago. . . . He's not there? . . . Yes . . . yes. . . . Not coming home to-night? . . . Of course; it was stupid of me. He called me up from a restaurant. They cut us off, and I asked for his own number. . . . I'm sorry, Joseph. . . . Thanks . . . thanks . . . . Good night, Joseph.

(*She hangs up the receiver; she is on the verge of nausea. The telephone rings.*)

Hello! Ah, there you are, dearest! They cut us off. . . . No, no! I was waiting. The bell rang, I took down the receiver, but no one was there. . . . I suppose so. . . . Yes, certainly . . . you're sleepy. . . . It was nice of you to telephone . . . sweet of you. (*She weeps.*) . . . No, I'm still here. . . . What? . . . . . Forgive me, please! It *is* absurd! . . . Nothing, nothing! There's nothing the matter . . . I tell you there's nothing the matter. . . . Nothing at all. You're mistaken. . . . Just the same as a little while ago. . . . You see, one talks on and on; one does n't realize the time is bound to come when one will have to stop, and hang up the receiver, and fall back again into the emptiness — the dark. . . . . Well . . . (*She weeps.*) . . . Listen, love: I've never lied to you. . . . Yes, I know, I know; I believe you; of course. . . . No, I don't mean that. . . . You see, *I* just lied to *you*. . . . Just now . . . over the telephone, a little while ago, I lied! . . . I know perfectly well that there's no such thing as luck for me any more, but lying never brings luck, and besides, I don't like to lie to you. I can't do it, I won't do it, even for your good. . . . Oh, nothing serious, dear; don't be alarmed. Only I did tell a lie when I told you what dress I had on and that I had dinner with Marthe. . . . I have n't had any dinner; I'm not wearing the pink dress. I have a cloak on over my negligee simply because this waiting for the telephone, looking at the telephone, getting up, sitting down, walking up and down the room, was driving me crazy, stark crazy! So I put on the coat and was just going to take a taxi and drive past your windows and wait. . . . Well, I don't know what I was going to wait for. . . . You're right . . . yes. . . . Yes, I *am* listening. . . . I'll behave myself. . . . I'll do everything you say. . . . Here . . . I have n't eaten a thing . . . I could n't. . . . . I've been very sick. . . . Yesterday evening I took a powder to put me to sleep; I thought if I took more than one I'd sleep better, and that if I took all of them I'd sleep without dreaming, without waking up — I'd never wake up, I'd be dead. (*She weeps.*) . . . . I took twelve of them . . . in hot water . . . all at once. And I had a dream. I dreamed what was the truth. I woke up with a start, so glad because it was only a dream, and when I realized it was true, that you were n't there, so close that we seemed almost one person, then I felt I could n't — I just *could n't* go on living. . . . . Very light — light and cold. I could n't feel my heart beating any more, and death was so slow in coming! Then I got terribly frightened, and at last I telephoned Marthe. I was n't brave enough to die alone. . . . Dearest . . . dearest. . . . It was four o'clock in the morning. She came at once with that doctor who lives in her apartment house. I had a high fever. It seems it's hard to poison one's self; one always takes too much or too little. The doctor made out a prescription and Marthe stayed with me till to-night. I begged her to leave because you said you'd telephone once more and I was afraid something would pre-

vent my talking to you. . . . Yes, very well. . . . No more. . . . I'm telling the truth . . . only a little fever. . . . . Don't worry about me. . . . How stupid I am! I promised not to worry you, to let you go quickly, to say good-bye to you as if we were to meet again to-morrow. . . . I'm stupid — yes, stupid. . . . . But it's hard to hang up the receiver and have everything go black again. . . . (*She weeps.*) . . . . . Hello! . . . I thought they had cut us off. . . . You *are* good, dearest! . . . My poor, dear boy that I've hurt so badly! . . . Yes, go on! Go on! Say something, no matter what! . . . I was suffering terribly, and now as soon as you speak to me I feel well again and soothed and sleepy. You know, sometimes just before we went to sleep, when my head lay in its special little place with my ear against your chest, you'd speak to me and your voice would sound just as it does this evening in the receiver. . . . Coward? . . . No, *I'm* the coward. I had promised . . . I . . . How ridiculous! You . . . you who have never given me anything but happiness. . . . But, dearest, I tell you that is n't true. I knew, I *knew*, and so I was expecting what happened. Most women go on living with the man they love as if it could last forever, and when the break comes it takes them unawares. *I knew.* . . . I never told you about it, but it was at the dressmaker's in a magazine — I saw her picture. It was there, lying open on the table before me. . . . It was only human, or at any rate it was what any woman would do. . . . Because I did n't want to ruin our last weeks together. . . . No, perfectly natural. . . . Don't make me out better than I am. . . . . Hello! I hear music. . . . . Well, you ought to pound on the wall and stop your neighbors from playing the phonograph at such an hour. They've formed bad habits because you were never home. . . . . It would n't do any good. Besides, Marthe's doctor comes to-morrow. . . . No, darling. He's a good doctor, and there's no reason for hurting his feelings by calling in another . . . don't worry. . . . Certainly . . . certainly. . . . She'll tell you how I am getting along. . . . . I understand. . . . Yes, I understand. . . . Besides, this time I'm going to be brave, very brave. . . . What? . . . Oh, yes, a hundred times better! If you had n't called me, I'd be dead now. . . . No . . . wait a minute . . . wait! Let us see if we can find some way. . . . (*She walks up and down, moaning aloud in her agony.*) Forgive me; I know this is an intolerable scene, and you are very patient, but you understand how I'm suffering, don't you? This wire is the only thing that holds you to me now. . . . Night before last? I was able to sleep. I took the telephone to bed with me. . . . No, no, in the bed. . . . Yes, I know. I'm foolish, but I had the telephone with me in bed because, in spite of everything, the telephone does join people together. It goes into your house, and besides, you had promised to call me. You can't guess what a lot of strange dreams I had. I dreamed that somehow you were striking me over the telephone, and I was falling; I dreamed that I was a neck that was being strangled, or I dreamed that I was at the bottom of a sea that was like your Auteuil apartment, and I was joined to you like a diver by an air pipe, and kept begging you not to cut the pipe. They sound stupid when you tell them, but when I was dreaming them they were real, and it was terrible. . . . . Because you're talking to me. For five years now I've been living through you; it's as if you were the only air I had to breathe! For five years I've spent my time waiting for you — thinking you

were dead when you were late, dying myself at the mere thought *you* were dead, coming to life again when you came into the room, dying of fear when you went away. Now that you're talking, it's as if the air still came through. You see, my dream was n't so stupid, after all. When you hang up the receiver, it's as if you cut the pipe. . . . . Certainly, love; I did sleep. I slept because that was the first time. It's what the doctor said — a sort of intoxication. One sleeps the first night. You see, the suffering itself makes you forget; it's something new, and you stand it. It's the second night you can't stand — that was last night — and the third night — that's to-night; it's almost here now — and to-morrow and the next day and then days and days — Oh, God, what is one to do with them? . . . . . I have n't any fever, not a bit of it; I can see just as clearly . . . There's nothing to do about it; that's why it would have been better for me to be brave and lie to you . . . . and . . . Well, suppose I *do* get to sleep; then the dreams come, and waking, and eating, and getting up and bathing and going out — yes, and where am I to go? . . . . My poor darling, I've never had anything to do but just you. . . . . Marthe has her own life to lead. . . . . That's like asking a fish to live without water. . . . . But I keep telling you I don't need anybody. . . . Something to interest me? Let me tell you something; it may not be poetic, but it's true. Since that Sunday night I've been interested just once: that was at the dentist's, when he touched a nerve. . . . . Alone. . . . All alone. . . . . He has n't left the dressing room for two days. . . . I tried to call him and pet him. He won't let anybody touch him. Once he almost bit me. . . . Yes, me! Me! He shows his teeth and growls. He's like a different dog. He frightens me. . . . To Marthe? I tell you you can't come near him. Marthe had the hardest time in the world getting out. He would n't let her open the door. . . . Really he's not safe. I give you my word he frightens me. He won't eat. He lies in one place. And when he looks at me it makes my blood run cold. . . . . How should I know? Perhaps he thinks I've done something to you. . . . Poor creature . . . I have no reason for holding it against him. I know myself what it is. He loves you. He never sees you any more, and he thinks it's my fault. . . . Try to send Joseph. . . . I think he'd follow Joseph. . . . Who, me? . . . A little more, a little less. . . . He did n't care for me a bit! . . . He may have seemed to, but I tell you I would n't dare touch him now. . . . If you won't take him I'll have to send him away. There's no need to let the dog get sick and vicious. . . . He won't bite anybody if he's with you. He'll love the people you love. . . . Yes, darling; I know; but after all, he's only a dog. No matter how clever he is, *that's* something he can't take in! . . . I never cared what I did when he was around. God knows what he's seen! . . . No, no; what I mean is, perhaps he does n't recognize me, perhaps I've frightened him. . . . You never can tell. . . . No, on the contrary. . . . Think of Aunt Jeanne that night I gave her the news her son had been killed. You know she's a pale little thing . . . well, she suddenly became a red-faced giantess. A giantess with a red face; her head reached up to the ceiling, and her hands seemed to be everywhere at once, and her shadow filled the room. It was terrifying — terrifying! . . . . No, no, forgive me! It's just that I was thinking of her dog. Her dog crept under the bureau and howled like a wild beast. . . . Why, I don't know, dar-

ling! How could you expect me to know! One simply is n't one's self. I've had to do terrible things. Think of it: I tore up my bundle of photographs and the envelope they were in all at one time, without thinking what I was doing. That would be hard even for a strong man to do. . . . The ones for the passport. . . . What? . . . No, not if I don't need a passport any more. . . . It was no loss. They made me look hideous. . . . No, no, not ever again. I had the good luck to meet you while I was traveling. Now if I were to travel I might have the bad luck to meet you. . . . Don't say any more about it . . . please . . . Hello! Hello! Please get off the line. . . . Certainly not; we are not trying to be interesting. All you have to do is hang up the receiver. . . . If you find us absurd, why waste your time instead of hanging up? . . . Oh! . . . Dearest! Dearest, don't get angry! . . . There! . . . No, no! I'm on the line now. I touched the receiver. She has rung off. She rang off quickly after she said that disgusting thing. . . . Hello! . . . You are annoyed. . . . . Yes, you're annoyed because you heard that. I know by your voice. . . . You are annoyed . . . I . . . But, dearest, that woman is a terrible creature, and besides, she does n't know you. She thinks you're like all other men. . . . Why, no, dearest! It's not at all like that. . . . What regrets? . . . Hello! . . . Stop it, stop it! Don't think anything more about it. It's all over. . . . How foolish you are! . . . Who? No matter who. Day before yesterday I met the person whose name begins with S. . . . Yes, the one on Avenue Henri Martin. . . . She asked me if you had a brother and it was his engagement that had been announced. . . . . What difference would that make to me? . . . It's the truth. . . . She looked sympathetic . . . I did n't waste much time with her. I said some friends were waiting for me at home. . . . There's no mystery about it. People dislike being dropped, and little by little I've dropped everybody . . . I did n't want to lose a minute of us two together. . . . Absolutely no difference to me. People can say what they like. . . . One must be fair. People could n't understand our situation. . . . People . . . people either like you or hate you. Break with them and it's all over. They don't take time to look. You can never make them understand . . . you . . . you can never make them understand certain things. . . . . The best thing is to do as I did and ignore them . . . . . completely. (*She gives a cry of dumb agony.*) Oh! . . . . Nothing. I'm chattering on and on; I begin to think we're talking together just as we used to, and then all of a sudden I remember the truth. . . . (*Tears*) Why try to fool one's self? . . . Yes . . . yes. . . . No! In those days one was face to face; one could do foolish things, forget one's promises, try the impossible, and then make everything right with a kiss and a hug. . . . One look could change everything. But with *this* thing, what's finished is finished. . . . Don't worry, nobody tries suicide twice. . . . Perhaps, to help me go to sleep. . . . *I* buy a revolver? Can you see me trying a revolver? . . . Where would I get strength to concoct a lie, my poor dear? . . . Not at all. . . . I ought to have had strength for it. There are times when lying is useful. If you were to lie to me to make the separation hurt less . . . I did n't say you had lied to me. I said: if you were lying and I knew you were. For instance, if you were n't at home and you told me . . . No, no, darling! Listen . . . Of course I believe you . . . I did n't mean to say I did n't believe you. . . .

Why get angry? . . . Yes, your voice sounded cross. I only said that if you were deceiving me out of the goodness of your heart, and I knew what you were doing, I should only love you all the more. . . . Hello! Hello! . . . Hello! . . .

(*She hangs up the receiver, saying quickly, in a low tone*) Oh, God, make him call me! God, make him call me again! God, make him call me again. God, make him . . .

(*The bell rings. She takes down the receiver.*)

They cut us off. I was just saying that if you lied to me out of kindness and I understood what you were doing, I'd only love you the more for it. . . . Of course. . . . You're crazy. . . . My darling! . . . My dearest dear! . . . (*She twines the telephone cord about her neck.*) . . . I know it's got to be done, but it's terrible . . . I'll never have the courage. . . . Yes, I get to feeling as if we were close together, and suddenly there are cellars and houses and sewers — there's a whole city between us! . . . You remember how Yvonne used to ask how the voice could get through the twists in the wire? The wire is around my neck now. Your voice is around my neck. . . . Perhaps the operator will cut us off. . . . Oh, my darling, how could you imagine I'd think anything so mean? I know you'll hate doing it even more than I will. . . . No . . . no, no! . . . . At Marseilles? . . . Listen, dearest. You'll be in Marseilles to-morrow night; well, I wish . . . I wish . . . at least I'd like if you would n't go to the hotel where we used to stop. You're not angry? . . . Because the things I can't picture to myself won't seem to be happening, or at any rate they'll seem to be happening in some sort of far-away place where they can't hurt so much. . . . You understand? . . . . Thanks . . . Thanks, you *are* good! I love you. (*She rises and moves toward the bed with the telephone in her hand.*) There now! I was just going to say, 'I'll see you soon.' . . . I don't think so . . . one can never tell. . . . Oh! . . . That's better! . . . Much better! . . . (*She throws herself on the bed and presses the telephone to her breast.*) My darling! . . . . . My own dearest! . . . . . I'm not afraid. Hurry! Go ahead! Ring off! Ring off! I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you . . . . .

(*The receiver falls to the floor.*)

THE DILEMMA OF THE EDUCATED WOMAN

BY MABEL BARBEE LEE

I

THE innumerable books which man has written about woman are evidence of the fact that she has been an age-long problem to him. No other creature in life, perhaps, has been so persistently baffling as this female paradox who is at once his inspiration and despair, the joy and bane of his existence. And just at those times when he has thought that he had her nicely subdued, she has suddenly upset his plans, and shattered his nerves by undertaking some absurd adventure like going to college, or getting a job, or running for office. It then became necessary to begin all over with his original thesis, showing that she is first and last a biological phenomenon, that her duties lie plainly within the home, and that her greatest service can be found only in ministering to the needs of men and their children.

His perplexity is, indeed, as old as civilization. Xenophon, at about the fourth century before Christ, tells of a young Athenian named Ischomachos who, possibly in self-defense, decided to educate his wife according to his own ideas. The purpose of their marriage, he said, was to produce children and keep house. Because he was strong he would go out and struggle with nature and earn the living for the family; and because she was physically weak she should stay home and occupy herself by organizing the slaves, taking charge of storing supplies, clothing the members of the household, and caring for the sick. But even Ischomachos was destined for disillusionment, for, as he confided to Socrates, his wife became restless, and one day he found her 'with a lot of powder on her face to make her look whiter, and a lot of rouge to make her look redder, and high-heeled shoes to make her look taller.' And when he reprimanded her for trying to deceive him, she asked naïvely how she might really be beautiful without just appearing so, and he replied in his charmingly masculine manner that she should 'look on at the bread-making and stand by while the housekeeper dealt out the supplies, and go about inspecting everything.' Thus, he declared, she could 'practise her profession and take a walk at the same time,' and so get excellent exercise — a first aid to beauty.

Several centuries later when the fine ladies of Rome had become socially and economically emancipated, and were flocking to lectures on history, philosophy, and literature, Juvenal, the poet, expressed what was, and still is without doubt, the rather general sentiment among men. 'I hate the woman,' he said, 'who is always turning back to the grammatical rules of Palaemon and consulting them: the feminine antiquary who recalls verses unknown to me and corrects the words of an unpolished friend which even a man would not observe.' He then exclaimed with a note of exasperation: 'Let a husband make a solecism in peace!' The Juvenalian protest became socialized, and was handed down in the unwritten code of men, until to-day a Bachelor's degree

in the possession of a woman, instead of adding to her matrimonial assets, is likely to set up a series of flight reactions in the male which send him forthwith to the club and her in search of a job!

College deans and counselors who are fortunate in having the confidence of undergraduate women can testify to the fact that it is a rare senior who declares herself against matrimony. On the contrary, women students, in spite of their creditable scholarship, are often the despair of educators because of their evident distraction with romantic subjects which are not listed in the curriculum. Few of them are impelled by a singleness of purpose in the pursuit of intellectual aims. While their eyes are traveling with Chaucer and the Canterbury pilgrims, their minds are likely to be strolling in the moonlight with some real or imaginary lad. The so-called career upon which the average college graduate embarks is usually a compromise; and it is frequently undertaken as a temporary expediency to tide over the period between Commencement and the hoped-for wedding day. At best it may be only an experiment to test the strength of the fledgling's wings or to prove that in case of necessity she may fly from the nest some day and forage for herself and family.

This attitude of transitoriness toward so-called careers is general among younger women to such an extent that it is considered frequently as one of their greatest handicaps in achieving business and professional success. They are likely to become individuals divided against themselves, feigning interest in jobs which may offer self-support or relief from the boredom of home or society; and which they seldom hesitate to cast off on short notice, if they secure, by chance, a fairly attractive proposal of marriage. The tragic part of it is that what was regarded in the beginning as a kind of casual occupation, tinged with the color of adventure, is apt to become, after a few years, a destiny to be endured or sublimated.

Recently much has been made of the theory of sublimation, especially in connection with the emotional maladjustments of women. In the chemical laboratory the term means 'to purify, to free from dross'; and in its psychological application to human beings it is generally understood as the refining of the mating instinct by turning it from its natural channel of expression into other outlets which will absorb the individual's attention and interest to some constructive purpose. There has never been, perhaps, a greater burden placed upon woman by civilization than that of trying to reconcile herself to a way of life that is contrary to her primary instincts; and the sublimation which promises to be a solution to her problem becomes too often merely another term for self-deception. The result is likely to be a restlessness that drives her from one place to another, in fancy if not in reality, and ends frequently in a state of nerves that unfits her for useful work.

II

On the other hand, many women with vital interests and confidence in their own individual worth have succeeded in adjusting themselves to the scheme of life in which they seem to be a sort of third party. But few know of the labor of the spirit through which even they have passed in order to attain that emotional poise which is so essential to their mental peace. A young teacher in high school, for instance, may have visions of marrying before long and settling down in a home expressive of her taste and intelligence, and mothering two or three children.

But because she has no inclination toward domesticity as an end in itself, she may be unwilling to give up her position in order to marry a man who has not yet been able to establish himself in a business or profession. She is not sure, perhaps, that love can bear the strain of excessive worry and sacrifice; and her attitude is not altogether unreasonable. She has had opportunity to observe the struggles of some of her friends who married, as she thought, too hastily and found themselves unprepared for the illnesses and responsibilities which soon overtook them. Her education had taught her to weigh values and to make considered choices; and the question of postponing marriage for a few years in order to be assured of a certain measure of financial security with which to build a home and rear a family may seem merely a matter of sound judgment.

And when the point is reached where, in order to secure a higher salary, she must study for a Master's degree, she may realize with sudden anguish that her chances of marriage are growing remote and that the pattern of her life is more and more following the lines of spinsterhood. If she happens to discuss the matrimonial plight of the educated woman with other members of her sex, she will probably discover that, to a large extent, their feelings are similar to her own. Some of them are frankly not concerned about marriage; they find complete satisfaction in their work, and the companionship of women is more congenial to them than that of men. If the right man should propose, they assert, well and good; but in the meantime they will not bother about it. But there are many others who confess that their failure to marry has filled them with a sense of inferiority, and they feel that their experience of life has been fruitless and incomplete.

If the hypothetical high-school teacher happens to be a woman of virile intellectual initiative, she will probably not be willing to make a compromise with what she cherishes as her self-respect. And when she sees the promise of romance waning, she is likely to turn the full force of her mind and heart upon the vocation which she believes to be an adequate substitute for a husband and family. She may work for her doctorate and become the kind of teacher who adorns and enriches the life of a college; or she may write novels and find vicarious companionship with the characters she creates; or she may organize institutions and so utilize her administrative abilities. In fact, she may become, if she concentrates her energies, the embodiment of the highest ideal of feminism — self-reliant, successful, and distinguished. There will be some in society, however, who will note the distressing fact that a woman of this calibre has remained unmarried, and they will ask what sort of education it was that unfitted her for marriage and motherhood. But it was not so much a matter of her education as it was a combination of individual qualities and social conditions over which she, apparently, had no control. And being healthy and resourceful, she worked out her salvation in the best way possible, under the law of spiritual compensation.

The single woman in business has not quite the same problems to meet in trying to find emotional balance for her life. As a rule, she comes very naturally into daily contact with men — many women take this circumstance into account in choosing their vocations — and she enjoys certain advantages of normal fellowship. She becomes acquainted with the masculine point of view, and it invigorates her own thinking. Because she works with or for men, she is apt to be stimulated to excel

and to adorn herself attractively so that she may have their respect and admiration. She may even cherish a kind of secret romantic or maternal feeling for a certain member of the firm who seems to depend occasionally upon her business judgment. Other women, of course, may become somewhat disillusioned by such close association with men, but even so, they are not usually willing to give up their work and seek positions in those professions made up entirely of members of their own sex. It may be true, as some maintain, that the educated woman who goes into business runs the risk of losing a measure of her charm by contact with the grim material realities, but perhaps her chances of escaping those personality ailments which are often the result of sex isolation are proportionately greater. And the opportunity to marry is an ever-present possibility for a woman whose associates are mostly men.

A great deal has been said and written about the varied achievements of modern women, and they deserve even more praise than they have received. A woman who succeeds in winning business or professional eminence in this competitive age has done so under tremendous handicaps. Nothing less than sheer ability, industry, and persistence has brought her to the top. And her tribe is comparatively small. We know the names almost by heart. But outside of this brilliant circle there are masses of women who have not yet discovered what emancipation means. They are baffled and discontented, in spite of their college training, and they have never been able to adjust themselves to the barren, 'economically independent' existence to which they seem committed. One sees them as wage earners, gamely pretending that they are leading the kind of life which they chose deliberately, and which is giving them all of the satisfactions and opportunities promised by their new freedom. But to what extent have they been able to attain financial self-determination? In comparatively rare instances can women earn enough to enable them to establish homes of their own. More often they find it necessary to share an apartment with one or two other women. What luxuries they have are usually bought at the sacrifice of future security. The small automobile, the trip to Europe, the cabin in the mountains, are often paid for with last winter's savings, or, what is worse, with the anticipated and uncertain savings of the year to come.

III

The matter of economic security, however, while fundamental, is not half so vital to the happiness of most women as a feeling of security in love. It is a characteristic which is so marked that it is sometimes regarded as a biological feature. No matter what may be said about single and double moral standards, the female of the species is conspicuously monogamous. There is little evidence even in this modern day that any considerable number of women of the educated classes are leading lives of which society would not approve. What records and confessions we have had to the contrary have come, usually, from the psychiatric clinic, and they are too limited in their application to enable us to draw reliable general conclusions. As a rule, women are intuitive enough to know that, aside from the moral aspect, casual liaisons not only would fail to offer them a degree of permanent happiness, but would go far toward disintegrating the ideal of loyalty and tenderness in sex relationships which is the very fabric of a fine woman's character.

With doubtful material security, and without the anchoring satisfactions which come with home and love, it is not surprising that women themselves frequently question the value of a freedom which seems to have taken away so much and given so little in return. They are mindful of the traditional attitude of the male toward 'feminine antiquaries' with aggressive minds, but that cannot explain the whole situation. All women who are graduated from college are not educated, and all educated women are not intellectual paragons. Besides, their grandmothers, some of whom were the fiery crusaders who helped to bring about their emancipation, seemed to have had little trouble in securing husbands.

There is a conviction current among specialists in the study of human nature that anyone who really desires it can marry. But to a woman of fine feelings marriage is not merely a matter of physical mating. Even though it may not have the blessing of a church, it is still, in the highest sense, a sacrament. She could not find spiritual completion of herself in a man whose chief characteristics were crudity and ignorance. Her marital comrade, regardless of his financial rating, must be a person of congenial tastes. And if her education has made her more discriminating than she might have been otherwise, it is to the discredit of educated men that she must pay for it at the price of undesired spinsterhood.

The difficulty, it is said, rests with the men of to-day. They are too self-sufficient. A generation or so ago they needed wives to make them comfortable, and to 'look on at the bread-making.' But modern man has his club or private apartment which offers many more conveniences and better food than most wayside bungalows. The club, especially, affords advantageous business or professional contacts; and as for recreation, there is always a vigorous game of bridge at hand. Now and then when the mood is upon him, he may accept some one of the frequent invitations which he receives to dance or dine, or to spend the week-end golfing in the country. If he is a recent university graduate and must observe economy, he may live at his fraternity house and from that vantage survey the field of matrimony.

Even at this early period he is likely to regard a young woman as a menace not only to his peace of mind but also to his bank account. Furthermore, his former gallant desire to shield and protect helpless maidens has been moderated by the spectacle of their energetic prototypes swimming channels, flying over land and sea, and exploring the jungles of the pygmies. He sees no place for himself in a marital plan that apparently promises so little in the way of self-enhancement, and so much in the way of practical complications!

It would seem that with both men and women holding aloof, something must be critically wrong with marriage. In the last decade, certainly, it has had a considerable amount of unfavorable publicity. Some writers have been on the verge of abolishing it altogether; others have attempted to modify it in such a way as to leave only the pleasures and none of the obligations. Occasionally propagandists have gone about the country lecturing on their own marital innovations. They have advocated many things, from the removal of those perennial irritants known as children to community nurseries, to the establishment of separate domiciles for husband and wife in order to break down the notion that each belonged to the other. Groups of earnest feminists have urged mothers to pursue careers so that they may avoid the danger of becoming

prisoners to domesticity. Women are individuals, they say, who have definite talents to bring to civilization; and they should not be limited in their activities to the four walls of a home.

There is, without doubt, a degree of value in all of these various ideas. One of the best educational developments in recent years is the rise of nursery schools where very young children are studied intelligently and trained in the formation of wholesome habits. But because the plan is in part excellent, it does not follow that infants should be removed entirely from parental influence. And again, husbands and wives may appreciate each other more if they separate occasionally and thereby gain a sort of loving perspective on the idiosyncrasies of one another, but this should not be used as an argument for setting up two divergent households! Also, it would be folly in this modern age to decry the subject of 'marriage and a career.' In our complex society and even more complex family life, it may be expedient for certain women to continue in their professions after marriage. It would seem, especially if there are no children, as if it were a moral and social obligation for them to be self-supporting and to contribute their portion to the common budget. At present, however, there are not enough witnesses to prove generally that mothers with young children can serve either the family or the community better by working at occupations which take them away from home for a large part of the day.

The sincerity of matrimonial experimenters should not, perhaps, be questioned; but it is not unlikely that many of their ideas are rooted in their own personal difficulties. If, because it seemed the only solution to their problem, they have rebelled against the established order, it is very natural for them to rationalize and attempt to win social support for their conduct. And while we should be attentive to authentic news, many of the suggestions in regard to marital reforms should be evaluated in this light.

It must be admitted that the entangled motives of modern life have put a tremendous strain on the marriage relationship, and the facility with which one or the other may 'pick up his bed and walk' often lets down the bars of inhibition and self-control. Instead of mutual respect for individuality the marital state may promote, by the raw and primitive exhibition of human nature, only mutual disillusionment and despair. There is no greater test of character than daily intimate association with another person. It offers a supreme opportunity for a man and woman, by their very differences, either to wreck each other or to make of their union something far more beautiful and significant than either could have achieved alone. We need to hear more of those individuals who have succeeded not so much in the cult of self-expression as in the capacity to pool their abilities and intellectual gifts in the sublime venture of creating a home and caring for a family.

The educated woman of to-day may not fit exactly into the old ideas of wedded life. She is a new design in human material, and the lines of her marital garment will have to conform to the modern trend. She would not be man's enemy, however, but his friend and fellow comrade in a marriage where 'independence is equal, dependence mutual, and obligations reciprocal.' She may appear for the moment to be taking her self-determination a bit seriously, but it is certain that she has no intention of turning her heart from those things which from time immemorial have meant her greatest happiness—love, children, and the little domain of her home.

FORETASTE

THE sky stood up around me, blue,
Farther than sight, and then I knew
The river was a blue track curled
Through the pale centre of my world;
The mountains leaned against the sky,
Blue piled on blue, immensely high;
And in the sky a slant-winged bird
Moved slowly like a singing word.

Then as I drove I saw the road
Unwind blue miles; the river flowed
Implacable and strong and wide;
Lifting pale waves, a hurrying tide;
And trees grew up along its brim,
And higher towered the mesa's rim,
Drawing a black, unbroken line
Across blue sky, as clear as wine —
So clear I almost saw a star
Bright as infinity and far.

I was not body-bound this day.
The mountains pulled me clear away.
Upward I burned like their blue flame;
Then turned my eyes and quickly came
In one sharp flight to colored hills
Where no leaf grows. The black rain spills
Out of fierce clouds on silver days
And carves steep earth in curious ways;
And then I lay, a sage-swept plain
Slanting to riverward again.

I held low houses on my breast,
And wide church doors that opened west;
With simple folk I knelt and prayed,
And in their bodies long I stayed.

With their own hands I shaped warm earth
To bricks; and in swept rooms gave birth
To many a child, and saw some die;
I felt my breasts grow old and dry;
My tear-spent eyes were deep and wise
And sorrowless as star-edged skies;
At last I died and became earth
Close to the house that saw my birth.

And suddenly this curious thing,
Like spinning earth I seemed to sing;
A spinning earth I then became
And whirled through space like a blue flame.
Mountains were part of me and then
Made of the same flame I knew men.
Oh, then I saw what death might be,
What keen, unfettered ecstasy,
To be the earth, not just to see
Blue light spilled over hill and tree;
To feel the rain tread on my heart,
Not watch it shine, a thing apart,
And in all men to be the fire
Of grief and joy and quick desire.

My car moved slow. I felt the road
Weigh down upon me like a load.
I saw a woman, brown of face,
Hoeing hard earth with strong, sure grace;
I looked at her as at my friend;
I saw her turn from me and bend
Over her work. She did not know
I'd worn her flesh a while ago.
She did not even hear my cry.
Prisoned in body now was I.
I looked out on the gathering stars
As though my eyes were prison bars.

MARGARET POND

THE CHURCH AND BIRTH CONTROL

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES FISKE

I

MINISTERIAL telephones buzzed busily for weeks after the close of the Lambeth Conference. Reporters were keen to track to his study any clergyman who was at home in August, and to ask his opinions on the findings of the conference. And on no subject were they so anxious for an interview as on the pronouncements of the council on birth control. It was a task demanding such skill to avoid reporters that inevitably one came to ask why the chase need continue. If there is so widespread an interest in any moral problem, however difficult, ought not the brave teacher of morals see his duty to declare his mind on the subject? If the conference was courageous enough to deal with so controversial a subject, why should any Christian leader decline an honest call for moral guidance?

The resolutions of the conference, it should be understood, are in no way binding save as they are generally accepted by the constituent churches. They are simply an expression of the reasoned convictions of the leaders of the Anglican Communion, with its colonial bishops as well as those of the mother Church of England, the Anglican Churches in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, the Church of England in Canada, and the affiliated Episcopal Church in America. Indeed, the resolutions have no actual legal or canonical authority, even should they be generally accepted. The conclusions are simply expressions of the moral convictions of the leaders of the churches and are in no way legislative enactments.

The Lambeth Conference, held once every decade, is a consultative body which brings together bishops from every part of the world to discuss their problems, counsel with their brethren, and in a series of statements set forth policies approved by a majority, usually so phrased as to meet unanimous acceptance, although the resolutions on birth control showed about one fifth of the whole membership of the conference voting against the statement. Apparently this was the only summary of committee reports which brought out a division. There were 67 negative votes, about one fifth of the membership although one fourth of those actually voting at that session, since many of the bishops from other lands had departed for home.

Because the resolutions of the conference are carefully framed to secure general approval, the conclusions often call forth impatient criticism. They are alleged to be mere *via media* statements designed to be harmlessly inclusive in character. The encyclical letter issued by this year's conference dealt with vexed questions, such as those of Christianity and war and of religion and science, or with questions of ecclesiastical order, church unity, the social gospel, and so on. Hardly had it been issued before its critics called it a 'timid approach to more modern thinking.'

Such criticism is unjust. The truth usually lies between two extremes.

Surely when men of many minds can unite in a statement with which all, or most of them, are content, some progress has been made, not toward compromise, but toward an inclusiveness of divergent views which fairly well expresses sound, sane thought on the subject.

To call such statements timid is manifestly unfair. The remarkable thing about them is the fact that they were issued at all, and, being issued, could have been framed with satisfactoriness and meet with almost unanimous acceptance. For those who are anxious that the Christian churches should face the problems of the age, it is tremendously encouraging to find the leaders of the Anglican Churches — naturally conservative because of their great responsibilities — not afraid to deal with questions bristling with difficulties, and everywhere, for the most part, actual centres of controversy. The Christian Church has been denounced again and again for conservative timidity. Repeatedly it has been accused of following with wary footsteps paths which others have broken, rather than assuming intellectual leadership and marching in the vanguard of truth. It has been called an institution for the preservation of a spiritual soporific. Men have said that at every new apprehension of truth it has first denounced, then trembled, then half-accepted, finally timidly sought to readjust old ideas to new ones which the rest of the world had already accepted and to which it was at last obliged to give embarrassed adherence.

As plain matter of fact, Christian leaders have often, if not usually, been ahead of their generation. The mass of church people may be overconservative. The masses at first are always conservative. On occasion, it is true, those who should lead have held back. One can never forget Galileo and the Roman Church. One may read with shame Wilberforce's foolish attack on Darwin. One may react in mingled amusement and despair on reading the denunciations of modern science by extreme Fundamentalists such as William Jennings Bryan and his ministerial supporters. But, one cannot forget the attitude of many Christian leaders — among them, in the English Church, such men as the present Archbishop of Canterbury — in their prophetic utterances during the World War. One cannot be ignorant of the fact that the present movement for world peace has been due to the aroused conscience of professing Christians, or of the further fact that their war against war has been a spiritual combat, not a last desperate defense of Western civilization. One cannot be indifferent to the brave efforts of Christian prophets — such men as Bishop Gore, for example, and many of the leaders not only in the Church of England but in most Christian communions in America — in preaching the social gospel. One cannot but be proud of their courage in radical thinking — thinking which goes to the roots of the problems of the present social, economic, and industrial order, and is not content with merely superficial remedies for the maladjustments of modern life instead of seeking a thorough reformation of social injustice. One may remember that Christian teachers have done much more toward reconciling the truths of religion and science than have the one-track-minded scientists. One may rejoice in the knowledge that the assured results of Biblical criticism have not been accepted by, but actually been secured through, the frank and fearless study of honest Christian scholars.

To one who, for personal reasons, was unable to attend the Lambeth Con-

ference, it has been inspiring, therefore, to find that its deliberations dealt with great questions which men all around us are debating to-day, instead of following the safer course of dealing only with problems of internal policies in the churches. It is refreshing to know that some subjects were even talked about aloud. One feels the same breath of relief which follows the decision of an American candidate for public office who determines to brave the denunciation and well-organized political opposition of the Anti-Saloon League by declaring his real convictions about the tragedy of attempting to reform the habits of its neighbors through statutory enactments, and to bolster up the attempt by intemperate denunciations of all who cannot accept its particular moral standards or support its efforts to impose such standards on those who honestly reject them.

The Lambeth Conference was not timid; it was daring. Its statements are not compromises; they are generously and sympathetically comprehensive.

II

In dealing with the subject of birth control, about which the newspapers have been specially anxious for further discussion, the conference certainly showed a courageous spirit. It is a problem which has been taboo in religious gatherings, although everybody knows, or ought to know, that it is under general discussion, more or less open, in other gatherings. Of course it is a difficult and delicate question to discuss publicly. But it *is* discussed by some who are overfond of frank speech; why should it not be open for less violent discussion by those who approach it from the side of morals and (being trained casuists) have a reasonable calmness of approach? Too often the mere suggestion of the subject leads to hysterical advocacy or stern denunciation, the only result being a casting of pearls before swine.

We all know that birth control is practised — and practised quite generally by those who profess and call themselves Christians. We know that the question of its rightfulness has so many angles that any effort to think it through is bound to thrust us against some sharp points. We know, for example, that teaching of contraceptive methods is apt to lend encouragement to certain practices which will be used by those who need them least. Physicians tell us, moreover, that some of these methods are harmful, and that these are most likely to be used by those for whom birth control may be necessary. We know, on the other hand, that lack of clear guidance works endless misery upon others who most need careful warning. We know that where guidance is necessary it ought naturally to come from competent physicians.

The literature on this practical side of the question is voluminous. It attacks the problem from every approach. It tells us of women made 'martyrs to married lust.' It points to earlier days when women died worn out with over-childbearing and gravestones told the tale of babies born but to die. It points to present social and economic conditions and demands that children shall not be brought into the world without some reasonable certainty of useful education and training for life and decent home care and neighborhood surroundings. It gives us tragic pictures of struggling mothers and hopelessly burdened wage-earning fathers. It paints the horrors of moronic, criminal, or low-type fecundity. It raises questions of sterilization for some such types.

On the other hand, advocacy of birth

control involves serious problems such as the disappearance of cultured families and the choking off of American family life and leadership through foreign fertility; it tells of the threatening of 'Nordic supremacy.' It has its dark side in wild social experiments such as companionate marriage. It matches the tragic stories of overburdened and dying mothers with the equally tragic stories of childless (and often, therefore, loveless) homes. These discussions have been the despair of courts of justice, state legislatures, welfare organizations, public officials in general. Legislation is threatened against birth control; implored in favor of it. Some states have laws for the sterilization of the criminal and the insane; some have laws forbidding the teaching of contraceptive methods; some permit physicians to impart knowledge only when they believe that further childbearing for a woman will endanger her life. Female agitators demand the right to teach with all the fervor which the suffrage movement or women's rights formerly engendered. Some teach with so little sanity and sense as to subject themselves to legal prosecution. Some write with reckless freedom and are arrested. When they write, they do so in forgetfulness of the fact that their writings fall most frequently into the hands of those who do not need their help and sympathy.

Meanwhile, if the religious teacher touches upon the subject, he hears a hissing injunction to hush. All this, despite the fact that the problem of birth control is at bottom a problem of morals in the broadest sense of the word, not merely a problem of social well-being or economic adjustment.

The Lambeth Conference dealt solely with the question as a moral question. Naturally, therefore, it condemned and recorded its horror of the sinful practice of abortion. Abortion is murder. Naturally, also, it strongly condemned the use of any method of birth control for reasons of selfishness, luxury, or convenience. When this had been said, the sphere of debate contracted.

Here are the further pertinent pronouncements against which there are 67 contrary votes: —

'Where there is a clearly felt moral obligation to limit or avoid parenthood the method must be decided on Christian principles. . . . The primary and obvious method is complete abstinence. Nevertheless in those cases where there is such clearly felt moral obligation to limit or avoid parenthood and where there is a morally sound reason for avoiding complete abstinence, the conference agrees that *other methods may be used provided this is done in the light of the same Christian principles.*'

While the conference admits that economic conditions are a serious factor in the situation, it 'condemns propaganda which treats birth control as a way of meeting those unsatisfactory social and economic conditions which ought to be changed by the influence of Christian public opinion.'

The conference calls for church councils to study the problems of sex and to see that boys and girls are properly instructed in their homes to prepare them for the responsibilities of adult life. It condemns irregular unions 'in that they offend against the true nature of love, compromise the future happiness of married life, are antagonistic to the welfare of the community, and, above all, are contrary to the revealed will of God.'

In connection with rescue work on behalf of young people in sex matters, the conference 'records its appreciation of the services of social workers throughout the world and of the women police of Great Britain and the United States.'

On the general subject of sex the conference 'believes that conditions of modern life call for a fresh statement from the Christian Church.' 'It declares,' this resolution runs, 'that the functions of sex are a God-given factor in human life and are essentially noble and creative.'

The conference 'believes that in the exalted view of marriage taught by our Lord is to be found the solution of the problems with which we are faced. His teaching was reënforced by certain elements which have found new emphasis in modern life, particularly the sacredness of personality, the more equal partnership of men and women, and the biological importance of monogamy.'

III

Admittedly, some of these statements are vague. What, for example, does the conference mean by declaring that methods of birth control must be 'decided on Christian principles'? To interpret the language, one must have been not only a member of the conference, but a member of the particular committee which dealt with this special report, in whose meetings the discussion was fullest and the wording of the report most carefully considered.

In Jesus Christ's teaching, emphasis is always placed upon the motive of an action, not on the action itself. Here the question is, Why, if ever, may birth control be permissible? Certainly not out of the motive which so largely calls for it — a selfish desire for ease, convenience, freedom; not because of an unwillingness to bear burdens and accept reasonable obligations; not that the desire of sex may be satisfied where there is continued unwillingness to pay the cost of sexual excitation; not for a thousand and one variations of these reasons. What is the motive of control — a selfish motive, or the driving power of necessity? Is it a question of health, and even life, or only a question of luxury? What is your real idea of marriage? Is it a form of legalized lust? Or is it for the propagation of life? Or is the latter a partial, not the exclusive, explanation of the marital relation? Is the sexual excitation, apart from propagation, sinful? If it is desirable for competent reasons to avoid or limit parentage, does that of moral necessity call for complete sexual abstinence? Apparently the conference says, 'No'; but the real importance of what it says is that the whole question should be settled as a matter of Christian principle, carefully, prayerfully, unselfishly, sincerely, honestly; the real plea of the report is for deliberate, earnest, conscientious thought on the marital relation — all that it involves, all it demands, all it forbids, all it permits.

The report urges, further, that only in the ideal of Christ, a monogamous marriage, can the purity of the sexual relation be preserved and the safety of society secured. There are hundreds of thousands, both men and women, who do not accept this view. They will regard the report as absurdly idealistic. They will not be eagerly engaged in settling any of the problems of marriage on 'Christian principles.' They will, however, triumph in the implied admissions which they may twist into a defense of their own practice.

There are hundreds of thousands of others who will be grieved at the suggestion of marriage relationship as anything other than a union of love, the one purpose of which is the propagation of new life. The facts and practices of the past are against them. In recognizing the 'romantic' side of sex, the conference has accepted what Christians of all ages have tacitly acknowledged. In frankly meeting a modern problem, it has accepted the

romanticist's view of marriage. To him marriage has other reasons for being than parentage. Usually he exalts these reasons at the expense of the one great reason for the marriage relationship; but even the English Prayer Book (which so plainly and bluntly emphasizes the duty of childbearing in marriage and so emphatically declares that marriage is not for the satisfaction of 'carnal lusts and appetites') speaks of 'the mutual society, help and comfort that the one ought to have of the other' in the relationship of husband and wife; and sex attraction may be a part of this tender and close union. To forbid it, save when there is the deliberate purpose of parentage, may be to forbid the very relationship through which marital love is sustained and the union of personalities strengthened. If that be true, much else follows. If that be true, abstention is not even a 'counsel of perfection'; a forbidding of other methods is a demand carrying no moral compulsion for the most conscientious Christian husbands and wives should wisdom call for limitation of parentage.

That wisdom does call for such limitation, in many cases, cannot be denied. And not merely for those who are economically unable to bear an increased financial burden, or for those whose health is threatened by continued childbirth, but for others whose problem may be social or intellectual. Often unlimited parentage means so great a change of personality in the wife as seriously to threaten family happiness. Her attractiveness and charm are lost, her whole character wrecked. On the other hand, in avoiding such a tragedy by refusal, she may wreck her husband's moral life. She may even ruin his intellectual life and cripple him in work for which he may be singularly gifted. Those who have read the recent novel of Mr. Norris, *Seed*, will find such a problem pictured and will recognize its parallels in their own immediate acquaintance and experience.

In such cases, it is for the individual to look diligently into her own, or his own, motives, and to ask what course must be pursued if the married companion is not to be alienated, if intimacy of affection is to be preserved and nourished, if both husband and wife are to live together happily and accomplish in full measure the work in life for which they are fitted. More children may mean more tragedy. Refusal may lead to alienation and the complete wreckage of the home. May not 'deciding the problem on Christian principles' justify what so many Christian moralists have long forbidden? The conference report seems to say so, though speaking cautiously where more direct precept might lead to abuse, and declaring that principle must be the guide and control, not moral injunction or law.

IV

The conference, in fact, emphatically calls us away from precepts to principles. It does not lay down rules as to the wisdom of natural birth control, or the necessity of reasonable restraint, or the woman's right to demand self-control on the part of the man, or the man's contrary rights. It does not deal specifically with 'other methods' than natural ones for control. It apparently makes a reasonable allowance for the claims of sex, while yet regarding marriage as providing the richest possible satisfaction for the parental instinct — which, 'so far as its conscious realization is concerned, is much less urgent than that of sex, but biologically is deeply rooted and much less spasmodic in its operation.'

The plain 'man in the street' may perhaps feel that in asking adherence to principle, and not laying down definite

precepts for action, the conference is 'sidestepping' the real issue. Is it? Is it not, rather, following the method of Christ, who never gave laws or laid down fixed rules, but always declared principles?

Opponents of the conference resolutions will declare that the bishops have 'given the whole case away' by an implied permission for other than natural control. Supporters of the resolutions will say that the conference recognized the facts of sex in marriage apart from parentage, while lifting it out of the realm of sordid desire by summoning marital companions to a realization of the spiritual side of their companionship in the development of attuned personality through the reasonably controlled exercise of marital relationship whether with or without parentage. Nothing is definitely enjoined or forbidden. Everything is left to the individual conscience under the guidance of spiritual motivation. Mosaic regulations are disregarded as aimed at specific evils and superseded by Christian principles. The mystery of sex is unexplained, though tacitly recognized. Conscience is to be the guide, but conscience quickened by Christian perception, alert to dangers, while endeavoring to lift the ordered sex impulse out of the realm of the carnal into the realm of a spiritual relationship in which, under reasonable control, the sex impulse is a permissible contributing element. Whether it is, or may be, such a contributing force is a problem for religion, psychology, and science to consider; though as plain matter of fact it has been so regarded by the great majority of people ever since the days when Saint Paul discussed the problem with a frankness which may excuse the boldness of present-day speech.

The whole subject is a delicate one to open up for public discussion; but why leave it as a subject for unhealthy, morbid introspection, or secret, furtive consideration? The spirit of the age demands frankness. It is impatient of lack of openness and boldness. So outspoken are most of us to-day that youthful or radical critics regard even the Lambeth pronouncements as an example of cautious timidity. On the contrary, is not the mere fact that judgment has been given a clear evidence of brave determination to bring to the light problems and questions which have been ignored by religious leaders and talked of only in whispers by the mass of folk? The judgment may, indeed, seem vague, as has been charged, and leave the individual conscience with slight guidance. In fact, however, moral decisions must always rest with the individual conscience; moral development comes through moral wrestling; it is strength acquired through one's own exercise of his spiritual powers. I cannot always demand authoritative decisions from without; I must reach some decisions through my own hard thinking. Only so do I learn to 'do always such things as are right.'

If it could be impressed upon men's minds that Christ always taught by principle rather than by precept, it would save America from much moral confusion, give all of us surcease of sorrow by discouraging the pernicious activity of overactive moral reformers, lead to a discontinuance of the legislating and lobbying activities of some who would regulate by law the manners and morals of the community — or a nation of many communities of multiplied variety in life and habit. It would also solve many difficulties in adjusting the teachings of Jesus to conditions of modern life.

The average person, probably, thinks of the Sermon on the Mount, if in this age of religious ignorance he ever

thinks about it at all, as a collection of precepts — definite, specific, precise. If it were, who could hope to obey its injunctions? 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth'; 'Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away'; 'Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also'; 'If any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.' Accept these as literal precepts, and they and similar teachings would discourage thrift, condemn all business and industry, do away with commerce, put a premium on idleness and beggary, encourage lawlessness and oppression, provoke further violence rather than subdue an angry assailant.

The truth is, these sayings were never intended as precepts; they state principles. They do not lay down regulations for individual conduct; they invite search for the truth imbedded in them. That is the reason they are so epigrammatic, vivid, paradoxical. Of course truth, when found, must be counterbalanced by other truth. Thus, if we are following principle, we endeavor to adjust duty to duty, right to right, truth to truth. Our own proverbs are like this — contradictory, yet each true; requiring keen thought to discover where one line of duty ends and another begins. For instance, 'Look before you leap'; yet, 'Nothing venture, nothing have.' 'Penny wise, pound foolish'; yet, 'Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves.'

Life's problems are usually concerned with a conflict of motives and duties. What the Great Teacher sought to do was to lay down principles upon which we must learn to act. When action arises, the simple problem may grow into the complex. Then the individual must learn to examine and analyze his own basic motives. When the single motives have been purified, the task of combining motives will call for further anxious, earnest effort; but for the various combinations there can be no rigid rules.

There are occasions when most people would like to have somebody tell them exactly what to do. It is not best that they should be told. It was not in this fashion that Christ taught His first followers. To have given precepts and regulations would have made of us moral automatons, not men and women of free will. In the teaching of Jesus there are no set lines, no clearly defined duties, no fixed prohibitions, no command that cannot be misinterpreted. His way is to make us think things out for ourselves. Only so does our sense of obligation increase, our moral insight become keener; only so do our bounds of service enlarge; only this method makes for spiritual strength, leads to enrichment of life, allows for moral growth.

So, the problems of sex present conflicts of duty which we must decide for ourselves. The question for each of us is: Are you honestly trying to 'do that which is right in the sight of the Lord'?

Would that in other matters those who are anxious to uplift and purify us would allow a little personal freedom and permit some of us to pattern our own lives after standards we have for ourselves earnestly endeavored to frame and fashion, and, if possible, justify in the minds of others.

PROUST HIMSELF

BY STEFAN ZWEIG

ONLY the outer picture of Marcel Proust's life is here drawn. The representation of his work and his accomplishment would require more space and more time. But I take this opportunity to urge you to refer to the extraordinary biography of Léon Pierre Quints, which with unusual clearness and objectivity, and at the same time with the most intimate knowledge, treats of the work of Marcel Proust. From it the main facts of this sketch are taken.

I

Proust was born at the end of the Franco-Prussian War, on July 10, 1871, in Paris, the son of a celebrated doctor, of a rich, very rich, middle-class family. But neither the skill of his father nor the fortune of his mother was able to save his childhood. At nine years of age the boy ceased forever to have good health. Returning from a walk in the Bois de Boulogne, he was overcome by an asthmatic spasm, and these dreadful attacks stifled him all his life until he drew his last breath.

Nearly everything is forbidden the child after his ninth year — travel, lively games, exercise, high spirits, everything that means childhood. At an early age he becomes an observer, delicate, high-strung, easily irritated, a being of unheard-of sensitiveness of nerves and perceptions.

He loves the country, but only seldom can he see it, and never in spring, for the fine dust pollen, the sultriness and fertility of nature, affect too painfully his sensitive organism. He loves flowers passionately, but cannot go near them. Even when a friend with a carnation in his buttonhole comes into the room, he is compelled to ask him to remove it, and a visit to a drawing-room where flowers are on a table sends him to bed for days. Sometimes he goes driving in a closed carriage, in order to see from behind glass windows the colors and living blossoms he loves; and always he takes with him books, books, books, so that he may read about travel, about the unattainable countries. Once he gets as far as Venice, a few times he reaches the ocean; but each of the trips takes too great a toll of his strength, and finally he confines himself almost exclusively to Paris.

All the more keen becomes his perception of everything human — the inflection of voices in a conversation, the ornaments in a woman's hair, the manner in which someone sits down at a table and gets up from it. All the tinsel ornaments of social life fasten themselves firmly in his memory. His ever-watchful eye catches between flickers of the lid the most minute details; all restraints, variations, meanderings, and hesitations in a conversation — every vibration reaches his ears unchanged. Therefore he is able in his novel to remember for one hundred and fifty pages the conversation of Count Norpois — no breath is lacking, no casual motion, no hesitation, no period. His eye is awake and active to make up for his bodily weakness.

Originally his parents intended that he should devote himself to study and diplomacy, but all plans are upset by his poor health. After all, there is no hurry. His parents are rich; his mother idolizes him. And so he wastes his time at parties and in drawing-rooms, and until his thirty-fifth year leads the most ridiculous, useless, senseless existence ever led by a great artist. He snobbishly takes part in the pastimes of the idle rich, — called society, — goes everywhere and is received everywhere. For fifteen years, night after night, one can find in any drawing-room, even the most inaccessible, this delicate, shy young man, always overawed by society leaders, always chatting, always courteous, amused or bored. Everywhere one sees him standing in a corner, breaking into a conversation; and, strange to relate, the high aristocracy of the Faubourg St.-Germain tolerates this nameless intruder.

This is really his greatest triumph, for outwardly young Marcel Proust has no special attractions. He is not particularly good-looking, not especially elegant; he is not of noble birth, and is even the son of a Jewess. Also his literary work does not identify him, for this, a little volume entitled *Les Plaisirs et les jours*, in spite of a polite preface by Anatole France, has neither weight nor success. What makes him beloved is his generosity alone. He showers all women with rare flowers, overwhelms everybody with unexpected gifts, entertains everybody, racks his brain thinking how to be polite and sympathetic to the most insignificant society fool. At the Ritz Hotel he is famous for his parties and his fantastic tips. He gives ten times as much as American millionaires, and he needs only to enter the hall for all caps to fly off. His entertainments are fantastically extravagant and epicurean; from the different shops of the city he secures all delicacies — grapes from a store on the Rive Gauche, capons from the Carlton, rare wines from Nice. And so he continually binds and obligates *tout Paris* by good behavior and courtesies, without ever asking anything in return.

But what identifies him still more than his willing and extravagant expenditure of money in this kind of society is his almost morbid reverence for its ritual, his slavish worship of etiquette, the exaggerated importance which he attaches to society and all the absurdities of fashion. As holy writ he worships the unwritten *Cortegiano* of aristocratic manners. The problem of the order of seating guests at a dinner table occupies him for days — why Princess X places Count L at the foot of the table and Baron R at the head. Every bit of gossip, every passing scandal, excites him as if it were an event of world-wide importance; he questions fifteen people in turn to discover the secret order of the Princess M's invitations, or why the Baroness B has asked Mr. F to her box. And through this passion, this serious regard for mere nothings, which later also dominates his books, he himself acquires a reputation as master of ceremonies in the midst of this trifling, fantastic world.

For fifteen years this great mind, one of the strongest figures of our time, leads a perfectly futile existence between idleness and ambition. During the day, exhausted and feverish, he lies in bed. At night he rushes from function to function in evening clothes, wasting his time with invitations and letters and social engagements — the most superfluous person in this daily round of vanities, everywhere gladly seen, nowhere really noticed, actually only a dress suit and white tie in the midst of other dress suits and white ties.

Only one little trait differentiates him from the others. Every evening when he gets home and goes to bed, unable to sleep, he writes page after page of notes on what he has observed, seen, and heard. Gradually they become piles which he preserves in portfolios. And like Saint-Simon, apparently a mere courtier of the King, who became in secret the representative and judge of a whole epoch, so every night Marcel Proust catalogues everything futile and passing in *tout Paris* in notes, records, and sketches, in order perhaps eventually to transform the ephemeral into something lasting.

II

Now a question for the psychologist: What is the real motive? Does Marcel Proust, sick, and incapable of a normal existence, lead this foolish, senseless life of a snob for fifteen years simply for his own satisfaction, and are these notes merely an incident similar to the afterglow of the too quickly passing society game? Or does he enter a drawing-room as a chemist enters a laboratory or a botanist crosses a field, so that he may collect material unobtrusively for a projected great work? Does he disguise himself, or is he genuine? Is he a fellow combatant in the army of time-killers, or only a spy from another, higher realm? Does he loaf from pleasure or from premeditation? Is this almost insane passion for the psychology of etiquette a necessity of life to him, or only the disguise of a passionate analyst?

Probably both elements were so ingeniously and magically blended in him that the pure nature of the artist would never have found expression had not the hard hand of Fate suddenly torn him from the lazy, make-believe world of conversation and placed him in the sphere of his own world, which was darkly hung and only occasionally illumined by an inner light.

Suddenly the scene changes. In 1903 his mother dies; and, shortly after, the doctors declare his disease, which is continually growing worse, incurable. With one jerk Marcel Proust changes his whole life. He locks himself up hermetically in his cell on the Boulevard Haussmann; overnight this bored, lazy loafer becomes one of the most relentless, tireless workers that this century has to admire in the literary world; overnight he turns from the most distracting sociability to the most undisturbed solitude.

A tragic picture of this great writer: he is always in bed, all day long; he is always cold — his thin, cough-racked body, shaken by spasms, is continually shivering. He wears three shirts in bed, one pulled on over the other. Wadded pads are on his chest, thick gloves on his hands, and still he freezes. A fire burns on the hearth; the window is never opened, for even the few miserable chestnut trees in the centre of the street torment him with their faint odor, which affects no other human chest in Paris but his. Like a corpse he lies always in bed, breathing painfully the heavy, surcharged air, poisoned with medicines. Only late in the evening does he pull himself together in order to see a little light, a little brightness, his beloved sphere of elegance, a few aristocratic faces. His servant forces him into his evening clothes, wraps him in shawls, and even in spring envelops him in three thicknesses of fur. Then he drives to the Ritz to talk to a few people and see his idolized sphere, Luxury. His cab waits at the door all night to drive the dead-tired man back to bed.

Marcel Proust never goes into society again — but yes, just once! He needs for his novel the details of the behavior of an aristocrat. And so, to

the amazement of all, he drags himself to a salon in order to see how the Duke von Sagen manages his monocle. Again, once at night he drives to the house of a famous prostitute, to ask whether she still has a hat which she wore twenty years ago in the Bois de Boulogne, for he needs it in his portrayal of Odette; and he is terribly disappointed to hear, as she makes fun of him, that she gave it to her servant long ago.

The cab brings the mortally tired man home. His night clothes always hang before the warm stove. For a long time he has been unable to bear the cold linen against his body. The servant wraps him up, leads him to bed. And there, his tablet resting flat in front of him, he writes his novel, *À la recherche du temps perdu*. Twenty dossiers are already tightly packed with drafts. The chairs and tables beside his bed, even the bed itself, are white with slips and pages of paper.

And so he writes, day and night he writes; every waking hour, with fever in his blood, his gloved hands trembling with cold, he writes on and on. Sometimes a friend visits him. Proust questions him eagerly about all the particulars of society; dying, he gropes still with all the antennæ of curiosity into the lost, the fashionable, world. He urges his friends on like hounds that they may acquaint him with this and that scandal, inform him of the most intimate details of this and that personality. And everything that is brought to him he notes with nervous eagerness.

His sickness increases. This poor, fever-racked piece of humanity, Marcel Proust, fails and grows weaker and weaker; and ever more the great conception, his novel, — or, rather, series of novels, — *À la recherche du temps perdu*, broadens and grows.

III

The work was begun in 1905; in 1912 Proust considered it completed. In extent it seemed to be three volumes, but, owing to expansion during the printing, it became no less than ten.

Now he is bothered by the question of its reception on publication. Marcel Proust, the forty-year-old man, is absolutely unknown; no, worse than unknown — that is, in a literary sense, he has a bad reputation. Marcel Proust? Why, he is that society snob, that fashionable 'writerette' who here and there in the *Figaro* spreads social gossip! The evil-minded public refuses to read anything but Marcel Prevost for Marcel Proust. Nothing good can come from him.

He can expect nothing by direct means. And so friends try to sponsor the publication of his work socially. A true aristocrat invites André Gide, the manager of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, to call on him and hands him the manuscript, but the *Nouvelle Revue Française* (the same publication that later made hundreds of thousands of francs out of the work) refuses it outright; likewise the *Mercure de France* and Ollendorf. Finally a new and courageous publisher is found who is willing to take the risk, but even so two years more pass and it is 1913 before the first volume of the great work appears. And, just as success is about to spread its wings, the war comes and beats them down.

After the war, when nearly five of the volumes have already appeared, France, then Europe, begins to notice this unique epic work of our time. But what fame loudly acclaims as Marcel Proust has been for a long time only a worn, feverish, restless fragment of humanity, a twitching shadow, a poor sick man, who gathers his whole strength together only that he may live

long enough to see the publication of his work. In the evening he still drags himself to the Ritz, and there at a dining table or in the porter's lodge he corrects the last proofs; for at home, in bed, he already feels himself in his grave. Only here where he again sees his beloved fashionable world shining before his eyes does he feel a last little strength, while at home he drops down exhausted, at times quieting himself with narcotics, at others stimulating himself with caffeine for a short talk with friends or for more work.

His disease grows rapidly worse. Ever faster, ever more eagerly works the man who has dawdled too long, trying now to outstrip death. He no longer wishes to see doctors. They have tortured him too long and have never helped him. So he defends himself alone, and finally dies on November 18, 1922.

Even in his last days, already dying, he faces the inevitable with the only weapon of the artist — observation. Heroically conscious to the last hour, he analyzes his own condition, so that these notes may serve to make the death of his hero, Bergotte, yet more plastic, more realistic; he attempts to add some of the most intimate details, those last which the mere writer could not know, which only the dying man knows. Even his last moment is observation. On the bedside table of the dead, stained with medicine, were found on a scarcely legible slip of paper the last words which he had written with his half-chilled hand — notes for a new volume which would have taken years, while to him only minutes belonged. And so he slaps Death in the face — the last, most splendid gesture of the artist, who conquers the fear of death while observing.

'KINDA LONESOME'

BY EUGENIE COURTRIGHT

I

Miss Percival, the nurse at the Riverview Government Indian School, walked into the hospital sitting room and found Titus Big Hawk still drawing 'cartoons.' He never seemed to do anything else.

She asked him how he felt, and he said he felt fine. Was he feeling well enough to go back to the boys' building? The traveling physician, Dr. Leslie, was going to remove three more pairs of tonsils that day, and she needed all the beds.

'Sure,' said Titus, without looking up from his drawing.

'I'll give you a note for the matron in your building,' Miss Percival said, 'and if you get tired or feel in any way uncomfortable you can go to bed there and the matron will have your meals brought in from the dining room. Let me look at your throat.'

She examined him thoroughly, took his temperature 'just in case,' — Titus was not a very strong boy, — gave him a note for the matron, admonished him to eat well, to go to bed early, to be careful and not catch cold. 'And you

don't have to go to school to-morrow if you don't want to,' she concluded, and sent him back to his building. Then she went to gather up the litter of paper, crayons, water colors, and cartoons he had left behind him.

'Superintendent Burleson cranking the government Ford,' she read at the bottom of a drawing in black and white; 'Father Harrington when Winona Kills the Enemy told him she did not believe in God,' she read at the bottom of another; 'Miss Percival when Anna Big Thunder bit the thermometer in two,' 'Dr. Leslie looking for John Red Cloud's tonsils.'

Miss Percival laid the last one on the table and took the others to show to Dr. Leslie.

'They're funny, are n't they?' Dr. Leslie said, peering at the pictures through the lower half of his glasses.

'Father Harrington's nose can't possibly be that long, and yet it looks just like him,' said Miss Percival, puzzled as well as amused by the odd assortment of crude angular lines which Titus seemed to have thrown together almost at random.

Dr. Leslie snickered. 'Look at Burleson!'

Miss Percival was tempted to bring in the one of the doctor, but decided she had better not; Titus Big Hawk might have occasion to come back to the hospital before the traveling physician had done his work and gone.

A week later she was in the dispensary giving the daily treatments when the door opened and a boy with red hair and freckles entered.

'Hello!' she said, looking up from the pair of eyes into which she was dropping a greenish-brown liquid. 'What can I do for you?'

'Nothing,' said the red-haired boy.

The nurse looked at him again. His hair was flaming red, but he wore government corduroy trousers held up by a rattlesnake skin stitched to a strip of leather, a blue chambray shirt, and a government sweater. He was an Indian! 'What is your name?' she asked.

'Dinty Moore,' said the boy. 'Is your name Miss Percival?'

'It is.'

'Titus Big Hawk wants you.'

Miss Percival laid a piece of cotton over the eye nearest to her and held it there. 'What's the matter with Titus?'

'He's sick.'

Miss Percival, still clinging to the wad of cotton, turned around as far as she could and searched the room with her eyes. 'But where is he?'

'He's in the boys' building,' Dinty said. 'I's takin' care o' him there, but the disciplinarian come in 'n' kicked me out. Then the matron *she* come in 'n' kicked Titus out too, because, y' see, she won't let any of us lie down in the daytime; she says it messes up the dormitory. See? Titus told me to sneak over here 'n' tell you to get up there quick before she comes in 'n' kicks him out again.'

Miss Percival stood and held her breath for several moments. Then she threw the wad of cotton into a basket. 'Tell Titus I'll be right over,' she said.

'Is he pretty sick?' the matron asked Miss Percival with gentle concern a few minutes later.

'Don't worry, son,' said Miss Percival to the gasping, wheezing, frightened Titus, 'I'm going to take care of you.'

In the hall she turned on the matron: 'Mrs. Wesaw, that boy was well when I sent him back here, but you knew he'd had his tonsils taken out, and I explained to you that he was n't very strong and needed special care. And you went and put him to work! And in the power house of all places! Then when he got sick and wanted to lie down, you — He has pneumonia! If he dies,

and I don't see how he can do anything else under the circumstances, I hope you get all the comfort out of it that you deserve!'

Then she got a car, took Titus to the hospital, and called the doctor.

Later she sent for Superintendent Burleson, and raved for five minutes. Then Superintendent Burleson went in to look at Titus.

'It's awful!' he said when he came out. 'He must n't die, Miss Percival. It's bad enough when one of them dies after we've done all we could, but a case like this! Shall I send for another nurse?'

Miss Percival said that she wanted to take care of Titus herself, because she knew him and understood his weaknesses.

'Well, get anything you want,' Mr. Burleson said desperately, 'and don't wait to get authority from the office. I'll O.K. anything you order. And if you need another doctor, get him.'

Back in his office he sat down behind his desk and called the office boy. 'Go tell Mr. and Mrs. Wesaw I want to see them right away,' he said, and, folding his hands over his vest, waited with an ominous gleam in his eyes.

On the fifth day a second nurse was engaged for the other children in the hospital, a cot was set up beside Titus's bed, and Miss Percival, after taking care of Titus all day, waited upon him all night, getting what rest she could on the cot.

'You've got your face turned away,' Titus would complain, and Miss Percival would turn wearily on her cot and look at him. 'He's just lonely,' she would say to herself.

'I want Mr. Burleson,' Titus would pant at one o'clock in the morning, and Mr. Burleson would come and sit beside Titus's bed until six. 'He's lonely,' Miss Percival would apologize.

'I want Father Harrington,' Titus would request feebly at the most inconvenient hours of the day and night, and Father Harrington would come from town and sit with Titus for hours on end. 'He's lonely,' Miss Percival would recite.

'When you get well,' Mr. Burleson said to Titus, 'I'll teach you to drive my car. The weather will be nice by the time you're strong enough to go out, and it will be good for you. You can drive me to town, or sometimes to the city on business, and perhaps on trips to some of the reservations. How will you like that?'

'Gee!' said Titus.

'When you get well,' Father Harrington promised, 'I'll teach you the Latin responses for Mass, and you can serve at the altar on Sunday. I'll have a fine black cassock made for you, and a surplice.'

'Could I have a red cassock?' Titus whispered.

'Certainly. A red cassock, then, and wide lace on the surplice.'

'Gee!' Titus said.

'You won't have to live in the boys' building when you get better, Titus,' Miss Percival assured him. 'You'll stay here in the hospital with me, and I'll take care of you until you are strong and well again. You'll have everything you like to eat, and you can sleep as late as you want to in the morning, and I won't let them send you to school for a long time. How will that be?'

'Gee!' said Titus.

One night he asked for Father Harrington. It was three o'clock, and storming. Father Harrington came. Titus lay perfectly still and said nothing.

'Father Harrington is here, Titus. And Mr. Burleson,' said the nurse.

Titus looked at them, in his eyes the distances that border eternity, and the loneliness that only an Indian may

know. Miss Percival bent over him impulsively and touched his face. 'We won't leave you, Titus,' she said.

Mr. Burleson put his arm around Titus's shoulders. 'I've wired to your mother every day, Titus; she'll surely come to-morrow,' he said, but without conviction. Where would Mrs. Big Hawk get enough money to come all that way?

Father Harrington could think of nothing to say. At one time he had been a missionary among the Indians. He had lived with them forty-two years, sharing their tepees and their food and all the problems of their lives. He had nursed their sick and buried their dead, rejoiced and sorrowed with them, listened to their plaints, chided and commended them, and he had mastered their ancient lore. Above all he spoke their language, with the proper crisp incisiveness and all the flexible eloquence of inflection of the old-time thoroughbred Sioux.

Father Harrington knew that Titus did not want him, any more than he wanted Mr. Burleson or Miss Percival. In his loneliness and apprehension Titus turned to them, but only because his own were unattainable. His cry was all for the solace of a kindred spirit, for the soul-quickening fellowship of his race. Father Harrington leaned forward, rested his elbows on his knees, made a fluid gesture. '*Omaka hehan terika . . .*'

It was the classic prelude of the old Sioux raconteur, and Titus had heard it a thousand times. '*How, koda!*' he cried, and held out his hand.

'*How!*' said Father Harrington. He shook Titus's hand solemnly. But when he went to release the hand he found that it clung to his. Like a good Indian he noticed nothing, merely forgot to withdraw his own, and went on in imperturbable Sioux: 'And there was much snow, and our children were hungry. And the Great Spirit had mercy on our people, and sent many buffaloes. . . .'

II

Contrary to everyone's expectations, Titus Big Hawk recovered, thereby becoming Miss Percival's proudest boast and her most cherished possession. She plied him with tonics, coaxed and cajoled and bribed him into absorbing enormous quantities of milk, cream, and raw eggs; read to him, talked to him, sat with him at night when he could not sleep.

After a while he was allowed to sit up in a wheel chair, and one day Mr. Burleson, making his daily visit, asked him when he was going to begin driving the car. Then Father Harrington came, bringing a cassock — of silk! And a surplice that was nearly all lace! Titus became excited and wanted to get up and 'walk around awhile.' But the slightest exertion brought on a temperature, and he had to be content with his outing on the sun porch in the wheel chair.

'Gee whiz!' the hospital girls complained to one another. 'You'd think that Titus Big Hawk was the Prince of Wales or something, the way we all have to wait on him.'

'Yeh, just because he had that old ammonia.'

'Who is that saying "ammonia"?' Miss Percival called from the next room.

'Winona Kills the Enemy,' they chorused.

Winona appeared in the doorway, a fat, very dark girl who was letting her black bobbed hair grow, so that it looked like an oil mop turned upside down on her head.

'I know how to say "pneumonia,"' she explained, 'but I just forget.'

Titus Big Hawk was weighed; triumphantly Miss Percival announced to

the world that he had gained six pounds! And then his mother arrived.

Miss Percival, feeling quite sick, took Mrs. Big Hawk into Titus's room. There were no greetings. Miss Percival decided she was in the way and went out.

She called Mr. Burleson. 'Titus Big Hawk is going to die after all. His mother is here, and no doubt she will want to take him with her.'

Mr. Burleson said he would be right over.

Miss Percival went into the kitchen, and presently Mrs. Big Hawk came in and sat down near the stove — a thin woman in a black kerchief and a shawl like a wide rainbow. The edge of a red plaid flannelette petticoat extended below the hem of her calico dress on the right and the edge of a gray flannelette petticoat on the left; both gray and red petticoats showed below her dress at the front and back. Her moccasins were of canvas and soaked with the early spring slush and mud.

Miss Percival told her Titus was getting along splendidly, but that he was still weak, and his lungs were bad. For a long time yet he would need a great deal of care. 'But don't you think he is looking well, considering what he went through?' she asked, complacently.

But Mrs. Big Hawk did not speak English. Miss Percival called Winona Kills the Enemy, the only girl in her class who spoke Sioux. Winona came in, carrying her broom and with all her hair in her eyes. Miss Percival took a hairpin and fastened the most conspicuously offending section into a knot on the top of the girl's head. Winona immediately became painfully conscious that her appearance had not been improved, and put one foot on her broom and tried to climb it.

Miss Percival told her to tell Mrs. Big Hawk that Titus had been very sick, and that though he now was much better, he still was far from well, and he would need care and lots of good food.

Winona spoke in Sioux to no one in particular, and Mrs. Big Hawk answered in like manner.

'She wants him home when he's sick,' Winona informed Miss Percival.

'Did you tell her he is still very sick, and that he will need lots of milk and cream and eggs, and all kinds of good nourishing food?'

Winona said she had.

'Well, tell her again,' Miss Percival said, desperately.

Winona told Mrs. Big Hawk about it for the second time. 'She wants him home when he's sick,' she repeated when Mrs. Big Hawk had had her say.

'She'll have to see Mr. Burleson about it, then. Tell her that.'

Winona told her. 'She wants him home when he's sick,' she recited.

Mr. Burleson came in. Miss Percival went into the hall and closed the door behind her. 'She wants to take him home,' she whispered.

'I've seen his home,' Mr. Burleson said, 'and he not only will not have any milk or eggs or fruit, but most of the time he won't have anything at all to eat. But if his mother wants him, what can we do? We've got to let him go, you know.'

Mr. Burleson went into the kitchen, and Winona quickly took the pin from her hair. Miss Percival went into Titus's room. He lay on his side, plucking at a small piece of thread in the sheet.

'Titus, your mother says she wants to take you home,' Miss Percival said, tentatively. Titus said nothing. 'Of course you don't *have* to go. You can stay here if you like, you know, and I'll be glad to take care of you. You're not very strong yet, and you're going to need a lot of care before you really

are well. However, if you want to go with your mother, Mr. Burleson says it's all right, and that you can go.' She waited, but Titus continued to pluck at his bit of thread, and did n't answer. She went back to the kitchen.

'She wants him home when he's sick,' Mr. Burleson told her.

Mrs. Big Hawk got up and went again into Titus's room. Mr. Burleson and Miss Percival discussed plans for getting Titus home as comfortably as possible.

When Mr. Burleson had gone, Miss Percival started for Titus's room, but at the door she paused. Titus was lying with his back to his mother, intent upon another piece of thread he had found in the sheet. Mrs. Big Hawk was talking in a low monotone. Now and then she stopped and waited for Titus to say something. Sometimes, after a prolonged pause, Titus would mumble an unintelligible syllable, but more often he remained silent. Suddenly his mother bent over him and, with a palpably unaccustomed hand, began to pat his knee awkwardly. Miss Percival turned away quickly and fled to the kitchen.

III

Soon afterward Mrs. Big Hawk came in and sat down near the stove. She said nothing.

Miss Percival went into Titus's room. 'Titus,' she said, 'do you want to go home with your mother?' Titus said nothing. 'You have to tell me, you know,' Miss Percival said; 'I'll have to get you ready. Do you want to go home with your mother?'

'No,' said Titus, finally.

Miss Percival stood by the bed wondering why she was n't as glad as she should have been. Then she went back to the kitchen. 'You must have something to eat before you go,' she told Mrs. Big Hawk, brightly. Mrs. Big Hawk crossed her knees and swung one sodden foot, but said nothing. Miss Percival called Winona Kills the Enemy.

'Winona, go upstairs, please, and bring down my tan oxfords and those heavy woolen stockings I wear when I go skating, and a pair of rubbers.'

Miss Percival made coffee in the electric percolator, sliced some cold meat, set bread and butter and jam and cake on a corner of the kitchen table. Winona came in with the shoes, stockings, and rubbers.

'Tell Mrs. Big Hawk to put them on, Winona; she'll catch her death of cold in those wet things she's wearing.'

Winona repeated Miss Percival's speech in Sioux. Mrs. Big Hawk continued to swing her foot. Miss Percival and Winona waited uncomfortably.

Then Mrs. Big Hawk's foot slowed down, stopped; her eyes fastened themselves on a spot on the floor between the stove and the door; she began to talk, slowly, apathetically.

When at last she stopped, Miss Percival looked at Winona. 'What does she say?' Winona shuffled, became absorbed in a flaw in the handle of her broom. 'What does she say?' Miss Percival persisted.

Winona drew a long breath, brushed a few straggling hairs from her perspiring brow, looked about her hopelessly. But Miss Percival waited relentlessly, and at last she was forced to speak.

'She says he's a bird,' she said sheepishly.

Miss Percival looked with interest at Mrs. Big Hawk, then doubtfully at Winona. 'Did you say a bird, Winona?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'But, Winona, whatever on earth do you mean?' Winona twined herself intricately about her broom. 'Ask Mrs. Big Hawk what she means, will you?'

Winona said something in Sioux.

Mrs. Big Hawk spoke. Miss Percival waited. 'Well?'

'She says he's a bird,' said Winona. The tormented broom sprang from her grasp, hit her in the face. Miss Percival winced. 'Who is a bird?' she asked.

Winona wiped her brow on her sleeve. 'Titus,' she confessed guiltily.

'For heaven's sake!' Miss Percival exclaimed in utter stupefaction, and waited for more. But Winona apparently had nothing more to tell. 'Well, what else did she say? Surely there was more than that, Winona; Mrs. Big Hawk spoke for almost five minutes.'

Winona spoke in Sioux. Mrs. Big Hawk spoke in Sioux. Winona literally curled herself about the handle of her broom.

'Well, what did she say?'

'She says he fell out of the nest.'

Miss Percival looked at Winona coldly. 'Winona,' she said, 'have you completely lost your mind?'

'No, ma'am,' said Winona.

'In heaven's name, then, what nest could Titus possibly have fallen out of?'

Winona spoke in Sioux. Mrs. Big Hawk, her eyes still on the spot on the floor between the stove and the door, spoke in Sioux.

'Hers,' said Winona, indicating Mrs. Big Hawk with her chin and her lower lip.

Miss Percival looked at Winona in despair. 'Is there anyone else here who speaks Sioux?'

Winona executed a unique convulsion. Miss Percival took the broom from her firmly. 'You're going to kill yourself with this thing,' she said, standing it up against the wall. 'Now, then, Winona, you tell me in plain English what Mrs. Big Hawk means by all that, about Titus being a bird!'

But with the loss of her broom Winona had become totally incapacitated. She twisted her hands, stood on one foot, stood on the other, stood on the sides of both until they looked as if they might start to clap any moment.

'She could n't have said that Titus was a bird, or that he'd fallen out of a nest, now, could she, Winona?' Miss Percival argued reasonably.

'Yes, ma'am,' said Winona.

Miss Percival gave her another cold look and went to turn the current off the percolator, which placed her with her back to Winona.

With no one looking at her, Winona was able to muster quite a speech, all her own: 'It sounds different in Indian.'

Miss Percival looked thoughtful. 'Suppose you tell me just what it means in Indian, Winona, will you?' she said more kindly.

'It means — ' began Winona glibly, but now Miss Percival was looking at her again. Why could n't she be polite like Mrs. Big Hawk and look at the floor? Winona put her hand over her mouth, turned her feet still farther in so that she stood very nearly on her ankles, took her hand from her mouth, and again pointed to Mrs. Big Hawk with her chin and lip. 'She means he won't never come back.'

'Who won't come back where?'

'Titus.'

'But where? Titus won't come back where, Winona?'

Winona wiped her forehead on her sleeve. 'To her nest,' she mumbled.

'Oh,' said Miss Percival. 'I — I see.'

Miss Percival had not laughed! Winona was encouraged to the point of recklessness. 'He flied away,' she volunteered.

'Titus?' Winona nodded. 'Where? He flied where, Winona?' Miss Percival asked earnestly.

At this Winona was plunged into a very nightmare of embarrassment and went through another series of con-

tortions, more complicated than anything she had yet exhibited. 'To a better nest,' she blurted finally.

Miss Percival looked at Mrs. Big Hawk without seeming to see her, then went and stood in front of the window and looked at the thawing ice, the dirty snow, the drizzly sky outside. After a while she turned back to Winona: 'Tell Mrs. Big Hawk — ' She shrugged. 'But what's the use? What is there to say?'

But she had to say something, sometime, so she recited her platitude: 'Tell Mrs. Big Hawk that Titus will go back to her some day.'

Winona told Mrs. Big Hawk. Mrs. Big Hawk spoke a few words. Miss Percival being again absorbed in the contemplation of the mud outside the window, Winona was able to speak with comparative ease. 'She says by that time Titus will not be *her* boy.'

Miss Percival nodded to herself. Exactly! It was unfortunate, but Titus's mother was human, and she had a brain. 'What a mess!' Miss Percival confided to the world beyond the window. 'What a mess it is all around!'

Mrs. Big Hawk changed her moccasins for Miss Percival's shoes and stockings, and put on the rubbers. Then she drank some coffee, but did n't eat anything. Miss Percival put the food in a box and gave it to her.

Having thanked Miss Percival, through Winona, for the shoes and food, and for being 'kind to my boy,' she went into her son's room for the last time, touched him on the shoulder, murmured a word or two. Titus said nothing, and she went out.

Miss Percival held her throat and watched Mrs. Big Hawk walking away toward town. She glided along with an effect of stillness, as if having movement only because of the greater stillness about her. Soon the wet dusk enfolded her, the colors in her bright shawl grew dull, and she disappeared.

Miss Percival was crying.

IV

A month later Titus was having his afternoon lunch in the hospital dining room, and Miss Percival, as usual, was trying to convince him of the necessity of education. 'When you come back next year,' she began.

'Aw, Miss Percival, I'm not coming back,' Titus remonstrated.

'But, Titus — listen. You *have* to. They say those drawings of yours are good. You have talent, Titus; you can't waste it, you know. Besides — Well, now, Titus, would n't you like to be a great artist?'

Titus finished his glass of milk, wiped his mouth on his napkin, and shook his head. 'You can't be an artist when you're an Indian,' he announced with finality.

Miss Percival said she would like to know why.

'You can't be anything like that when you're an Indian. Did n't you know that? Now, maybe if my hair was lighter or something! Could you make it lighter?'

Miss Percival said she could bleach it with peroxide, of course, but —

'You do that, huh?' said Titus, looking excited.

'I certainly will not,' Miss Percival answered firmly.

'Then I can't be an artist,' Titus told her, and went out on the sun porch.

Miss Percival went to the kitchen to see about the menu for supper.

'Front!' Titus called from the porch. Miss Percival told Anna Big Thunder to go and find out what he wanted.

'I don't like for him to call me "Front,"' Anna complained.

'He just got that from the movies

and he thinks it's cute,' Miss Percival soothed her.

Titus waved a lordly gesture when Anna came out, and cleared his throat 'like a banker.' 'A little service, please,' he rumbled. 'A little service.'

'What do you want?' Anna growled unamiably.

'I want two oranges. And step on it, please. You may be a Big Thunder, but I notice you're pretty slow lightning.'

'Yeah? Well, you may be a Big Hawk, but you're a mighty poor fish,' Anna retorted, and laughed in delighted surprise at herself, then hurried out to tell the other girls how smart she had been.

'School ain't so bad,' Titus told Miss Percival before going home for vacation. 'Well, *is n't*, then.'

As a matter of fact, what with Miss Percival, — who he thought was the kindest person in the world, and the nicest, and with whom he now could talk about anything that entered his head, — and driving Mr. Burleson's 'big car,' and 'showing off' every Sunday in his red silk cassock, he was having the time of his life.

V

Miss Percival, coming back from town late on the afternoon of the first of September, found Titus installed in the hospital. He grinned at her a bit askance, but she pretended she thought it the most natural thing in the world that he should make his quarters in the hospital rather than in the boys' building where he belonged.

He remained in the hospital throughout the entire year. He went to school, but was given no industrial detail. Instead, he drove Mr. Burleson to town, went after the mail, and to the station to meet visitors and traveling officials. On Sundays he served Father Harrington regally in red silk and lace and fine linen.

'I don't speak to those Wesaws when I meet them,' he told Miss Percival with satisfaction. 'I'm coming back next year just for that.' Which meant that he was about the happiest boy in the world and would n't have stayed away for anything.

'That will be your last year here, won't it?'

'Yes'm. I'll know everything everybody here knows. Just think, I'll be as smart as all of 'em put together!'

'Mr. Burleson wants you to go to another government school when you leave here, Titus.'

'Yeh, he told me.'

'And when you're through there you must try to go to college.'

'Yeh. Gee, I'd sure like to go to college,' said Titus, and immediately looked discouraged. 'But what's the use? I look so darn Injun!'

He left for his summer vacation on the third of June. On July 15 Miss Percival was transferred to the position of traveling nurse to accompany Dr. Leslie. The first of August Mr. Burleson was promoted to the position of supervisor, and on August 15 Father Harrington left for Rome and the Holy Land.

The night before he left, Father Harrington folded Titus's cassock and surplice into a box, laid a note on top of them, wrapped and tied the box. With the package in his lap he sat for a long time thinking of Titus Big Hawk — an unusual boy, with a good mind, exceptionally talented. A beautiful boy. He must go to school. At all cost he must go to school. And then — then what? Poor Titus Big Hawk, who knew life only as something that was as effortless as breathing, and as simple and natural! For incomputable centuries his people had been governed by their instincts and their senses, their

few laws, as old as their race, immutable, marking a definite and unmistakable path. And Titus never had had to walk alone; with him always had been the tribe, and the aim of the tribe but the fulfillment of the desires of its members. As one had believed and aspired, so all had believed and aspired. Titus had never known the necessity for individual effort, either mental or physical.

Now he was to be thrown into a world that was all effort, all bitter competition; a world where the natural seemed gross, where instinct must cede to guile, and the senses betrayed and disgraced; a world of inhibitions that did not inhibit, of rules that did not govern, of laws that no one obeyed. And he was to travel alone, as only an Indian in a white world can be alone. Titus Big Hawk, bashfully looking for the right way — or any way, for that matter — in this maze of contradictions!

Moreover, Titus was to adapt himself to what would be to him an artificial existence, and to assimilate a culture intrinsically foreign to his own and to all his instincts and diametrically opposed to all the time-inured concepts of his class for the prosecution of happiness. Would his education ever be anything but a superficial veneer, a sort of bizarre excrescence to the grafting of which his sick and hungry body and supine will had submitted, but in which his soul never had participated?

One thing was certain. No matter where they took him, how much they taught him, and what he forgot, eternally he would remain an Indian, not fashioned for striving, but born to ease and the simple things that come easily. And nothing he could acquire would ever be as strong as this call of his blood, for his blood was the blood of his race, its call but the echo of his own voice — himself calling to himself.

Ties of blood, of family, of home; tradition, memories, legends, ancient rites; simple honor, even simpler joys and griefs; tears shared by all, a country lost to all, a bit of the melancholy that is born of resignation — an immortal essence, intangible, inexpressible, mystic, insuperable. That was the great common soul of the Sioux nation. Its roots lay deep within the soil that had been watered with the blood of warriors, and each tendril, strong with a timeless heritage of uncontaminated Sioux culture, was irrevocably ingrafted in it, inextricably interwoven with the bone, the sinew, and the spirit of those who had died there.

It was only logical to expect that in a crisis Titus would revert to his own. He would tire, of course, — how could he escape weariness who had never known exertion? — and would seek surcease from what had come to appear as pointless struggles in the tranquilizing inertia of the reservation. He would go 'home,' each time finding the way longer and more difficult; more and more hampered by the fears and inhibitions of fresh knowledge; more and more a stranger to his own race, and, through his recurrent defections, less and less understood by his white monitors. It was unavoidable. And his white world would wag its foolish head and grumble: 'What's the use? They all go back to the blanket!'

If, on the other hand, Titus never went to school, but remained where he belonged, on his reservation . . .

But there was nothing to speculate about there; it was merely the other half of the vicious circle. Why had they all wanted so much that Titus Big Hawk should live? Father Harrington just then could have found it in his heart to be thankful if Titus Big Hawk had been at rest in the security of a grave.

VI

Titus came back to the school on the first of September. 'What you doing in here?' the new nurse queried when she found him to all appearances permanently settled in the room which she had been preparing for 'special' cases.

Titus looked stricken. 'Where is Miss Percival?' he asked.

'Miss Percival is n't here any more. Are you sick?'

'No, ma'am. I — I just came to get my things,' he stammered. And, gathering up the clothes he had just put away in the dresser and closet, he folded them back into his suitcase and went out under her scornful eyes.

The garage was open and he went in. There was a new car in the place where Mr. Burleson's had stood.

'Here!' a strange man admonished from the doorway. 'You boys are not allowed to come into this garage. You ought to know that.'

'I wanted to see Mr. Burleson.'

'Oh! Well, Mr. Burleson is n't here any more. I'm the new superintendent.'

Titus went to the boys' building, and upstairs to Dinty Moore's room. 'Sure,' said Dinty, 'Miss Percival and Mr. Burleson ain't here any more. Did n't you know? Gee! They've been transferred.'

Titus sat down on the edge of a bed and looked at his suitcase. 'And that priest that used to be here,' he said, very casually. 'You know — What's-his-name, Father Harrington. Is he here yet? I mean in town.'

'Well, he ain't really gone, but just now he's in Europe, or something. He won't be back for six months, they say. Or maybe a year, or three months, or something.'

Titus studied his suitcase closely. 'I guess I'll beat it,' he said after a while. 'I ain't goin' to stick around here waiting on that new nurse. I did n't mind doing it for Miss Percival because — well, I knew her, see, and she was all right. But this one — nothin' doin'. And that new superintendent — does he think I'm goin' to drive his car, an' everything? Gee! It was different with Mr. Burleson. I knew Mr. Burleson, and he was a pretty good guy. But I'm not going to bother with a new man I've never seen. I'm goin' to beat it, that's all.'

He had gone about half a mile when Dinty Moore hailed him. 'Here,' Dinty panted, handing him two letters and a package. 'Them's been in the disciplinarian's office a long time. They come during vacation.'

Titus set his suitcase down and read the letters. They were from Mr. Burleson and Miss Percival. Both said they were to remain in the district that included the Riverview school, and so they would see him often. They said he must go to school, and some day — he must never forget that! — he must be an artist. They were kind, thoughtful, affectionate — said the right thing in the right way.

Titus sat down on the ground to open the package, and found his cassock and surplice and a note. Father Harrington said he could not bear to think of anyone else serving him in that particular cassock and surplice, and he was sending them to Titus as a precaution against any usurpation of his right to them; Titus must be there and ready to serve Mass the very first Sunday after Father Harrington's return. And, of course, Titus must go to school. He must be an artist. The letter was kind, thoughtful, affectionate — said the right thing in the right way.

Titus put the cassock and surplice back in the box and set the box on top of his suitcase. Dinty hung around, whistling, picking up pebbles and rocks

and pretending to be interested in them. A bell rang, and he told Titus it was the supper bell. Titus paid no attention, and Dinty went back to the school alone.

The sun fell lower and lower; dusk came. Titus lay down on the ground with his cheek on his arm. They had not forgotten him! They liked him! He had a moment of vanity, quickly lost in a surge of pain, as if his friends' hands held his heart, pressing it. He shut his eyes tight, slipped his arm from under his cheek and curled it about his head, hugging it to the ground until the intolerable emotion had subsided and he could breathe again.

He had been so happy! Ah, but why had he promised to come back? Now he had to begin all over, repeat that torture of new faces, of strangers who must speak to him when they had nothing to say, and whom he must answer whether or not an answer was necessary. He could n't go through that again! And next year a new school — the same agony multiplied by strange surroundings plus an unpredictable number of new faces!

Why should he? He could n't be an artist — he was an Indian! He did n't want to be an artist! He wanted . . . But he did n't know what he wanted. He could n't think, or plan, or reason; he could only feel. The prairie, the river between the hills, trees like pale shafts lost in tremulous sun-shot green, the cabins in that murmurous arbor, pointed white tepees, the eternal saddled pony drowsing with drooping head; men full length on the ground, their faces propped up on their hands; women weaving baskets of willows; heart-breaking sunset, twilight hours beside a camp fire, the smoke from the burning wood, the tang of buckskin, kinnikinnic, quiet voices, laughter. 'Home!' The call to ease, to rest, to somnolent peace!

The first star spread on his wet lashes into a shining cross. . . . In winter the cabin was often cold. There never was enough food. His mother — he never had heard the word 'inadequate' and he did n't know she was patient — pitiful, he sensed her, in a home he was learning to be ashamed of. 'Stolid, stupid, ignorant, dirty,' white people wrote against her in their books. She was nearly always hungry. He pressed his face hard against the rough earth. If only they had food enough, if only they had clothes when it was cold, if only he might go home and yet not die! Himself, his mother, his people — why must they be hungry, poor, despised? Why must they know shame, be shameful?

At the school a bugle sounded taps. He looked again for the first star, but it had become lost among many stars, and the released tears rolled over the bridge of his nose, dripped coldly into his other eye, ran into the grass. His cheek bone smarted with them, the harsh grass cut into it, and it was sweet because of that other pain.

Dinty Moore came up panting. 'Gee, there's just fifteen minutes before the last call,' he said. 'You comin' back?' Titus did not stir. Dinty came closer. 'What's matter — you sick?'

He was a full-blooded Sioux, and the night hid his tears. . . . 'Oh, just kinda lonesome,' said Titus, casually.

FRAU SACHER OF SACHER'S

BY RALPH BUTLER

I

'DISMAYED and exhausted,' writes Prince Ludwig Windischgrätz in his *Memoirs*, 'I went to the Hotel Sacher to dine.'

It was the beginning of October 1918, a fortnight before the final collapse of the Austro-Hungarian armies on the Italian front. The Monarchy of the Hapsburgs had already entered on its agony; and Prince Windischgrätz, whose grandfather had saved the Monarchy seventy years before, was just returned from the imperial and royal hunting box at Reichenau, where he had refused the Emperor's request to form a Hungarian Government.

It was dinner time and all the rooms at Sacher's were full. I had arranged to meet a General and a mutual relation, and was looking for both. I met Frau Sacher in the passage between the two dining rooms.

'It is dreadful!' she said with a flushed face.

My mind was full of the Hungarian crisis, and I replied: 'Yes indeed! It is dreadful.'

'Even the waiters won't obey any longer,' said Frau Sacher comfortably. 'I've given one of them a good box on the ears.'

I found my friends at supper in one of the *séparées*. They greeted me with the words: 'People here are saying you are to be Prime Minister.'

'Foolish rumors!' said I.

'As you don't give the Viennese enough to eat,' said my guest dryly [Prince Windischgrätz was the Food Minister at the time], 'they must live on rumors.'

'What did the War Office want with you?' I asked.

'I am to go to Poland to collect information as to the conditions there. The Polacks are getting out of hand.'

'Who is not getting out of hand? Ask Frau Sacher! Even the waiters are refusing to obey any longer. Perhaps the head waiters will also refuse to obey soon,' I said, looking at old Wagner, who was just filling my glass.

'How will all this end, Highness?' said the old man, bowing. 'How will it end?'

'Who is here?'

'Exzellenz Tarnowsky is dining next door,' said Wagner.

'Good! I will speak to him.'

I found Tarnowsky with a few Polish gentlemen. He told me he had just been recalled from Warsaw, and that His Majesty thought of appointing him Foreign Minister, which I already knew. Between ourselves, he said, with the passive attitude we had maintained and the perpetual postponement of the Polish solution, the Polish distrust of the Monarchy and the dynasty had become pretty general, and naturally the radical elements were gaining the upper hand.

D. and fat K. came down the corridor arm in arm. When they saw me, they made me come with them and took me into the large tapestried room, where I found a number of old comrades from the front. This was a cheerful party. Kutschera, the Vienna star, was at the piano playing *Ich möchte noch einmal in Grinzing sein, beim Wein, beim Wein, beim Wein!* The women were singing, and wine and champagne were flowing. I think no one was sober but Kutschera. I only stayed a few minutes to take leave of my comrades, who had to go back to the front. As I was going along the corridor, a waiter opened the door of one of the *séparées*, and in it I saw my friend Michael Karolyi sitting with

the Hungarian journalist Diner-Denes and some other men unknown to me.

I asked old Wagner whether Count Karolyi often dined there with these gentlemen.

'Oh yes, Your Highness! Often.'

Vienna society was at supper in the public rooms. Financiers, bankers, successful profiteers, military men, the Chief of Police, the oldest families of Europe and the newest Barons, sat side by side. Here a Polish Minister conferred with fellow countrymen how best to increase and uphold the power of the Throne. There a Hungarian magnate conspired with leaders of the most radical Labor elements to overthrow throne and dynasty. Here *jeunesse dorée* feasted and made merry before going back to the war. There ministerial posts were being told off, or the rate of exchange was being discussed. News and history were being made by word of mouth in these public and private rooms. Here Austrian policy took birth and shape, served in characteristically Austrian fashion between the *Beinfleisch* and the *Apfelstrudel.*

II

There has been more than one pen picture of the end of the Hapsburgs. Novak, Emil Ludwig, and Prince Windischgrätz himself have all given the world vivid presentations of the last days of Karl and Zita at Schönbrunn. But the above description of the Hotel Sacher on the eve of the Collapse is to the writer's thinking the most dramatic of them all. The *séparées* at Sacher's form a screen against which the march of events toward the catastrophe is projected and magnified, just as the best literary description of a battle is Thackeray's famous narrative of the twenty-four hours in Brussels on the eve and day of Waterloo. The tragedy is viewed from the indirect angle — most effective of all angles of approach. If only scenario writers would learn that lesson!

When Frau Sacher died on March 1 last, one of the obituary notices in the Vienna papers said that her hotel should have been called the Hotel Oesterreich — the Hotel Austria. It was so essentially a product of the old Austria, one of the intangibly fine things that the old Austria produced, nowhere else possible, and, now that Frau Sacher is no more, impossible ever to reproduce. Happy those who knew it in the eleven years by which Frau Sacher, to her sorrow, survived the collapse of the old régime! While she lived, it was possible to recapture the atmosphere of a lost age, lingering like perfume round an empty perfume jar.

The most popular portrait of the old Emperor Francis Joseph, which every Viennese bourgeois still has hanging in his dining room, shows him as he could be seen any summer evening driving back from Vienna after the day's work to Schönbrunn. He is sitting alone, as he used to sit, in a two-horsed open barouche with a coachman in plain livery and a Court servant in a plumed hat on the box. The carriage is just turning out of the Hofburg into the Michaeler Platz. A policeman salutes. Only one member of the public is shown in the picture — an old lady in a tight-fitting bodice and long skirt of the 1880 period with a couple of pug dogs at her heels, who curtseys to the carriage as it passes. That is Frau Sacher. The artist has taken her as an epitome of the old Vienna; and that is what she was — nothing else is needed to complete the portrait.

One said, as one says of all charming old ladies, that she was a beauty in her time. She conserved the habit and custom of that time. Besides the tight-fitting 1880 bodices and the pug dogs, she affected big Havana cigars, for which there used to be a vogue among the Viennese ladies in the 'nineties of the last century.

She had a small den, about eight feet

square, opening off the celebrated Buffet. The walls of the den were completely covered with signed photographs like Guy's famous hairdressing shop in Piccadilly — archdukes and archduchesses, Austrian and Hungarian aristocrats, and successive generations of the pugs. I can see her now emerging from this den into the Buffet with a fat cigar in her mouth. The Buffet was really a shop where you could buy fruit from her farms, *Delikatessen*, and such things. There were three or four girls to serve the shop, good-looking, sharp-tongued, Viennese as Frau Sacher herself, and rigidly disciplined; all the servants at Sacher's had an unmistakable *cachet*. Between 12.30 and 2.30 the Buffet would be transformed into a replica of the Jockey Club. Young aristocrats of eighteen or nineteen with historic names would crowd in and stand round the counter, or sit on the uncomfortable chairs, tease the dogs, chaff the girls, and chatter till it was time to go in to lunch. The famous 'society of cousins'! Outsiders called them the *Sacherbuben;* but outsiders did not as a rule venture inside the Buffet.

Beggars did. There were half a dozen regular callers, whom everyone knew and chaffed. They were not allowed to beg from the customers, but the old lady used to give them loaves of bread or cigars. They fitted into the ensemble — they were not bourgeois.

Last year the old lady turned the largest of the private dining rooms, or *séparées*, as they are called in Vienna, — in how many of Schnitzler's plays is the scene 'A *séparée* at Sacher's'! — into a modern bar. It was very skillfully done; the decoration was a happy blend between the old and the new, and so on. But the *Sacherbuben* would not migrate from the Buffet. The bar, as someone said, 'made excellent cocktails, but . . . no longer made history!' It was indeed in this particular *séparée* that Koerber and Széll negotiated one New Year's Eve over the *Ausgleich;* and it has other and more recent memories. In 1926 representatives of Hungary and Rumania all but reached a settlement here over the question of the Optants. It is a room full of history.

The two public dining rooms, of which Prince Windischgrätz writes, are not less celebrated. But there is, or was till the day of the old lady's death, a dividing line between the two as unpassable as a color bar and not less intangible. The first dining room is a small old-fashioned room, furnished in the style of an English country hotel of the worst type, a pure museum specimen of its period, which must be about 1880. Only the chairs are comfortable, and the food the best in Central Europe. When it had any comfort at all, 1880 was much more comfortable than 1930; and to a discerning eye Sacher's is really the most luxurious hotel in Europe. But it does not look it.

The second dining room is a much better room than the first, but the 'best people' do not dine in it. They love the old and ugly Teddy Bear better than the new, good-looking one. So they crowd into the first dining room; and no one else is allowed in. 'Paul,' the head waiter in charge of it, assures the observance of the protocol, as the French say; and it is an education in diplomacy to watch how he separates the sheep from the goats. Jews, with a very few exceptions, such as the Rothschild family, are relegated to the second room. Similarly with the *demi-monde*. The old lady had an unerring eye, and so has Paul, for the subtle boundary that in Europe divides the distinguished *demi-monde* from the rest. Count ——, who is or was so well-known in America for his athletics

and his matrimonial adventures, once brought in a lady who was not the right side of the boundary. That was bad form on ——'s part, like so many things that —— does; but it passed. Later the lady came in alone. Frau Sacher glared, but said nothing. A third time the lady brought in a lady friend. This was too much; and Frau Sacher made her an intimation to that effect in the following sentence of characteristic, untranslatable Viennese: '*Eine meinethalben; aber zwei kann i net brauchen.*'

This last is a good example of the old lady's causticity. But much of the savor of the innumerable Frau Sacher stories lies in the Viennese dialect. Her comments were her own, unmistakably her own; but they took on some of their color from the language in which they were couched. The charm of the Viennese dialect is subtle as the charm of Vienna itself. Its raciness is due to the fact that it is at once the language of the common people and of what used to be the governing class. The Jewish bourgeoisie, who now rule in the latter's place, have never been able to get their tongues properly round it. But the *Schönbrunner deutsch*, which Francis Joseph and the Imperial Family spoke, was only the language of the cab driver *in bocca toscana*. Frau Sacher's own diction oscillated between *Schönbrunner deutsch* and the purest cab-driver dialect. She also spoke French well, — the Austrian upper class in her youth used to speak French, — but not much English.

She was more entirely sure of her position than anyone the writer has ever met; and that was no doubt the secret of her success with her aristocratic clientèle. Frau Sacher was the hotel, and the hotel was Frau Sacher. She had no life outside the hotel, and no wish for any. She was without pretensions and without pose.

I first came to her hotel with introductions from English friends who had lived there for a long time. I presented them with timidity, but they were graciously received. I said I was glad the *gnädige Frau* remembered my friends.

'I remember them very well,' said Frau Sacher with a kindly smile, 'though it's a good while since they left Vienna. I hope they'll come back soon. The wife's clever; he's a fool. (*Die Frau is' g'scheit; der is' a Narr.*)'

These pungent remarks were even more disconcerting when made, as they sometimes were, to one's face. One of the stories is of a newly married archduchess, very much in love with her husband, who brought him to the hotel to introduce him to Frau Sacher.

'Well! How do you like him?'

'*Halten S'ihn ein bisserl gerader, Kaiserliche Hoheit!* (You want a tighter rein with that one, Your Imperial Highness!)'

At lunch or dinner time the old lady would drift into the dining room and stand watching her guests. There was a screen at one end behind which she could stand without being seen, and watch who was there. If there was too much noise, she would make a peculiar hissing sound from behind the screen, at which everyone would look up and laugh; they knew what that meant. When she saw someone she liked or a member of the Imperial Family, she would go over to that table, and then all the men at the table would spring up and kiss her hand.

From time to time she would box the waiters' ears. Toward the end of her life in particular this became a ritual which had to be gone through once at least at every meal. Everyone expected it, and laughed when it came. But the younger waiters did not like it; and eventually one of them complained

to the *Betriebsrat* (Works Council), and the *Betriebsrat* brought an action against Frau Sacher for assault. Frau Sacher made a characteristic appearance — with the pugs — in court, paid her fine, and was of course photographed by the moving-picture men on entering and leaving the court. The same evening, when she came along to the dining room, the waiter who had been responsible for the action dropped a plate. Without a moment's hesitation the old lady caught him a box on the ears. He sprang round furious; but all the other waiters and all the guests were rocking with Homeric laughter, and he saw no one was on his side. There were no more actions for assault, though Frau Sacher went on boxing ears up to the last.

Not long after this episode the Republic made amends for its interference with her patriarchal jurisdiction. It became known that for years she had been providing anonymously a *mensa academica* or free table daily for a number of students at the Vienna University. The volume of her charities indeed was unbounded, and many of them are only beginning to become known since her death. One day the students appeared without any warning at the hotel, put the old lady into a carriage, and drew her to the Kunstakademie, where the Minister of Education, who was in the plot, was waiting to present her with the *Verdienstkreuz*, a decoration awarded by the Austrian Republic 'for distinguished services rendered.' The old lady did not quite know what to make of this, and was with difficulty persuaded that it was not a hoax.

Fearless of people, she was equally fearless of crowds. On December 1, 1921, when the hungry mob broke into the big hotels on the Ring and sacked them, they left Sacher's untouched. Frau Sacher came to the door as they passed, and called out to them in her broad Viennese that they were 'a pack of lumps.' They laughed and passed on. Half an hour later every room in the Grand, the Bristol, and the Imperial had been wrecked.

III

One is glad to have known that lost world. It seems infinitely remote now. The gulf between England before and England after the Dissolution of the Monasteries, or Lancashire before and after the Industrial Revolution, is not greater than that between the Vienna of 1914 and the Vienna of the present day. In retrospect, when one endeavors to recapture the atmosphere of that old civilization, it is the sense of continuity which dominates one's impressions of the picture. In England the Reformation and the Industrial Revolution both cut across the life and character of the Anglo-Saxon race and left cleavages which the imagination unaided can hardly bridge. But the history of the Austrian peoples was never so broken — until 1918. No one who ever saw the Corpus Christi procession pass through the streets of Vienna with the Emperor walking bareheaded behind the Host could fail to feel that Francis Joseph's Austria was the Austria of Joseph II, of Maria Theresa, and of yet remoter Hapsburgs in ages when 'Austria' was only a geographical term and the Holy Roman title, which was also the pagan Roman title, of 'Cæsar semper Augustus' was the reality.

It was this atmosphere of unbroken continuity that pervaded the old Austria and made all other European countries seem parvenus.

The Hapsburg dynasty not only bound the present with the past. It also bound together the disparate and frequently disjunctive elements of the

present; and for this reason its disappearance was a very different matter from the disappearance of the dynasties in Northern Europe. The changes after the war in Germany, though they gave rise to social readjustments which involved great misery for certain classes, cannot be said to have made any cleavage in the life and character of the German race. The elimination of the Hohenzollerns in particular made scarcely any change in the system under which Germany was governed. The German Emperor was only the First Bureaucrat of his country; the bureaucracy did not cease to function when he was removed. But the Hapsburg Emperor was very much more than the head of his bureaucracy. He was the symbol of an idea, and the pivot of a system, on which the lives and activities of ten distinct and different races from the Alps to the Carpathians and from the Danube to the Mediterranean were built up.

What idea? It was the idea which is struggling for emergence in this first half of the twentieth century — the idea that the nation is not the be-all and the end-all of political thought, that it is possible and on many grounds desirable to transcend the limits of nationality, and that political units can exist and prosper on a non-national or international basis. The idea, and the dynasty which symbolized and incorporated it, dated back indeed to the Middle and Dark Ages and the internationalism of the Catholic Church; but they had shown such power of adaptation and had survived so many vicissitudes, including the epidemic of nationalism in the nineteenth century, that many believed they were destined to bear new fruits in the twentieth century. The strain of five years of 'world war' was too much. Nationalism won its last victory. The dynasty collapsed, and the ten peoples — German, Hungarian, Czech, Polish, Ruthene, Croat, Slovene, Serb, Italian, and Rumanian — who had lived together under its ægis were regrouped in six separate and competing States.

Foreign supporters of the Jugoslav Nationalist idea before the war were for the most part inclined to believe in the mission of the Hapsburgs. The chief book of Professor Seton-Watson, whom the world then knew as 'Scotus Viator,' was dedicated 'to that Austrian statesman who shall possess the genius and the courage necessary to solve the Southern Slav Question.' Wickham Steed, on the other hand, the author of the most brilliant book that ever was written about the old Austria, was always expecting the Hapsburg Monarchy to collapse from its own rottenness. It is no longer of interest to speculate whether this was in fact what ultimately happened. The system of government of the Monarchy was no doubt in many directions incredibly inefficient; but in other directions, and notably in the handling of new problems like the administration of Bosnia and Herzegovina, where it was not fettered by past precedents, it was surprisingly efficient.

Efficiency in any case is not the last word in political science. It is of more interest to forecast the future of the new nationalist States by which the Monarchy has been replaced. In this connection there are two things to be said. No forecast is likely to be of value which does not take as its starting point the fundamental distinction between those States which were the product of the Peace Conference (Poland and Czechoslovakia) and those which made themselves and were in being before that macabre assembly met (Jugoslavia and Rumania). The second distinction that has to be drawn — and it is perhaps even more

fundamental than the first — is between those States that have solved their agrarian problem (Austria, Jugoslavia, Rumania) and those that have not (Hungary, Poland). Both these considerations cut across the statistical evidences of prosperity on which bankers' forecasts are sometimes too readily based.

When one has witnessed the submergence of an old civilization and the emergence of new factors which to all appearance represent a setback to the point at which the old civilization began to evolve, one is tempted to feel as men must have felt when Rome finally succumbed and what the historians have called the Dark Age settled down on Europe. Of what use, one asks, is political achievement? What survives? Well! There is something that survives even Dark Ages. 'The romance of *Tom Jones*,' said Gibbon, 'that exquisite picture of humor and manners, will outlive the palace of the Escurial and the imperial Eagle of Austria.'

Yes! It has outlived the imperial Eagle of Austria; and the occupant of the Escurial seems none too firm upon his throne.

NEW LETTERS OF EDWARD FITZGERALD

EDITED BY PROFESSOR NEILSON C. HANNAY

THESE letters I came upon quite by accident in the summer of 1928 while carrying forward research for manuscript material for a Life of the poet Cowper and a collected edition of his letters, upon which I have been engaged for many years. The original autographs are now in the possession of Mrs. Catharine Bodham Johnson, of Norwich, who inherited them from her grandfather, to whom they are addressed. Through her interested cooperation and the courteous consent of the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, successor to Mr. Aldis Wright, FitzGerald's literary executor, I am now able to offer these letters verbatim and literatim to the literary world.

FitzGerald letters are of more than casual interest: they belong to the corpus of nineteenth-century literature. These new letters contain nothing in the way of startling revelation, nothing to alter the accepted estimate of their author's fame; but they do furnish fresh glimpses of the facets of his charming personality, and they help to qualify our estimate of his genius for friendship.

The friendship here exhibited was one of the most precious FitzGerald ever knew — one which began early and was terminated only by death. William Bodham Donne, grandson of an eminent Norwich surgeon and a kinsman of the poet Cowper's, was — like John M. Kemble and James Spedding — a schoolboy friend at the noted Bury St. Edmunds grammar school, under Dr. Heath Malkin, and, like Kemble and Spedding, a contemporary at Cambridge and one of the famous 'Apostles.' As life advanced,

this friendship deepened and increased in beauty and fragrance, not in any ecstatic manner, but calmly, by virtue of the rare qualities of fine old-fashioned gentlemen.

There was much in Donne's personality to appeal to a man of FitzGerald's highly individualized type and literary taste. Well versed in classical history as he was and keenly interested in the drama, he led an all too busy life preparing innumerable contributions to serious magazines like the *Edinburgh* (the editorship of which he refused), the *Quarterly*, and *Fraser's*, editing several of the classical authors, writing essays, serving as librarian of the London Library (1852-57), and in later life (1857–74) as successor to John M. Kemble, distinguishing himself as Examiner of Plays in the Lord Chamberlain's office. But in all this worthy activity the man himself, more than anything he did, was bound to appeal to such a connoisseur of human values as FitzGerald. In 'dear Donne' he found a combination of qualities after his own heart, a man of refined taste, delicate humor, sweetness of temper, liberality and soundness of judgment, and fine critical faculty. And so for him his frank appraisal, expressed at his friend's deathbed, was one of complete assent: 'Ah, there is a man without a fault — the least selfish man I ever knew.'

To William Bodham Donne

GELDESTONE. *October* 6. [1830?]

DEAR DONNE,

I have been intending to write to you for some days past: & now I am vexed that I have not, seeing that the days slip away so, and that I am so soon about to leave this place. For I wanted to ask you to come over here & see me for a day or two: and I do heartily ask you to do so now. We don't leave here till the 14th of this month: surely you can come for a day. I should be sorry to leave the country without seeing you again, as I dont know when I may be back. Present my compliments to Mrs. Donne [Donne's mother] & beg her in my name, and I hope with your own desire to back it, to spare you for a very little time. I know you are somewhat shy of strangers: but you need be in no fear here: for we are homely people; and don't put ourselves out of the way: and so if you can put up with dining off a joint of meat at $^1/_2$ past one with us & the Children [FitzGerald's nieces and nephews], and can stand an occasional din of the same Children romping in the passage, I think you have no excuse at all. I dont speak of entertaining you, or shewing you sights, which I think is a poor compliment to a man: here are books, & you may do as you please. There are however one or two things that I wish very much to shew you, & to talk to you about — I want to go to Norwich; & will meet you on any day there & bring you here: there is a Coach every day, that starts from Norwich at about 4 in the Afternoon. I have not, you see, hinted at any chance of my coming over to you, because you are distracted with carpenters, bricklayers &c, & I beg that you will not think of it. But please do come here, if it is only for a day: as much more as you can: my sister heartily begs that you will —

I should have been gone some time before, but that my sister wished me to remain till she herself was going away. It is chiefly this that has kept me from writing to you about this: I was not aware that I was going to be here so long. I have enjoyed myself much this summer, & the weather is now most beautiful. Your letter was most welcome to me, as your letters always are:

this latter hint I hope you will attend to. I have not heard of Spedding: but I have written to him. Pray do you happen to know who are the new fellows of Trinity? I think the Election is about this time: I am interested for one or two: especially for a man that you have heard Spedding talk of, named Thompson. I believe, however that he is pretty certain of one.

After leaving this place, I believe I shall be in Suffolk for a month: & then probably in London. You must come up to London this winter, Donne: we will get abroad in that sinful place, & be very profane indeed. But it is the first part of my letter which you are now to think of: and yet I wish you would think but once, & slap your thigh, & say 'Damme, if I wont' —

And so I remain your affectionate friend

E. FitzGerald.

London. *Oct:* 23: 1836.

What have you been doing, and where have you been? To the sea side yet? And did Blakesley find you? — Pray when you have a spare half hour, and are not disinclined, let me know of your doings — I conclude that you are safe at Mattishall by this time — I have been to Ireland: and after that in Northamptonshire, till last Wednesday when I came to London. Tomorrow I go into Suffolk: where I shall be for a fortnight: in which space of time if you can manage to write to me I shall be glad. My abode, Boulge Hall, Woodbridge —

Spedding is coming back to London this dientical [*sic*] night, so that I shall just miss him — which is a bore.

I have been to the play nearly every night since I have been here: and they have really mustered all the strength of England at Covent Garden, even at the present low prices — I have seen King John, and Othello, there — Charles Kemble has lost all his lightness in Falconbridge & Cassio: and is become very burdensome on the stage, I think. Vandenhoff really plays Iago very well: not so well as Young, to my taste: I don't think he has made up his mind so clearly as to Iago's real character — But he plays with great ease, and point — Macready's Othello is fine: in parts, very fine: but not so good as some of his other parts — Miss Helen Faucit is a very considerable bore: and Mrs W. West persists in softening whore into *whoore;* an old item of stage delicacy — Liston is delicious at the Olympic: he should always be seen at the beginning of a season: for he becomes fagged and careless towards the end of it — He and Mrs Orger played last night as well as I could wish to see. So now you have heard all that I have seen. When will you come up and see some of these things according to your promise? My movements are not quite certain just now: but I shall be in town again in the middle of November, for I have to go to the Isle of Wight at that time — I should like hugely to sit with you before the green curtain again — I have also got Blake's book of Job for you to see: terrible, awful, and wonderful — and Retsch's Romeo & Juliet, and no end of Epicureanisms in store — I am ashamed of living in such Epicurean ease: and really think I ought to marry, or open a book at a Banker's, that I may not be more happy than my fellows — Seriously, I do not mean to speak disrespectfully of marriage &c but I only mean that it must bring some cares, and anxieties — However, don't divulge what I say: for it sounds pert and awkward — Edgeworth [stepbrother of Maria Edgeworth] is still at Eltham with one pupil, I hear: I am sorry that I have not had time to go and see him — Thackeray is mar-

ried and happy as the day is long — John Kemble is in town, I believe: but I have not seen him. Now you have heard about men you do know, and about men you know no more of than Alexander the Coppersmith —

BOULGE. WOODBRIDGE.
Octr. 10/44.

I spent a few days in London, & saw no one but Carlyle, & Thompson who had just landed from Germany — In the last Frazer (for this October) you will find an article called 'An Election for the Long Parliament' — headed and tailed by Carlyle, in his peculiar tasty way — Is it true that Kemble & Beaumont [1] have split? — so I heard in London —

Spedding is yet up in the mountains — I went one night to the Haymarket to see Vanbrugh's Confederacy — but it was Vanbrugh castrated within an inch of his life; and all the obsolete intrigue story left. Farren looked admirable, & sipped coffee from a little cup just as you see one of the quality doing in one of Marriage a la Mode pictures —

[Postmark: *Feb.* 28, 1845.]

If one could have good Lyrics, I think the World wants them as much as ever. Tennyson's are good: but not of the *kind* wanted. We have surely had enough of men reporting their sorrows: especially when one is aware all the time that the poet wilfully protracts what he complains of, magnifies it in the Imagination, puts it into all the shapes of Fancy: and yet we are to condole with him, and be taught to ruminate our losses & sorrows in the same way. I felt that if Tennyson had got on a horse & ridden 20 miles, instead of moaning over his pipe, he would have been cured of his sorrows in half the time. As it is, it is about 3 years before the Poetic Soul walks itself out of darkness & Despair into Common Sense — Plato w^d^ not have allowed such querulousness to be published in his Republic, to be sure: and when we think of the Miss Barretts, Brownes, Jewsburys &c who will set to work to feel friends' losses in melodious tears, in imitation of A.T's — one must allow Plato was no such prig as some say he was.

I saw Antigone: but, as Vipan says, the music [by Mendelssohn] &c which was what I went to hear, was execrable. The Audience seemed pleased with the plot & dialogue; I can only say it would have been fine if properly done. It should be done in the Senate House at Cambridge.

60. LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.
Septr: 20/48

You see where I date from; inhabiting Spedding's room while he is absent — For I have been obliged, & am still obliged, to be much in London to lend a hand to save a little out of the wreck of my Father's affairs — I have also to assist in the pleasing office of raising money for myself — the best offer I can at present hear of being that I must pay £3000 in order to enjoy £2000 — In all this matter however I do not desire, nor need, sympathy — many are my defects — but solicitude for money & luxury is not among them: — & as I & all my family shall have *enough*, independent of this smash, when my Mother dies, we should be *base* to fret ourselves now.

I have scarce seen Tennyson this year: have not the least idea where he is. Frederic T. [Tennyson's eldest brother] was over here a fortnight ago: as usual giving me no information of his presence till it was too late. I

[1] Wentworth Beaumont was owner of the *British and Foreign Review*, of which John Mitchell Kemble was editor (1836–1844), and to which W. B. Donne was a frequent contributor. — N. C. H.

believe we were in London together without knowing it. I have no doubt whatsoever that Alfred knew nothing at all of this eagle business: — only you know a man of genius does hit upon the right thing instinctively & prophetically — If the wedded eagle clasp were fitted for an ornament of dress for those days, as we somehow feel it was, so it was fitted for some allegory of Church or State — So the Cross is now worn — at balls as well as in Churches — I think your friend may cease his anxiety on this subject —

How long I shall be here I scarce know. All the goods & chattels at Boulge are going to be sold, I believe: including my Cottage furniture. And I know not if all these troubles will not drive me from that neighbourhood. I could remain very quietly there but for the solicitation of my Father's creditors whom I *cannot* satisfy, & whom my presence yet keeps in hope.

Farewell for the present.

BOULGE. *Jan^ry.* 21/49.

I *was* obliged to be in town on Wednesday last, to be badgered by a lawyer in the Court of Bankruptcy. But I got back the same day: & sh^d. have been glad to see you here. But it appears that Captain Brooke's house was not in fine trim enough —

Barton seems to me ill: labours with great difficulty of breath: and I think the Doctor suspects disease in the heart. Certainly B. B. is greatly altered in strength, appetite, spirits, and personal favour this last winter. Sic transit —

I manage to keep on the windy side of care — Crabbe has lost his youngest son of consumption: but I am going to-night to console him with an account of M^r. Layards Assyrians, which will make snap [*sic*] his fingers at Moses.

TERRACE HOUSE. RICHMOND. *Nov^r.* 2/49.

Your letter found me here, where I came a fortnight ago to visit my Mother. I have had much to thank you for about this Book: & you yet continue y^r. kind exertions in it's behalf. I shall read your Paper with pleasure — As to the Edinburgh, it is almost too great an exaltation to be dreamed of: you must decide on all that for yourself: but do not bore yourself, or employ upon me room you want to fill with other matter —

As to my Memoir, you over-rate it & me; but you & old Spedding (I have long known) will monster the nothings of your friends. Don't complain of the much you have written: nor desire me to write: — it is easy enough to write an agreeable account of an agreeable man one has known so long — You have had to do with Emperors &c whom you never knew — dead 2000 years ago — you have given much useful information about them: when you get to your Norfolk Worthies, you shall be pleasant, picturesque, & humorous, & write as if you were talking as you often talk to me —

My dear old Crabbe [son of Crabbe the poet] has published a volume on God &c — he has sent it me — has he to you? I am more vext than I can tell you about it; for I am sure he will be disappointed in all ways — It seems to me a sad mistake — the dotage of logic — terms misapplied, inconsequent arguments &c. Crabbe had not the advantage of good logical training, & he scarce knows how the world has got on of late — He, you see, wrote a very delightful Biography of his Father; then he should have stopped —

I have been once to the play at $^1/_2$ price, and saw 2 stupid farces acted by the Keeleys, Buckstone &c I am sure the farces were at least as dull as I

was — Why won't you, or can't you, come up to London while I am hereabout, and go with me to see Macbeth — & Carlyle! The latter I have once seen; he was very mild to me, who do not antagonize with him: he only *smouldered* about Ireland; but I am told he blazes up generally. I thought what he said of it true.

Thompson is still very ill at Cambridge — unable to do tutorial duties. S. Rice [the Honorable Stephen Spring Rice] goes to see him tomorrow; & I shall go & visit him ere long, I hope — Thackeray has been dangerously ill of a bilious fever; I found him just able to creep upstairs, but beginning (he told me) to eat enormously. He is now at Brighton —

Kind remembrances to all — Again take my thanks for all y^{r}. kind offices — &

believe me ever yrs.

[Late 1851.]

I was not surprised at your kind and partial letter — for I have long known your feeling toward me — I have so often said that you over-estimate my talents, and under-rate your own, that it only looks like scratching for a return to say so again — And yet this is very clear to myself, and others — I have what Goethe calls the 'Barber's talent' of easy narrative of easy things — can tell of Barton, & Chesterton Inn, but not of Atreus, and the Alps — Nor do I pretend to do so — You have a far stronger head — a better Understanding — more *active* Humour — and a Memory that supplies your Understanding with unfailing stuff to grind. I have come to a time of life, or perhaps (as I hope) a time of philosophy, which enables me to see these things pretty clearly, undimmed by much Ambition or (I fondly hope again) Vanity — And what I say of us both I say with at least as much Sincerity as I am capable of saying anything.

The little Book [*Euphranor*, a dialogue of youth] is no sudden push at Authordom: it was written some years ago: but with-held because Puseyism & Catholicism were ascendant. When they got into disgrace here by the Pope's late advance, I brushed up my Dialogue — & printed it — Except a letter to the Ipswich Journal, or a few words of Preface to some Book of Extracts, I do really not meddle with Print — and, *I believe*, never shall. For it really is more *labour* to me to put anything together than you who write so much can imagine — And I know that others will do and can do much better with pleasure, ease, and profit, to themselves.

Enough of this. As I believe you honestly like much of my Book, & think it may be useful, I shall be undoubtedly glad to have you say so in print — so as I may stick 'a plum of praise' in an advertisement. For certainly if I do not want, or expect, to *gain* much, I also do not want to lose; & at least I hope I shall do no harm — If you cannot give me a whole Review, you can give me *a glance* in a Review on some one else, may be. All this I leave to y^{r}. discretion & opportunities. Only do not *bore* yourself in my small service.

Pickering publishes — and I suppose the Book will be to be had at his Shop in a Week. I leave it to Childs & him to fix a price — 2^{s} ought to be the utmost — It is to be done up in plain green cloth: which is all ready, I believe, waiting only the title-page to be made up at once.

MARKET HILL: WOODBRIDGE.
April 9/61

I had a kind Note from Thackeray some ten days ago: — but the *Author* is in his Letters now — He says he has often to write when only just able to do so after one of his Illnesses: and that

his Age for Novel-writing is past. It is a pity he was not convinced of this before, I think —

Love to all. Ever yrs

MARKET HILL: WOODBRIDGE
Jan: 3/64

Thank you for your very kind Letter, & take back in full all Good Wishes for this same /64 —

It is very good of you (but only as usual) to offer all Entertainment &c. However, I am better: whether owing to Mr. Gissing's Pills & Draughts; or to giving up Alcohol in it's many Shapes; or to tearing about out of doors till knocked up: or to the change of Weather; or all these Things together — So here I am again a Candidate for /64, & may perhaps, smoke a Cigar & drink some Dilution of Alc-h-l this very night with Manby, should he look in after Evening Church: whither he goes punctually as Churchwarden as well as Christian — He is very proud of a Porch he has had re-fronted at the expense of refractory Dissenters.

I wrote to Charles about Thackeray. I have been reading his Books, as well as Letters, and can scarce believe the Great Spirit is quite quench'd — *Now* I wish he were alive that I might write & tell him how the Newcomes were illuminating my long Evenings. But, if he were alive, I don't think he'd care to be told so by me now; I think he had ceased to remember me; and I'm sure I can't wonder, nor (least of all) blame him.

Last night I wrote to Mrs. Kemble (taking the Hampshire Address you gave me) & told her how sincerely well I liked her Play. As to her Stage Criticism, perhaps I don't *understand* her Definitions; I should have thought that '*intuitive*' and '*intellectual*' would have served well enough to distinguish the Styles

[Remainder of letter wanting]

To Mowbray, Donne's son

MARKET HILL: WOODBRIDGE.
Febr: 29 [!] 64

I do believe you would almost think it humbug if I were to tell you how much I feel your kindness in remembering, & writing to me — You do all of you come of a Good Stock, that's certain —

I have been thinking of your Father for two or three Days past; and should have written to him but that in that case he must answer; & I think the less pen-work he has the better. His last note said he was not very well; but I judge by your Letter he is not much out of sorts. Do keep him from work (*head*-work) as much as you can; you may apprentice him to any Handy-craft save of the Pen —

Only (by the bye) do you, or he, tell me one Day what is a good *Tacitus* for an Ignoramus — I mean with short, easy, & perhaps, *English* Notes; also (it being for an Elderly Ignoramus) with *good Type* — When I get to my Ship again I reckon on Tacitus for a Ship mate; he will last me a long while —

Having got to the end of Loder's Stock of Mudie, I have been quite happy again with some of Scott's Novels, & Boswell's Johnson; both as fresh as Dew. It is a great comfort to be able to return to such Books. I have also read Thackeray's Pendennis & Newcomes again — wonderful too — but not so comfortable — I think some of the Panegyrics in the Papers & Reviews throw some light on what I had been told of his later years; he must have got surrounded with a set of Praise-plasterers, so as scarce to be able to breathe without it. — Twenty years ago he used to let out against the Authors be-praising one another — But he remains something of a *Great Man* after all. I feel how he, Scott, &

Johnson, would have cogged well together —

Laurence is to paint me a Head of him; but he is so dilatory, I don't know when he'll do it. I only have begged of him to paint — not his best — but his *worst* & quickest; & then I shall stand more chance of being pleased.

Your Father wrote to me of Miss Bateman as a promising Actress. I like better to read of Garrick than to see & hear others at the cost of being screwed into a hot Theatre — What do you think of *Faust*? I have an instinct it's dull; I doubt if so good as the Mozart & Rossini always humming in my head. The second Vol: of Mendelssohn's Letters is a truly charming Book: though I can't set him up with his Elders, as some do.

Now, my dear Mowbray, if a quick Return is any Proof of a well laid-out Capital, you see your yesterday's kind Letter has not missed — Make my Compliments to Mrs. M; perhaps it may please her if I say sincerely that I think she is a lucky Woman, as much as if I were to say you were a lucky man — which further Acquaintance would, I dare say, enable me to say as sincerely —

To Donne

[1865?]

Thank me one day for the Verses I enclose; surely among some of Byron's best, — and justest — I dare not send Spedding a Copy; for he liked the old humbug.

What a pretty Book is the Tennyson Selection; only, could they have found no one to design better ornaments than the meagre & vulgar things they have put? — I think the Sleeping Palace, & Palace of Art sh[d]. have been in: & Somewhat too much of Prince Albert & C[o].

I was going to build, with great energy, when some Steward of a manor claims my Building Bit for Copyhold, though sold to me as Freehold. I see Property has it's Sorrows as well as it's Rights & Duties. By the bye, I must n't forget to answer the main Question of your Letter — about the *Busk*[2] — you see I can't have it yet, as I have no house for it. I think the Bearded Portraits of A T. make him look like Dickens. There is a nice paper in the Cornhill about Thackeray's School Days — by a M[r]. Boyce (if I read Annie Thackeray's words aright) I wonder I never heard W M T speak of it. The Paper made me very sad, coming so close on my own College Recollections. I told Annie T. if there were to be any Memoir of her Father, to get *Tom Taylor* to do it — perhaps *Lewes* might do pretty well; but I think Taylor is a more reverent & Scholarly man. But I have never heard if the thing is about doing at all.

To Mowbray Donne

LOWESTOFT: *Dec[r].* 31/67

Your Letter only came to hand here this morning. But I am just in time to wish you both a Good 1868. So be it!

I came here a week ago to wind up accounts for the Lugger — all on the wrong side at present — but we look to 1868. *Posh*[3] has fretted at his unsuccess: though in fact he has done

[2] The cast of the bust of Alfred Tennyson ('Busk,' Thackeray called it) was by Thomas Woolner, R.A.; the original is in Trinity College, Cambridge.

[3] Joseph Fletcher, captain of the herring lugger *Meum and Tuum*. FitzGerald was so devoted to this man that he could not speak highly enough of him. The partnership in the herring business did not prove very satisfactory, and was dissolved after some three years, whereupon Fletcher became sole owner of the *Meum and Tuum* (1870). FitzGerald addressed many letters to 'Posh.' — N. C. H.

better than half the Boats. It has been a bad Season: spoilt by the strong Winds in the last month. Yesterday we had a grand Bill paying: I told him there was *less* to pay than I expected: &, if he were what I thought, I would rather lose money with him than win it with many others. The dear old Boy got happy: and of course made me angry by coming home *rather unsteady* after settling the Bills. So I look glum Today: & all the while know I'm not worthy to grease his Boots —

What is all this to you! — I should like to see a Westminster Play: but I never could care for Terence — Very easy, elegant, & sensible: but no Devil. I have a Virgil with me here; he has no Devil neither: but then what an Angel! Talking of Devil, I am really reprinting that old Persian: all the copies of which have gone off, at a steady sale of 2 per annum: the greater portion having, I believe, been lost by Quaritch when he changed house. It is the only one of all my Great Works that ever has been asked for: — I am persuaded, *because* of the Wickedness, which is now at the heart of so much — Goodness! Not that the Persian has anything at all new: but he has dared to *say* it, as Lucretius did: and now it is put into tolerable English Music — That is all —

To Donne

[Early 1870.]

I am not sure but Laurence will be coming down here before long. I had to write to him about some of my poor pictures which have got damaged by the damp of my d——d House; & I enclosed him a Photo, just done, of my Captain. With this he was so well pleased, that I thought it w^d. be good to have him do an Oil-sketch — like that of Thackeray — as I have not put a penny in his pocket these 5 or 6 years, & he has, poor fellow, but one sitter, he tells me. He is busy with his one Sitter now; & the Captain is busy with a second Lugger he has bought; but what is to be done had better be done before the London Season begins — if that signifies to poor Laurence! —

I have positively been striking in an Oar with the Dean of Ely in behalf of a Curate of a neighbouring Parish, whom all the Parish wish to be Rector in place of him whose hearse I saw travelling along in the Sun Today. The Appointment, we are told, lies with Professor Selwyn, subject to the approval of Dean & Chapter — and I have written to M^rs. Thompson too. Wish we may get it, say I! — I know no more of this Curate as a personal Acquaintance than to shake hands as we meet, & exchange 'How dye do?' but I see he is a wholesome, active, unpretending, useful fellow.

Since I began this letter (three days ago — mislaying it meanwhile) I have one from M^rs. Kemble, which I make bold to enclose to you, though I doubt that her Nostril would inflate at such a Breach of Confidence. It is better than anything I can write, however, and has no dangerous secrets in it — unless *icicles* at Venice be one.

LOWESTOFT: *March* 6/75

Yes, this has been a Year indeed for Death & Sickness: Doctors & Chemists hereabout say they never had such demand. I saw in yesterdays Telegraph that *Helps* Sir A. was seriously ill — with Pleurisy — one form of Cold, I believe. I got on pretty well till last week: when Cold came which began to *wheeze:* but went about till yesterday, when the Doctor, meeting me at my niece's Door, ordered me in, & sent Pill, Draught, & Embrocation after me. I think the East Wind, *plus* Sun, is worse than *minus:* I suppose one fries & freezes on different sides at the same time.

I have not seen Greville: only a few extracts in Athenæum when first the Book came out. There was something sharp about Mrs. K's American Journal. I wondered if Greville were he whom I once — one evening — met at her house in Savile Row; a man who brought some *knitting* to do while talking — à la Chorley [the music critic]. Dear Chorley! I write it in earnest, for his Memoir sufficiently proves to me that he was a brave, good, fellow: though as Mrs. K. says '*ludicrous*.' I love him for his Love of Dickens & of Dickens Regard for him.

I always wish I was *thoroughly* up in Virgil: so as to read him with accuracy & ease, which I cannot. He is my Love among the Romans, spite of Niebuhrs (I forget his name) and I was thinking the other day I would begin on Conington [editor of Virgil] directly I got home. I have been once more trying La Fontaine, & Gil Blas; but cannot get on with either. I believe I see the naiveté & finesse of the first, Frenchman though I am not: but Birds & Birds should talk in rougher terms. Montaigne or Rabelais or any one *before* Louis XIV wd. have done them better. I think I understand too something of the Spirit of Gil Blas; all so easy going &c. But there seems to me no *Colour*, nor *Body*, in it, nor with any of the *Beauty* of my dear Don Q. Oh, the two Books can't be named together.

I bought a dirty Copy of Blackwood from it's Beginning to 1830; and have the first 6 Vols in reading here. There is capital Fun even so early: and one knows the Fun will become faster as Wilson ['Christopher North'] gets ahead. *He* is the only one of the Critics, I think, who can be read *after:* having Genius of his own as well as Discernment of others. Indeed, I suppose he had more of the First than of the last. I find 'Timothy Tickler' very good too.

I am writing against Time: for our early Post closes at $10\frac{1}{2}$ and I was not down till past 9, I believe. But I want you to have my Letter, such as it is, this same Day. You will know, without my saying, that I wish Blanche & Valentia to be well. I have not touched on poor *Fred* [Donne's youngest son, who died in February 1875]: for I think you know what my Feelings are about him also. And now I shall 'shut up' to make sure, if I can — You may know how glad I am to hear from you: but never *wish* you to write unless quite easy to you. Believe all this; and believe me your's ever & always

E. FG.

OLD STONE CHURCH

(VIRGINIA, 1754)

HERE where three valleys meet,
Lord's chosen stood and built
Room for the Paraclete
Under the rafters' tilt;

Split from the virgin tree
Gothic and straitly hewn
Thrones for divinity
Present, intense, triune.

Might of the Psalmist's own
Mortised these shaggy blocks
Into a single stone,
Ageless, the Rock of Rocks.

Where the lithe arrow bit
Hard on the window ledge,
Eyes at the stony slit
Winnowed the shadow's edge,

Sent to its destiny
Fire from the rifle-pan,
Lightning for heresy,
Gospeled the Indian.

Time came and made for Him
Moss-green mosaic:
Lord God and cherubim,
Lethal, Hebraic,

Tight in their belfry nook,
Slept after labor,
Seeing how people took
Peace for a neighbor.

Now that new gods decree
Orchards and winter wheat,
Drowses the Trinity,
Slumbers the Paraclete.

FRANCIS CLAIBORNE MASON

PACIFIC 4-6-2

BY EDWARD YEOMANS

LET us now praise famous men, even the artificer and the work-master, who passeth his time by night as by day.

So is the smith, that sitteth by the anvil and considereth the unwrought iron; the vapour of the fire visiteth his flesh, and in the heat of the furnace doth he wrestle with his work.

The noise of the hammer is ever in his ear, and his eyes are on the pattern of his vessel.

He setteth his heart upon perfecting his works, and is wakeful to adorn them perfectly.

All these trust to their hands, and everyone is wise in his work. Without these cannot a city be inhabited, nor shall men sojourn or walk up and down therein.

For these maintain the fabric of the world, and in the handiwork of their craft is their prayer.

Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us.

ECCLESIASTICUS

I

BY the end of October in New England you are aware that the sun is doing more for South America than for North. Night comes early. Winter is blowing through the crack of those adamantine doors which Blake begged him to keep shut.

'O Winter! bar thine adamantine doors:
The north is thine!'

he calls out, as he feels the same wind and swirling rain I felt as I went through the crooked streets of Boston on my way to the South Station.

And on a novel errand for a man who was heretofore only one of the thousands who go there to take trains in accordance with the convention by which you buy a ticket and get on a car. For I bought a ticket and got on a locomotive.

Locomotives have been a stirring part of the scenery since our prehistoric youth, at which time they were so small and so highly decorated and had such exaggerated smokestacks and cow-catchers, and were so much more friendly than they are now. Yet nobody ever asked us to ride on one. We did not know railroad people. We knew school-teachers, we knew the milkman. We did not even know the driver of the horse car.

It was the same with ships. South Street, New York, used to be a colonnade under the bowsprits and figure-heads of great square-riggers whose masts and spars made a network of wood and ropes for blocks. It never occurred to us to arrange for a passage somewhere, anywhere, as cabin boy, as apprentice — as young Dana did, and Melville, and Bone and Masefield. It never occurred to our parents or their friends to discuss such things. They did n't approve of Melville or Dana. We were engaged in preparing for life. And there was the 'next life,' too — we were required to prepare for that. Two futures to prepare for!

Once you get caught in these deadly routines of 'preparation' you begin to miss too much. You make yourself as much as possible like the people who are missing most of the significance of being alive and well on a planet like

this. How shall we sufficiently acknowledge and celebrate this stupendous privilege of being alive and well and not too poor or not too rich?

The thing to do, of course, is to live to the brim of every day, in youth as in age, and not think, as the school people do and as people in suburban houses and city flats do, that preparation for life — as they call it — consists in filling your little receptacle with a kind of clockwork which will strike the hours and point off the minutes of innumerable duplicate days, slightly colored by marriage, until you run down and stop, and case and works are put away forever.

And preparation for living on this planet must therefore include more than knowing a little group of people who occupy only a very small area. The most exhilarating and fertilizing thing a person can do who has been born into one of these restricted areas and who is expected to spend his life there is to break out and thenceforth go and come and be a pollen carrier. Without this cross-fertilization the mind poisons itself with its secretions.

II

The steam locomotive is, when all is said that can be said for other devices, about the most dramatic expression of hand and mind coöperation. It is a magnificent piece of craftsmanship. It is the noblest of articulated tools. It fills the whole demand of the imagination as a thing to ride on across the country. A horse is a great and mysterious thing and Job did not overdraw the picture of him, his neck clothed with thunder, pawing in the valley, the glory of his nostrils terrible. But this beast which stands here in the rain-streaked night on its 4-6-2 chassis, weighing 360,000 pounds, this amazing simulacrum of life, breathing gently with its duplex air pumps, humming slightly at the safety valve, gleaming faintly on its polished sinews, a huge demonic figure condensed from the darkness, a djinni of the Arabian Nights tied to a string of fourteen cars which it is prepared to drag in a furious rush to New Haven en route to New York and Washington — this beast, I say, is the most impressive symbol of the courage and craftsmanship of man since the clipper-ship era.

And it will presently be gone, — as the clipper ship went, — and the expressionless electric and Diesel locomotives, efficient and cold, will change poetry into prose on the railroads of the country.

It is a symbol also of the faith man has in the stability of Nature. He will ride on anything he makes and die doing it, until he has found out what runs parallel with her laws, what she will support. Thereafter he is happy in their mutual confidence.

He forgets that the same rule holds in the metaphysical as in the physical, and invites fearful personal and national catastrophes as the cosmic mechanism — which no invention or solicitation ever modified a hair's breadth — rolls along and grinds him to pieces, as in the war.

It is also an expression of that mysterious inscrutable mind, a burning-glass which brings to a focus the rays of elemental creativeness; and, in the intense light and heat of that focus, raw material, as we call it, is cooked, and things are 'manu-factured,' by that magic of hand and brain coöperation.

When you pile up on the stage of human history the things men have made with their hands, from the time they squatted outside a cave and hit two pieces of flint together to the time of the two-hundred-inch telescope just emerging, and then set a man in front

of that pile, you will understand better than by any other demonstration, perhaps, in song or story, the divinity resident in that portentous figure. And when you add both song and story it is just possible to believe that the universe has come to its final flowering and to realize that the only important thing in the universe is personality, as Professor Whitehead says.

III

In the cold wind and rain out beyond the train shed this gaunt monster disclosed very little evidence that there was any 'go' in it. A little gleam from an occasional cinder falling into the ash pan, a small wisp of steam blown sharply away from a cylinder cock — the only signs that the original sun and sea were there.

But there they were, those ancient conspirators, and around them had been assembled a very intricate and ponderous pattern of steel and iron which they must stir when the time comes, the little cell they made in Eozoic time having grown up and woven this net which they can't escape from without doing some work, the cell having developed into what is called 'homo sapiens.' Water, stimulated by a hot enough fire, transforms itself into a vapor and seeks every crack and cranny to escape, to get back to the easy life of the atmosphere and the grand cycles of rain, river, and sea. But before it can resume that game, this man whom it and fire created, whose blood is still the ancient sea, makes it turn his wheel and roll him to his destination.

The locomotive of 1930 has added no basic idea to Stephenson's 'Rocket' of 1829 or Peter Cooper's 'Tom Thumb' of 1830. It is still a boiler on a wagon with provision for turning the wheels through the mechanism of cylinders, pistons, and rods, and reversing the motion when desired. As the demands increased for more power and speed it has added weight and durability, strength, safety, and economy, and taken on the beauty which perfected tools invariably display.

Starting as a pile of red dirt in the back yard of some blast furnace, the elements which have been finally assembled here have been the object of the utmost care and devotion all the way up. The chemical composition and physical structure have been subjected to unremitting scrutiny and only the quality suitable for these exacting requirements retained.

It is interesting to note that one of the most debilitating elements in steel — the yellow streak — is phosphorus, a poison introduced from the organic world, from the bones of prehistoric animals. When the animal kingdom invades the mineral you can't trust mineral to hold together under severe strain, especially in cold weather. A little too much phosphorus and, on some bitter night as the Transcontinental is roaring across the states, a piece of poisoned steel lets go and the whole organism crashes fearfully.

Tensile strength and elastic limit are subjects for much consideration, and therefore there are physical as well as chemical tests.

It is necessary to have hardness enough to wear well and yet avoid brittleness. It must take a prodigious pull to stretch this stuff, say 100,000 pounds per square inch, but it must stretch, it must bend, before it breaks. Hardness combined with toughness is the idea. Boiler plate gets this toughness — its chemical composition being suitable — by rolling, driving and side rods by forging, and driving wheels by annealing. When you roll or forge steel you produce a structure somewhat analogous to hickory — fibrous, dense,

resilient, durable. When you anneal driving wheels you give these steel castings, which had to cool from a liquid condition and temperature of more than 2000 degrees Fahrenheit in a hard sand mould, a chance to adjust their molecules where they were strained by the shrinkage of one quarter inch per foot and by the nature of the design. This rapid adjustment to atmospheric temperature produces lines of weakness here and there, and driving wheels are given a chance to adjust these by a period of calm detachment in an annealing furnace which gently and slowly reduces internal tensions until you have an integrated wheel — a wheel not divided against itself.

Certain elements such as nickel, vanadium, chromium, are introduced into steel where great strains are to be withstood, and copper to secure immunity to rust.

For it is a characteristic of refined steel, of what you might call high-bred steel, to greet the companion of its humbler days — namely, oxygen — with enthusiasm and hasten back to where it came from, the pit out of which it was digged. A small dose of copper or nickel spoils the taste for this reunion which promises nothing but disaster, and all oxygen can do thereafter is stand outside and gaze at its old associate engaged in its distinguished career.

The shop where this locomotive was created piece by piece is an austere place filled with very purposeful apparatus and people. Each building has its special contribution to make and all conspire to get those contributions moving in an orderly manner toward the last building of all — the erecting shop.

Boiler plate, in immense thunderous sheets an inch thick, is marked by people who spend their lives marking boiler plate in accordance with drawings, so that when that plate is cut and drilled and bent into shape it will fit exactly to itself and to its neighbor. Very calm and deliberate and silent hydraulic hands — thumb and finger — pinch red-hot rivets and gradually sew this thick fabric together.

Presses mould certain heavy shapes as if they were pasteboard. Men climb over, under, and inside these resounding creations with pneumatic caulking hammers and destroy their hearing with apparent complacency. One is sure that this indifference to so vital a channel to the mind as hearing is due to the sad fact that these people never had a chance to realize the values that come that way, and feel that at twenty or thirty they have heard enough.

Cylinders are cast in moulds made by men who are specialists in mould making and who are served by pattern makers who take the intricate productions of the drafting room and turn them into wood in such a way that the moulder can lift them out of the sand, which he has packed around them with much care, and leave a perfect negative.

Frames are cast in the same way, also driving-wheel centres and many other things.

In the intense white light of molten steel and the gold of cast iron, with bursts of scintillating sparks and curtains of acrid smoke rolling up into the blackness of the roof, the scene is right for the Wagnerian orchestra and the music of the Nibelungen, the underground people, the submerged, illuminated and dramatic enough — and exploited enough. Strange how young that old saga keeps. There seems to be no outliving it.

You are even more conscious of this in the forge shop where the hammers are shaking the earth with the crashing clamor of their blows, rained on red-hot

steel, often weighing tons, held in tongs and twisted and turned by groups of sweating men who make a living by satisfying the demands of steam hammers for something worth pounding to pound on.

A cool and clean person, — a so-called 'educated' person, — who does not make his living by any kind of handwork, may easily feel very uncomfortable in the presence of these men of the forge shop in their leather aprons, especially in May, June, July, August, September, any day of those glorious months of the precious summer, spent in prodigious physical effort and profuse perspiration. And at the end of such a career — what? What do you contribute in your department that will balance this account, and is there any danger that the balance may one day be so far 'in the red' that the social structure will turn over and the cool people be horrified — as the bugs are when you turn over the flat stone and the light floods in? The centre of gravity may get outside the base.

Machine tools of every variety, with a human accessory attached to each, plane and bore and mill and drill until each casting is an exact copy in three dimensions of a detailed blue print which is part of a general drawing which follows in every particular the specification of the purchasing railroad, which knows exactly what it wants in the way of motive power out of this particular engine. For it knows its own geographical problems, its fuel, its water, and the weight of its cars loaded and empty, its grades, its curves, and its time-tables.

The general drawing is a picture of a locomotive which will combine the competencies required. And the general drawing is consummated in the assembly shop.

Tires have been shrunk on to wheel centres, axles pressed into hubs, bushings into cylinders, frames, wheels, and boilers put together. Everything flows toward the assembly shop. Nothing once started that way turns back, and in an incredibly short time that huge fabrication stands there in cold passivity, swarmed over by men attaching the smaller things.

Until, on a certain day, water in the boiler, fire in the fire box, a smell of hot oil, a slight sizzle somewhere, and a slow turning of that lean finger past figures on the dial, 5 pounds, 10 pounds, as the intestine in that gauge straightens out with growing emotion, up to 250 pounds.

A man in the cab looks out to see that everybody is clear, pulls a lever a half inch; there is a slight rushing sound at the cylinders, a deep groan, and the giant rolls out in the dew of its metallic youth — unconscious, competent, tireless, with a raging appetite for coal.

IV

Such, in a few words, is the Genesis and Exodus of the machine which now stands ready to make one of its headlong passages to New Haven, where its burden will be assumed by a machine of a different species whose fire and water are miles away in some power house, and which has no emotions of its own, but must keep hold of a string and be pulled before it can pull anything at all.

Pacific 4-6-2 stands boring out into the rain-streaked night with its Cyclopean eye. It has before it the familiar pattern of tracks and colored lights, low and high. Behind stretch the long heavy cars, four baggage and express and ten Pullman, diminishing in perspective and dotted with yellow lights from warm interiors steadily populated by insectean humans such as fill train after train without knowing or caring to know what is involved in

getting them to their destination. Certainly it costs a great deal more than the price of their tickets. What things cost is not measured so simply. There is a more exacting bill against our perception of values which we don't pay, but which stands against us and is eventually paid.

Redcaps and porters are completing the loading of Pullmans and scurrying electric trucks of baggage and express cars. The fireman has finished his preliminary tasks and lights a cigarette. The engineer is still poking the long nose of his oil can among the ribs of his mountainous steed. There is an intimacy between these two. The man has a great feeling for its comfort and knows just where the shoe may pinch.

Metallic joints which move must not touch. Whenever they do, particularly under heavy loads, the temperature rises and, with a shriek, paralysis strikes in with its knotted rigidity. A film of oil of infinitesimal thinness between moving surfaces keeps these coöperative. Touching is fatal, and anointing with oil still remains an important ceremony in the machinery kingdom.

This is a very deliberate figure, this in overalls, that finally puts out his torch, climbs four vertical steps to the engine deck, wipes and deposits the can on its shelf, and, rubbing his hands on a bunch of waste, sits down with the air of an artist who is entirely competent to perform. The complex pattern of the boiler head is on his left, slightly illuminated by the gauge lamps. He is like an organist with his keys and stops, and it is a great music that will come out of his organ, too.

Four short small blasts on the air whistle indicate that the air brakes should be set to see if all are working properly. He turns the little brass handle of the train-brake control. There is a sharp hiss, and under every car Mr. George Westinghouse's triple valve makes its acknowledgment and the brake shoes come up against the wheels with slight sighs and whispers, to be released later when the inspector signals the cab that all are in order. Westinghouse has been dead for fifteen years, but these metallic children of his brain — these ideas hardened into iron and bronze — are unfailing in their responses and lay their cool curved hands upon the feverish racing tires that irresponsible gravitation invites to desperate adventures in speed — and inevitable destruction. The air brake is a device which unlocked the future of railroad travel rather more definitely than any other single thing, and was a timely mercy to trainmen.

One can imagine the early days, — if not old enough to have seen them, — when brakemen, at a whistle summons from the cab, came out on to swaying platforms in rain or snow, night and day, and twisted wheels until the rattling antiquities somehow got stopped. And consider the men on freight trains, running along narrow footboards, and having, in addition to this deadly hazard, to couple all cars with the link and pin, the hand jerked away so frequently just too late to avoid the terrible mutilation. The master car builder's automatic coupler banished this atrocious menace long since.

George Westinghouse and the automatic-coupler people did their jobs and went their way, their ideas so much more durable than they, but every time you hear the 'whissss-pered' song of the obscure and faithful mechanism of the air brake under your car, or the jar of coupling, you may take it as a symbol of the praise of millions of men devoted to handling trains. Let them content themselves, these dead, though no choir ever sang for them, 'For all the Saints, who from their labours rest.'

V

I hand my permit to the gentleman on the right, whose name is Clifford Bray, engineer of the Federal Express on this particular night. I am introduced to the fireman, by name N. S. Buckley.

Here are two people entrusted with the most exacting and nicely balanced responsibility, which can only be successfully discharged after years of training in a school where mistakes are intolerable. And their own responsibilities dovetail into those of a great many other people. The failure of one breaks up the design, and the whole thing falls apart.

Therefore it is that devices are steadily replacing human senses, having, when fully developed, a smaller percentage of error, so that we have even got to the mechanical man in the power station who can hear you when you give him correct orders, but is deaf to every entreaty to do the wrong thing.

Mr. Bray and his assistant are most friendly and anxious that the trip shall be comfortable as well as educational. You are proud to have their distinguished consideration. It is this sort of people, as I said before, whom you should be able to count among the friends of your family in the interest of your boys and girls, who may thereby be saved from the sterility of the caste mind and grow in grace as well as in stature.

We talked of various things before it was time to go: of the financial troubles of the Brotherhood, of automatic stokers and of feed water heaters, and finally of the new train-control device whereby the outdoor signals — the signals of the block system — are reproduced in the cab. Not only that, but a Klaxon horn blows beside the engineer's ear if he runs past a red light, and if he does not acknowledge these cab warnings by turning a little handle within four seconds, the train stops itself.

I had a feeling that it was something of an indignity to take things out of an engineer's hands in this way, but was assured that he welcomed anything which relieved the strain of running in very bad weather, and especially in fog.

It is eight o'clock. Mr. Bray looks down the line of cars and sees the conductor's hand raised. A slight pull of the lever in front of him and at last steam at 250 pounds, and superheated, finds a way out and rushes along the passages, only to be confronted by two pistons which must be moved first. After that, freedom again; the whole envelope of the earth to play about in, but first push those pistons! Two hundred and fifty pounds against two areas twenty-four inches in diameter. Work that out, you prep-school boys, and also take into consideration the leverage on the drivers and get the torsion, and make mathematics mean something more than it usually does.

You will find it is enough to turn those six drivers and start that ponderous procession rolling in a most suave and dignified manner and without a slip, such is the weight with which those six arcs press upon the rails, a weight equalized between them so that each gets exactly its sixth — no more, no less.

If only old James Watt, released from his monument in Westminster Abbey, the man who, 'by the improvement of the steam engine, enlarged the resources of his country, increased the power of man, and rose to an eminent place among the most illustrious followers of science and the real benefactors of the world,' could see this, and Richard Trevithick, George Stephenson, Oliver Evans, and Peter Cooper.

What convincing proof of the inde-

structibility of a good idea! The whole universe conspires to promote a good idea and to destroy a bad one. It is impossible to make a bad idea succeed. If the idea of Prohibition, as we call it, is a good idea, nothing can stop it, and its goodness consists in its kinship with other unstoppable ideas such as this locomotive illustrates, for alcohol in the brain and rapid transit for the body are mutually exclusive unless you are heading for the cemetery.

VI

Getting out of the yard is a matter of understanding the pattern of reds and greens spread over the ground or suspended in the night sky. Swerving right and left, the front wheels of the locomotive, like the antennæ of a beetle, feel their way with their one and one-eighth inch flanges through the intricacies of frogs and switches and conduct all the following wheels out on to the main line.

Men in various towers along the way have dotted out the pattern which this shuttle shall weave. Once out, the pattern changes. The electric interlocking-switch system, with its provision for prevention of confusion in a situation that invites confusion every minute of the day and night, is another device whose stars of green and red sing quite the same song as Haydn's and Addison's in acclaiming 'the hand that made us.'

The man in the tower cannot, by any manipulation or by any precipitation, make the mechanism which he operates by pushing buttons produce a collision. A train persisting on a wrong track and passing red lights 'comes to earth' — that is, forfeits the track and gets down on its knees in humble apology — before it can collide with any other train. One can imagine the humiliation of the engineer who has put his engine on the ground.

Therefore we go cautiously, with a subdued expression from the stack and a quiet pulse throughout.

But once outside the yard the tempo changes rapidly from *andante* to *allegro*, and in a short time it is evident to the visitor in the cab that nothing but the most merciless scrutiny of the fitness of every element of this thunderbolt — non-human and human — makes such an exhibition other than desperate recklessness.

The track looks like nothing, and the strains put upon it by this headlong monster as it crashes through switches over crossings and around curves seem utterly disproportionate.

The machine has reached a great pitch in its rhythm. All the vibrations merge into one terrific note, a kind of music, a song — the hallelujah of Pacific 4-6-2 in full flight! Behind, the long lethargic tail has been fully awakened from its apathy, and every truck is getting that heady expression of the runaway, forgetting those curved hands hanging beside each wheel, and one other hand — in the cab.

It is quite incredible that people in those cars should be engaged in the occupations suited to houses and hotels with equal confidence that nothing to interrupt those occupations will occur. It looks as though a shrieking catastrophe, an unspeakable horror of blood and bones mixed with steel and steam, could happen momentarily, as though we were skirting the extreme edge of the world of reason and order.

Everything is shadowy, vibrating, and filled with a great clamor and a great purpose. The gauges are plain enough, with figures and pointers and the water gauge with that wavering line in the glass tube to show how far the crown sheet is covered.

The engineer is a striking figure, also the fireman. You can't adequately

describe them because there is too much emotion in the picture. It is life on the stretch illuminated vaguely or by intermittent floods of gold light as the fire door opens. Mr. Bray is seen engaged in locomotive running. That is his profession, practised for forty-three years. At the peak of the speed he calmly takes off his glasses and wipes them with a clean white handkerchief and with the somewhat weary expression of a grandfather reading in a bad light.

Buckley's stalwart arms gleam as they swing the great spoon between the coal pile and those vertically split lips which open and emit a fierce burst of sunlight from the carboniferous age as he presses a treadle with his left foot. It is a giant's job. The automatic stoker, not yet on this engine, is saving firemen from premature disability and death as they slowly work their way toward the engineer's seat through the uncertainties of seniority.

Signals flash by: green — green — green. Stations are leaped over and lines of freight cars roar back at us.

Everything is just out of the way by inches. Crossings are illuminated for a few seconds by the headlight before we are on the other side. The whole thing seems uncontrollable in its frenzied desire to reach a destination somewhere, anywhere, — in the ditch or at New Haven, — on time. (At the other end of the scale see Lewis Carroll's white rabbit looking at its watch.)

The air streams with horizontal arrows of rain which beat like stones upon the little storm window projecting enough to produce a slight shield.

'Yellow board!' says Buckley behind me, and Mr. Bray repeats, 'Yellow board,' as, instead of the procession of greens, a yellow eye emerges in the darkness. 'Too bad,' says Buckley; 'just when we were going a little.' The engineer has shut off steam, and presently Buckley speaks again. 'Red eye!' he says, and 'Red eye' comes from the other side, as the distant spark enlarges with its peremptory demand to stop.

There is the dainty operation with the air which shall reduce speed gradually, and the whole enormous fabrication with its unseeing and unknowing inhabitants comes to a softly graduated stand by a signal tower, its shattering impetuosity reduced to perfect silence except for the panting air pumps, exactly like an animal slightly out of wind.

Mr. Bray — lantern in hand — climbs down and walks in the rain and swaying shadows, a slow, deliberate figure like a farmer going about chores, to the tower, returning presently with instructions to wait for an East-bound train to get off the West-bound track to which it had to be switched in order to avoid an obstruction down the line. Presently here comes the intruder, headlight increasing in intensity until, with a sudden lurch, it bends to the left and sweeps by on its own rails — a stream of yellow lights, and, at the end, two diminishing reds.

Red goes to green. Four whistles to call in the flag, and again the procession begins to roll, and Mr. Bray wishes to make up time, for with four minutes' delay at Back Bay we are now fifteen minutes late.

The sharp high-pressure snorts from the stack change to *legato* as the engineer sets the valves from starting to running position, — that is, from using steam at boiler pressure to using steam expansively, — thereby saving coal and, incidentally, firemen.

I again have the sensation of extreme hazard as we get into our stride, and the pounds of the driving and connecting rods flinging their tons of weight back and forth five times a second merge into a deep and even vibration, the whole machine humming like a top.

The strains involved in transmitting steam pressure to cranks on the drivers are multiplied thirty-five to forty times by the strains due to centrifugal forces at this speed.

One can understand why locomotive people must be without streaks of phosphorus in their characters. The little men who rise up each day, as Kipling says, to buy and sell again cannot be trusted in the making of these things.

At nine we get the yard signal at Providence, red and green, indicating, 'Look out for switching to track 3.' We reach the switch under control, swing across, curve through narrow passages as though we were ashamed to be seen, and finally emerge and roll in solemn grandeur into the lighted hall and stop, with a slight shiver from the brake shoes — on time.

You say good-bye to two people you have been privileged to associate with for a stirring hour and go your way conscious of having been part of an ensemble as full of elemental harmony as a Bach fugue.

VII

Now all this calls for appraisal in something other than mechanical terms. It will not do to dismiss the subject as related only to the externalities of life.

The thing that has been done is significant of the perfection to which integration — team play — can be brought, so that it is not only possible but safe to do these things every day. It is also significant, as I said at the beginning, as a symbol — as a picture of the way the mind of man works toward fulfillment of desire.

These fulfillments in machinery — do they release the human spirit in proportion as they release the body? They certainly should, but all the indications are that they do not. It remains to be seen what they will do. 'What has been concluded,' said William James, 'that we may conclude anything?' The Pyramids concluded nothing, the Cathedrals concluded nothing, the Apostles' Creed concluded nothing. And applied science and the 'machine age' will conclude nothing unless, by fostering the idea that men can, in return for tribute to Cæsar, get nutriment for their souls, society blows up in some enormous disaster.

One might say that all this machinery belongs on the horizontal plane, and on that plane the spirit of man cannot live. It starves without a vertical dimension. Mechanical horizontalism may easily be a net woven with prodigious labor, skill, and devotion, — with perfect single-mindedness, — 'the fabric of the world.' But it is possible, and it is also a very general practice, for the makers of this web to stick in it, to become hopelessly entangled in it, and for them and us together to perish there unless we can also spin upward, and therefore mount upward and get a different view of things.

That view of things will reveal one positive fact — namely, that, though nothing has been concluded, the spirit has lived exclusively on beauty, and that of all the aspects of beauty the beauty of human relationships is the most important.

Meantime the prayer that we offer in our work of whatever sort, hand or brain, has to come back to something like Cardinal Newman's 'Lux Benigna,' and this is a light which does not shine from forge, foundry, or fire box.

DEMOCRACY AND THE EXPERT

BY FELIX FRANKFURTER

I

EPITAPHS for democracy are the fashion of the day. Both Left and Right acclaim the failure of democracy. Those who chafe at governmental intervention are as distrustful of popular institutions as are the romantics who expect from government heaven upon earth. Dictatorships are dramatic and *coups d'état* feed the imagination, while democratic régimes have about them the humdrum qualities of John Bull, who, first in the modern world, devised talk as the chief instrument of government. Sensational and violent rule in Russia and Italy throws out of perspective more plodding popular institutions. But it is simply not true that the area of democratic government has contracted. Barring Italy, no country has abandoned democratic institutions, whereas democratic government has extensively replaced oligarchy, and the democratic idea is steadily corroding ancient autocratic traditions. The replacement of Romanoffs by Bolsheviks was certainly not a democratic loss. Nor did the short-lived Spanish dictatorship supplant a virile democracy. For the democrat, only Fascist Italy is a retrogression. But, on the other hand, a stable German Republic has displaced the Germany of the Kaiser. In succession to the feudalism of the Hapsburgs, Hungary and Jugoslavia have reigns at least not more autocratic than they were in pre-war days, while Czechoslovakia has the heartening rule of President Masaryk, and Austria is a stout though poverty-stricken little republic. The ferment of democracy is active in modern Turkey, and is leavening the ancient fabrics of India and China with hope and danger. Nor should the most summary account of recent democratic trends omit the steady invigoration of the mentality as well as the processes of democracy in Latin-American countries, particularly Mexico.

The ultimate justification for democracy still remains the lack, in the long run, of a decent and workable substitute. The case for democracy has just been vindicated by General Smuts, the philosopher-statesman, in the full perspective of recent history and his great experience in war and peace: —

> The end of government is not merely good government, but the education of the people in good government, its self-education in running its own affairs. . . . The short cuts do not really bring us much farther, except to the next turn of the wheel of revolution. Liberty as a form of political government is a difficult experiment, and it is not without its dangers. . . . But it is at any rate less dangerous than its alternatives, and under modern conditions it is probably the only political system that promises to endure. . . . Bolshevism and Fascism, which are the current alternatives to democratic liberty, may be defended as a way out of intolerable situations, but they are temporary expedients, often tried and discarded before, and they will be discarded again after the present trials. . . . No enduring system can be established on the ne-

gation of liberty, even if it comes with the temporary gift of good government.

This is a firm expression of allegiance to democracy, but one misses the lyric note which characterized the democratic faith a hundred years ago. The tasks and conditions that confront democracy leave no true friend without concern. Over-simplification is a great deceiver of reason, and nineteenth-century democracy suffered from the illusions of simplicity.

This early democratic faith was sustained by a gracious and civilized conception of society. But the difficulties in the way of its attainment were grossly undervalued. The tenacity of old habits, the fragility of human material, the conflicting forces within the individual no less than the clash of interests within society — all these and more were much too lightly weighed. The appeal of a generous society subordinated the question of means by which it was to be attained. Vast hopes were founded on simple devices. Popular rule was expected to work miracles almost automatically. Abolish autocratic rule; remove tyranny, and the innate goodness of mankind will prevail! It was indeed largely a negative faith.

The day of such comfortable thoughts is over. We now know that democracy is dependent on knowledge and wisdom beyond all other forms of government. The grandeur of its aims is matched by the difficulties of their achievement. For democracy is the reign of reason on the most extensive scale. It seeks to prevail when the complexities of life make a demand upon knowledge and understanding never made before, and when the forces inimical to the play of reason have power and subtlety unknown in the past. We have seen the intricate range of problems thrown up by our industrial civilization; the vast body of technical knowledge, more and more beyond the comprehension even of the cultivated, which is required for an analysis of the issues underlying these problems and an exploration of possible remedies. We have also noted the opportunities for arousing passions, confusing judgment, and regimenting opinion that are furnished by chain newspapers, cheap magazines, the movies, and radio. And we now know how slender a reed is reason — how recent its emergence in man, how deep the countervailing instincts and passions, how treacherous the whole rational process. Moreover, the whole tempo of our society is hurried; its atmosphere and appurtenances hostile to reflection. Thus reason is asked to flourish when the conditions for it are least favorable.

Little wonder that, for many, democracy seems ripe for the museum of political institutions. They assess its results as bankruptcy and find its inherent difficulties fatal. The naïve champions of democracy at least built on hope; these latter-day assailants are moved by fear. Both present foes and early friends disregard time and history. The apostles of democracy expected quick results. Those who despair of democracy also lack patience. The former thought they were writing on a clean slate; they forgot the obduracy of the past. Those who concentrate on the defects of democracy are blind to what history discloses of the weaknesses of alternative forms of government.

The answer to the defects of democracy is not denial of the democratic idea. Judged by the most pragmatic tests, democracy has weathered the cataclysm of the World War and extended its rule. It is the worse for wear, but at least it wears. We need not fly from one romantic absolute to another. If we focus attention on the

human origin of all government, we shall have a more scientific temper for dealing with its frailties. We shall equally avoid blind attachment and romantic impatience only if we recognize the essentially provisional nature of all political arrangements. Such an attitude will treat government not only as a mechanism for day-to-day adjustments, but also as an hypothesis in action, to be modified by the experience which it adduces.

II

Democracy has now been submitted to tests of time and stress that call for a reconsideration of its processes and assumptions. Such an examination must build on the new gains of knowledge since modern forms of democracy were evolved, and more especially upon the insight into the dark recesses of man's nature, which pioneers like Freud and Jung are slowly making possible. Acceptance of the democratic idea by no means implies the exhaustion of the forms in which the idea has been clothed. Indeed, we may be sure that the implements and inventions of government have not sufficiently responded to the overwhelming transformation of the external arrangements of society.

If the continuance of our civilization is to be based upon democracy, obviously knowledge and the capacity for judgment must permeate the whole community. But about education, and how to attain it, we are also far less naïve and hopeful than we used to be. The aims and methods of education are to-day as much under fire as are those of government. For its underpinnings, too, have been shaken by new knowledge, and we are far more humble in assuming that wisdom and a conception of the public weal attend learning. Though we are doubtful as to the true nature of education and uncertain how to pursue it, there is no paradox in assuming that effective democracy presupposes a continuous process of adult education. 'We must educate our masters,' said a British statesman after the Second Reform Bill gave workingmen the vote. Time has only reënforced the deep wisdom of Robert Lowe's dictum. But he overlooked the complementary truth that the people must educate their rulers. At least they must see to it that rulers are educated for the tasks of government.

I am the last person to undervalue the extent to which devotion, intelligence, and technical equipment are enlisted in government. Not political philosophy, not farsighted planning, but the same pressure of circumstances which has made government penetrate into such a wide range of affairs has compelled resort to skill and training in its work. The all too common depreciation of men in public service is at once shallow and cruel. It mocks where it should praise; it debilitates where it should encourage. Publicity headlines the occasional egregious blunder, but the detailed day-by-day achievement is unchronicled. The clash of politics, the friction between executive and legislature, the scrutiny of the press and taste for scandal, tend to make us know when things go wrong in government. It is right that it should be so. The critics of government cannot be too Argus-eyed. But no such conjunction of forces educates the public to a knowledge of the good in government. Virtue is proverbially not news, and an appreciation of achievement in government, except when attained on the colossal scale of a Panama Canal or in the dramatized conflict of foreign relations, is dependent on dull, technical details. The public is therefore surprisingly ignorant of the extent to which its

servants contribute to the public good.

A very acute student of affairs thus characterizes the quiet work of public administration: —

> Most tax payers, including many who ought to be better informed, have a wholly inadequate idea of what they are getting for their money. The tendency is to regard taxes as a debit without any offsetting credit. They know what they pay out, but they fail to realize what they receive in return. The direct contact, so far as the Federal Government is concerned, is apt to be with the tax collector or the prohibition agent, men performing tasks which are extraordinarily difficult, but which, it may be, are not popular in all quarters. Now my observation of the public service . . . is that with all the defects of that service, and there are many of them and some scandals just as there are in private business, the true story of its accomplishments would disclose an astonishing and magnificent net balance on the credit side.

These are the observations of Mr. Joseph B. Eastman, who has watched government closely all his life, and now is himself one of the ornaments of the public service. He furnishes striking proof of the extraordinary gifts which government does attract. That Mr. Eastman's reappointment as member of the Interstate Commerce Commission should have been strongly urged by railroads whose views on vital issues he has rejected also proves that, so far as the public opinion which asserts itself is sufficiently informed regarding the quality of public work, disinterested capacity in government will find support.

III

That talent should find its way into public administration is the more striking since our public service enjoys so little public esteem. The rewards neither of money nor of prestige go with it. It is right that government should not even pretend to compete with the enormous salaries by which private enterprise tempts. The satisfactions of government service lie on a different level. But it is wholly wrong to expect civilized standards of public service from officials whose salaries are too low to enable them to meet the minimum standards of cultivated life. The public cannot expect the professional training, the detached judgment and moral courage, necessary for the conduct of such intricate public affairs as, for instance, the administration of public-service laws, from officials who are under financial pressure to meet the cost of decent education for their children. It is grotesque to put the solution of public-utility problems in the hands of commissioners who are paid $1600 a year. The average for all commissioners in the country is about $5000 — an average which includes exceptionally high salaries in two states. Public officials should set an example of simplicity, but they ought not to be subjected to penury. Economy in public service means a wise expenditure of money. It does not mean salaries so low that only the unfit and the transient are attracted.

But that the public service, except in the highest offices, is so largely without prestige is even more disastrous than that its material rewards are unduly meagre. The whole tide of opinion is against public administration as a career for talent. The enormous rewards which industry offers to able young lawyers, engineers, economists, serve as a powerful attraction to ambitious youth. As against that, there are some, and more than we suspect, who find real satisfaction in work whose aim is the public good. But they have to contend against the whole mental and moral climate of our times — the impalpable but terrific pressure of

current standards of achievement. These are overwhelmingly on the side of private gain.

In Great Britain the traditions of public service are as yet powerful enough to enlist the best brains of the country. In its Civil Service is found probably the largest concentration of distinguished talent. Nor is it conceivable that Great Britain would have come through its storms and stresses since the Crimean War without the very high quality of its public administration. The accession of the Labor Party to power in 1924 marked a political revolution in British history. Yet the break with the past involved in a government committed to the principles of socialism was accomplished with a shift in personnel of less than one hundred persons. In large matters of foreign policy one can hardly conceive of more contrasting types than Lord Curzon and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Yet, when Mr. MacDonald succeeded Lord Curzon at the Foreign Office, the official who had served Lord Curzon continued as Mr. MacDonald's private secretary. Perhaps nothing could more pithily reveal how ingrained is the Civil Service in the stuff of English life. Yet the transition from the days when public office was bartered as though it were the private property of politicians to the present system of professional public administration is a surprisingly recent development. It was introduced within the memory of men still living.

Experience in India had made it abundantly clear that the government of a great empire required special training, and disinterested selection. Therefore, as early as 1833, the government bill introduced by Macaulay for the renewal of the charter of the East India Company provided that 'East India cadetships should be thrown open to competition.' This radical change as to Indian administration did not become effective until 1855.

In the meantime, however, Sir Charles Trevelyan, a former Indian Civil Servant and Macaulay's brother-in-law, began to occupy his mind with problems of Civil Service reform at home. 'The revolutionary period of 1848,' he explained years later, 'gave us a shake, and created a disposition to put our house in order, and one of the consequences was a remarkable series of investigations into Public Offices which lasted for five years and culminated in the Organization Report.' Of that report, issued in 1854, Sir Charles Trevelyan himself, in collaboration with Sir Stafford Northcote, was the author. 'It was based throughout upon the positive idea of Government, upon the idea that Government must be carried on by men who think as to what ought to be done, instead of merely doing that which must be done. The idea frightened some of the ablest of the existing heads of departments.' Even the famous Undersecretary for the Colonies, Sir James Stephen, father of James Fitzjames and Leslie Stephen and grandfather of Virginia Woolf, found the innovation too drastic. 'The world we live in is not, I think, half moralized enough for the acceptance of such a scheme of stern morality as this.'

Sir James underestimated, as the worldly-wise often do, the tough fibre of the world he lived in. Or perhaps it is more accurate to say that the painful experience of the Crimean War helped immensely to educate British opinion to an acceptance of Trevelyan's proposal. The conduct of that war exposed the terrible mischief of an administrative system based on patronage. So hard-headed a politician as Lord Palmerston, by an order in council, carried into effect the recommendations of the Trevelyan-North-

cote report. 'In consequence, in 1855, the first Civil Service Commissioners were appointed, with the duty of carrying on an independent examination of the nominees of Members of Parliament. They had their difficulties: the idea was new that the nominees of Members of Parliament should be subject to criticism by a commission, and on one occasion Lord Palmerston sent to Somerset House, where the Civil Service Commissioners used to sit, ordering them to come to him and bring the answers of a certain candidate and the papers which they had set, in order that they might be carpeted by the Prime Minister.' The Civil Service Commissioners, writes Graham Wallas with pride, 'replied that unfortunately their regulations prevented them from doing anything of the kind, the papers could not go out of their possession, but if the Prime Minister would come to their office they would be only too happy to show them. Lord Palmerston saw the writing and arithmetic of his nominee and ceased to interfere.' By 1870 the system had so thoroughly proved itself that Gladstone established open competition throughout the English Civil Service, by an order in council, 'which was practically uncriticized and unopposed.'

Students of public opinion will find it illuminating to explore the influences which made possible such a profound change in political institutions. Here, as elsewhere, working-class enfranchisement introduced powerful solvents into politics and government. But Mr. Wallas finds a deeper cause of change than the mere transference of voting power. 'The fifteen years from the Crimean War to 1870 were in England a period of wide mental activity, during which the conclusions of a few penetrating thinkers like Darwin or Newman were discussed and popularized by a crowd of magazine writers and preachers and poets. The conception was gaining ground that it was upon serious and continued thought and not upon opinion that the power to carry out our purposes, whether in politics or elsewhere, must ultimately depend.' 'Serious and continued thought' requires systematic training. And the foundation of the British Civil Service is laid upon the British universities — until latterly the two ancient universities. The system is based upon the conviction of John Stuart Mill that 'mediocrity ought not to be engaged in managing the affairs of State.'

I do not mean to claim perfection for the British Civil Service, nor even the attainment of its own ideals. In the current stocktaking of English institutions, the Civil Service has not escaped. It is urged that the system has become too wooden, is not attuned to modern needs, and in some instances, particularly in the Colonial Office, defeats national policies in administrative action.

New educational developments, profound social changes, the new share of women in politics, call for a reconsideration of the assumptions and performances of the British Civil Service. With these vexing problems of statecraft and education a Royal Commission is now engaged. But the basis of political thinking by all the parties is the pervasive responsibility of a highly trained and disinterested permanent service, charged with the task of administering the broad policies formulated by Parliament and of putting at the disposal of government that ascertainable body of knowledge on which the choice of policies must be based.

The revolutionary movements of 1848 touched the United States only by bringing to our shores liberty-loving rebels from the Continent. While,

in England, 1848 led to a searching inquiry into the defects of her government, it renewed America's assurance of the virtues of our system. Moreover, America had no Crimean War, and perhaps no Charles Trevelyan. Besides, we were young and had an abundance of resources. Standards come late, and where there is plenty the temptations to waste are usually not resisted. The key to our history of public administration, as to much else in history, is found in Emerson's quiet observation, 'Mankind is as lazy as it dares to be.'

IV

In any event, while England was making the beginnings of a change from patronage to public service, the United States was justifying patronage by a political philosophy and establishing it as a public policy. The naked defense of the spoils system was expressed in the classic remarks of Senator Marcy in the debate on Jackson's nomination of Martin Van Buren to be Minister to England: —

> It may be, sir, that the politicians of the United States are not so fastidious as some gentlemen are as to disclosing the principles on which they act. They boldly preach what they practice. When they are contending for victory they avow their intention of enjoying the fruits of it. If they are defeated, they expect to retire from office. If they are successful, they claim, as a matter of right, the advantages of success. They see nothing wrong in the rule that to the victor belong the spoils of the enemy.

A hundred years have elapsed since Marcy's engaging candor. But his sentiments are still acted upon and occasionally they survive even in avowal. Woodrow Wilson is the only political scientist who ever occupied the Presidency. Yet it was his Secretary of State who naïvely thought that technical posts requiring high skill and training should be filled by 'deserving Democrats.' No President has had better reason to know than Mr. Hoover the irrelevance of purely party politics in the discharge of professional duties. And yet in the appointment of judges to the lower Federal courts he has apparently, in some instances, for political reasons departed from the professional standards set by his Attorney General.

Behind the spoils system and all its survivals there is a crude logic of democracy and the versatile energy of the pioneer. Both combined to indoctrinate Americans with a distorted belief in the simplicity of government. Someone has called the British Civil Service the skill department of government. But if public administration can be improvised, if it requires no particular skill, there is no need of special training, no need of the permanence of professionalism, no need of a skill department. That is precisely what Andrew Jackson thought. He practised rotation in office because he thought permanence makes for 'corruption in some and in others a perversion of correct feelings and principles.' 'The duties of all public officers,' Jackson wrote in his first message to Congress, 'are, or at least admit of being made, so plain and simple that men of intelligence may readily qualify themselves for their performance; and I cannot but believe that more is lost by the long continuance of men in office than is generally to be gained by their experience. I submit, therefore, to your consideration whether the efficiency of the Government would not be promoted and official industry and integrity better secured by a general extension of the law which limits appointments to four years.'

There is this much to be said for Jackson's rustic view. Government then was operating within a relatively

limited scope. In large measure, it was forbidding conduct; it was not itself an extensive participant in devising complicated arrangements of society and composing the conflict of its manifold interests. But Harding, nearly a hundred years after Jackson, had not even Jackson's excuse. The growing complexity of social organization had compelled a steady extension of legal control over economic and social interests. At first this intervention was largely through specific legislative directions, depending for enforcement generally upon the cumbersome and ineffective machinery of the criminal law. By the pressure of experience, legislative regulation of economic and social activities turned to administrative instruments. The extent and range of governmental participation in affairs, the complexity of its administrative devices, and the intricacy of the technical problems with which they were dealing had never been greater than when Harding came to the Presidency. There never was a more pathetic misapprehension of responsibility than Harding's touching statement, 'Government after all is a very simple thing.'

I recall the sentence, and it deserves to be remembered, because Harding expressed the traditional American conception of government still deeply inured in American opinion. Until these notions of deluding simplicity are completely rooted out, we shall never truly face our problems of government.

The theoretical defense of the spoils system could hardly withstand its practical results. It was with the moral aspects of political jobbery that the promoters of early civil-service reform, Carl Schurz, George W. Curtis, E. L. Godkin, were mostly concerned. Corruption, not only of individuals, but of the whole democratic process, was involved. 'The allurements of an immense number of offices and places exhibited to the voters of the land,' wrote Cleveland, 'and the promise of their bestowal in recognition of partisan activity, debauched the suffrage and robbed political action of its thoughtful and deliberative character.'

But the problem, as we now see, is much more complicated. No doubt democracy is peculiarly dependent on clean and disinterested government. By the very fact of numbers, a corrupt and jaundiced democracy can be most blind and oppressive. But in the modern world the simple virtues of honesty and public devotion are not enough. Indeed, honesty and public zeal without training and a sophisticated judgment may very readily become the unwitting tool of half-truths and misrepresentation. Compelled to grapple with a world more and more dominated by technological forces, government must have at its disposal the resources of training and capacity equipped to understand and to deal with the complicated issues to which these technological forces give rise.

There is a good deal of loose talk about science in politics. If by 'science in politics' is meant the availability of an irrefragable fund of knowledge in the possession of a few wise people who could, out of hand, solve the conundrums of government, it is merely another romantic delusion. But if by science we mean an intellectual procedure and a temper of mind, there must be science in government, because science dominates society. It then becomes a question of how much science government employs and how good it is.

The great political issues of the nineteenth century thrived, in the main, on the levels of feeling and rhetoric. The extension of the franchise, popular elections, the abolition of slavery (apart from its economic aspect), are not mat-

ters that yield to statistics or economic learning. But feeling and rhetoric are blind guides for the understanding of contemporary political issues. For the staples of contemporary politics — the organization of industry, the control of public utilities, the well-being of agriculture, the mastery of crime and disease — are deeply enmeshed in intricate and technical facts, and must be extricated from presupposition and partisanship. Such matters require systematic effort to contract the area of conflict and passion and to widen the area of accredited knowledge as the basis of action.

The history of reparations since the Versailles Treaty illustrates the extremely technical basis of political controversies which affect the economic balance of a good part of the world, and the social standards of millions of people. It would not be true to say that reparations presented questions merely for economists. But certainly the political judgments which were involved could only be taken blindly and in passion without an appreciation of those intricate economic factors which Maynard Keynes was the first to elucidate courageously at the bar of public opinion. Similarly, any solid judgment upon public-utility controversies presupposes the capacity to see the meaning of complicated technical data. In both these fields of politics, agitation and advocacy have their place. They are instruments of education, means for making effective the findings of knowledge and the lessons of experience. But the quiet, detached, laborious task of disentangling facts from fiction, of extracting reliable information from interested parties, of agreeing on what is proof and what surmise, must precede, if agitation is to feed on knowledge and reality, and be equipped to reach the mind rather than to exploit feeling.

'It is difficult to realize' — I quote from Graham Wallas — 'how short a time it is since questions for which we now rely entirely on official statistics were discussed by the ordinary political methods of agitation and advocacy.' But in the United States many of these questions are still anybody's guess — are still the football of political debate. In 1830, the House of Commons wrangled as to the existence of economic distress and its extent. In England these facts — the condition of trade and the state of unemployment — are now as dependably revealed as the barometer registers atmospheric pressure. Debate continues to be anxious and even bitter about modes for relieving unemployment. But at all events search for remedies is not confused and diverted by doubt and denial that anything needs to be remedied. We are still where England was in 1830. Congress still debates whether unemployment really exists, and, if so, where and how much. And we have the extraordinary spectacle of the Secretary of Labor of the United States issuing unemployment estimates which the Commissioner of Labor of the State of New York denies.

V

Let me take another illustration of the limited application of scientific standards in public administration. Just as in eighteenth-century England it was matter for political controversy whether the population was rising or falling, so in twentieth-century America the homicide or burglary rate in our great cities is a recurring subject for political debate. And this is a very fair index of our whole attitude toward problems of crime. That the level of professionalism, of trained capacity, in our administration of criminal justice is very low, compared with that

prevailing in Great Britain and on the Continent, is one of the most patent facts about our system. In saying this I hope I can avoid the appearance of being too simple about crime. I share the conviction of all who have been long immersed in these problems that crime is a true measure of the standards of our civilization. One cannot worry much about these questions without realizing that they touch the motives and purposes and directions of contemporary society. But that our lack of professionalism affects the whole situation hardly admits of doubt. Crime is age-old and ubiquitous, but by common consent it assails in greatest measure the most prosperous country in the world.

No one will deny that problems of crime are at least as difficult as problems of public health and hydraulic engineering. But public health and hydraulic engineering are now as a matter of course made the concern of specialists who give to their problems the devotion of a lifetime. That is the essence of professionalism — men adapted by nature for inquiries for which they are elaborately trained and which they pursue as a permanent career. In regard to crime, this condition on the whole does not obtain. Knowledge of the causes of crime, the ways for its prevention and detection, the modes of its treatment, are widely deemed the common possession of the man in the street. Even where professional training is exacted, namely, from lawyers and judges who at present play such an undue rôle in the administration of criminal justice, merely a general and not a specialized training is required. But even these professionally educated functionaries play their parts for only short terms or discontinuously. In the United States there is no body of highly trained, capable men who are drawn to the enigmas of crime as problems to be solved, who are adequately disciplined for their exploration, and who give the preoccupation of a lifetime to their solution. Broadly speaking, the directing officials are not technically trained for their work before they attain office, and the want of permanent careers through office deprives the community of capitalizing office itself as a school of training. There is thus no professionalism in administration. Partly cause and partly effect, there is equally no professionalism (always broadly speaking) of research into crime, as there is research in medicine and research in the natural sciences. The two indispensable interacting forces in the promotion of knowledge and the control of natural phenomena — to wit, professionalism in inquiry and professionalism in control — are thus lacking as to crime.

There can hardly be room for difference of opinion that indispensable to any effective or candid dealing with crime is the continuous, disinterested, scientific study of its problems. Just as disease has been withdrawn from the realm of quackery and magic, so crime must be subjected to that systematic, disciplined, continuous attack of reason which we call scientific procedure. Neither crime commissions nor presidential pronouncements will make a lasting dent upon crime unless we can secure acceptance of the standards of professionalism as a postulate of our government, similar to the acceptance by the British of the ideas which underlie their Civil Service.

I am far from suggesting that the conquest of science calls for a new type of oligarchy — namely, government by experts. I mean no such thing. To call the administrative régime of the British Civil Service 'the new despotism,' as does Lord Hewart, is to use the language of lurid journalism. But

the power which must more and more be lodged in administrative experts, like all power, is prone to abuse unless its exercise is properly circumscribed and zealously scrutinized. For we have greatly widened the field of administrative discretion and thus opened the door to arbitrariness. The dangers and difficulties have been acutely analyzed by General Smuts: —

> Beneficent if kept under proper control, it [the power of the Civil Service] becomes an unmitigated bureaucracy if it assumes control itself, as it tends to do under weak and rapidly changing governments. . . . An ideal public service would go far to supply the deficiencies of democratic government, with its vacillation and inexpertness. But in the complicated organism of the state, any organ which becomes independent of the rest becomes a danger, and nothing is so dangerous to the state as a public service which does not march with the people, and becomes a drag on well-ordered progress; it may even have to be dynamited out of its fixed position.

Undoubtedly ultimate protection is to be found in ourselves, our zeal for liberty, our respect for one another and for the common good — a truth so obviously accepted that its demands in practice are usually overlooked. But safeguards must also be institutionalized through machinery and processes. These safeguards largely depend on very high standards of professional service, an effective procedure (always remembering that 'in the development of our liberty insistence upon procedural regularity has been a large factor'), easy access to public scrutiny, and a constant play of alert public criticism, especially by an informed and spirited bar. Moreover, while expert administrators may sift out issues, elucidate them, bring the light of fact and experience to bear upon them, the final determinations of large policy must be made by the direct representatives of the public and not by the experts. Whether, for instance, the government should itself operate Muscle Shoals or lease its water power raises questions beyond the authority of engineer or economist. In the final analysis, we are in the realm of judgment regarding values as to which there is as yet no voice of science. The very notion of democracy implies the right of the public to decide these matters on its own choice.

VI

Government is itself an art, one of the subtlest of arts. It is neither business nor technology, nor applied science. It is the art of making men live together in peace and with reasonable happiness. Among the instruments for governing are organization, technological skill, and scientific methods. But they are all instruments, not ends. And that is why the art of governing has been achieved best by men to whom governing is itself a profession. One of the shallowest disdains is the sneer against the professional politician. The invidious implication of the phrase is, of course, against those who pursue self-interest through politics. But too prevalently the baby is thrown out with the bath. We forget that the most successful statesmen have been professionals. Walpole, Pitt, Gladstone, Disraeli, and Asquith were professional politicians. Beveridge's recent life of Lincoln serves as a reminder that Lincoln was a professional politician. Politics was Roosevelt's profession, Wilson was, all his life, at least preoccupied with politics, and Calvin Coolidge, though nominally a lawyer, has had no profession except politics. Canada emphasizes the professionalism of politics by making the Leader of the Opposition a paid officer of state.

In a democracy, politics is a process

of popular education — the task of adjusting the conflicting interests of diverse groups in the community, and bending the hostility and suspicion and ignorance engendered by group interests toward a comprehension of mutual understanding. For these ends, *expertise* is indispensable. But politicians must enlist popular support for the technical means by which alone social policies can be realized. Æ summed it all up when he said, 'The expert should be on tap, but not on top.' In this country we have been so anxious to avoid the dangers of having the expert on top that we suffer from a strong reluctance to have him on tap.

We must also develop much more than we have another device for attaining knowledge for the guidance of public judgment. The permanent process of public administration must be reënforced from time to time by special commissions of inquiry. The history of British democracy might in considerable measure be written in terms of the history of successive Royal Commissions. We too have had notable commissions of inquiry, but, in the by and large, the experience and tradition of the British Royal Commissions are lacking in the United States. We have no standards to guide the technique of inquiry, the mode of procedure, the relations to public and executive. Yet such commissions of investigation ought more and more to be called into use to deflate feeling, define issues, sift evidence, formulate alternative remedies. If guided with imagination and courage, such commissions are admirable means for taking the nation to school. They should aim to ascertain facts, pose problems, and seek to enlighten the public mind. To be effective, such inquiries into political problems must be pursued in a scientific temper. Therefore ample time for thorough study is essential. There must be a total lack of the urgencies of the immediate, indifference to the compromises that may become pertinent after the problems are duly analyzed and alternative proposals for action suggested. Like all scientific work, this must be pursued with complete indifference to politics. It must be dedicated to the search for fact and be as free from dependence on the actual or supposed wishes or needs even of the President as is the Supreme Court of the United States.

The difficulties of our social-economic problems will not abate with time. One may be confident that they will become more complicated. They will make increasing demands upon trained intelligence. If government is to be equal to its responsibilities, it must draw more and more on men of skill and wisdom for public administration. As Oxford and Cambridge of old, our institutions of higher learning must be training schools for public service, not through utilitarian courses, but by the whole sweep of their culture and discipline. Above all, the universities must be reservoirs of disinterestedness. For the more contentious issues of politics lie not in the domain of the natural sciences. They depend on the wisdom of the social sciences. But in our generation at least, the social sciences still rest ultimately not upon verifiable and controlled experiments, but, in large measure, upon tentative conclusions and judgments. It is therefore absolutely vital that judgment be as disinterested as possible, that it be not exposed to the undertow of unconscious influences other than those which inhere in our present limited understanding of the workings of the mind. Thinking and reflection in the universities ought not to be guided along the smooth path of material interest or any of its derivatives, in all their subtle forms.

HAIL AND FAREWELL

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

I

When we were living in Chicago there was a brick flat building across the street from us the second story of which was occupied by an Italian family. For the three children of the family there was no other playground than the long wooden platform of a porch that was attached to the rear end of the building; and on this airy stage the two girls and the little boy spent their days in a variety of make-believe. As the street between us was a narrow one, and the windows of our living room gave us a fine view of the lofty porch, we could not but be interested in the children. The mother, too, made an occasional appearance upon the scene; and on summer evenings, when the youngsters had been put to bed, both parents could be seen sitting out the evening together.

During the five years we lived in that locality we did not meet these people as neighbors or have occasion to speak to them. We did not even learn the names of the children whose doings were almost a daily feature of our conversation. We referred to them as the biggest girl, the little boy, and the other one. Our long observation of them through the window was like a continued story of which they were the mere illustrations — a study of the human family under glass. By a knowledge that gradually filtered across the chasm between us my wife discovered that they were people of refinement and good breeding. They were 'nice people' — a mere abstract observation upon our part. In Chicago one hardly takes more than a casual interest in the occupants of the same building; still less would one expect to bridge a gap in nature as wide as this.

When we were leaving Chicago there was little to do in the way of leave-taking so far as the immediate neighborhood was concerned. It was simply a matter of ordering the moving van to come round.

When, however, the van was backed up to the curb, and the last picture of all had been piled on top of the load, I saw the mother of the children coming across the street. Tears shone in her eyes as my wife advanced to meet her. And then, what was my surprise to see these two women clasped in each other's arms! My wife was telling Mrs. Arado what beautiful, well-behaved children she had, and Mrs. Arado was telling my wife how much she would miss us when we were gone. Then Mrs. Arado kissed my wife repeatedly and my wife kissed Mrs. Arado. It was the first time they had spoken to one another; and now they were to part.

This was twenty-two years ago, but I have not forgotten. The children continue to play on the lofty porch; the father comes home in the evening; and the mother still sings her youngest child to sleep with ditties of no tone.

In *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, Goethe relates the peculiar circumstances under which Wilhelm once met the beautiful and beloved Natalia. They were wandering with separate

parties through the mountains when they came face to face across a chasm, the path of each having ended on a high promontory. And there they stood looking at one another — so near and yet so far.

> At last I gained the topmost summit; a cliff, the peak of which afforded room for only a single person; who, if he looked down from it into the horrid depth, might see furious mountain torrents foaming through black abysses. In the present case I looked down without giddiness or terror, for I was light of heart: but now my attention fixed itself upon some huge crags rising opposite me, precipitous, like my own, yet offering on their summits a larger space of level. Though parted by a monstrous chasm, the jutting masses came so near together that I could distinctly enough, with the naked eye, observe several persons assembled on the summit. They were for the most part ladies: one of whom, coming forward to the very verge, awakened in me double and treble anxiety, as I became completely convinced that it was Natalia herself. . . . And as I was trampling round my narrow station, struggling towards her the more, the abyss was like to swallow me, had not a helpful hand laid hold of mine and snatched me at once from danger and my fairest happiness.

What Goethe may mean to imply in an allegorical way I shall not attempt to put in words; but the plain fact of the matter is that it is very much like living in Chicago. It is, in truth, very much like human communications everywhere.

II

On another occasion in Chicago I formed a friendship which might be described as quite illustrative. It began wordlessly, in a guarded silence, suddenly flowered into words, and was soon followed by the rites of leave-taking. My trade being that of an engraver, I was taken on by the largest publishing and printing house in Chicago at a time when they were doing away with their old force in the art department and making a clean sweep of men and methods. After the new superintendent I was the first man to be employed; and I soon found myself sitting at the right hand of this man, who was introduced to me as Mr. Williams. While he was an artist he was my fellow workman; and at the same time he was my foreman. I did not know then that this was True Williams, who was Mark Twain's first illustrator. He was the T. W. whose signature, the one letter superimposed upon the other, is to be seen on the lively illustrations of *Roughing It.*

For a week or more few words passed between us. I could feel that I was under scrutiny. Mr. Williams was a well-built, well-dressed, close-knit man with a leonine head and a certain taciturn and masculine dignity. If you did not know he was an artist you might put him down as one of the city's eminent poker players. And possibly, too, as a man who would carry his drink well. He spoke to me each day just as much as was necessary. But he was quite friendly and even jovial with a boy who worked about the place and sometimes did errands for him; and as time passed I could see more plainly that I was being held off. Mr. Williams was a man — possibly for good reasons — who had no great faith in engravers.

Before long, however, circumstances arose which entirely upset this careful balance of things. He had been working on a picture entitled 'The Phantom Horseman,' which was to be reproduced in half tone and printed on the paper cover of a novel. The scene was a desolate moor; and through the wraith-like figure of the horse could be seen glimpses of the scenery, especially a wooded horizon or a line of low trees following a stream.

When a proof of the plate was sent

down to the business department on the ground floor, it came back with suggestions and criticism. The manager in the business department said that the line of trees and other things did not look right, showing through the horse. All this would have to be changed.

True, contemplating this sort of art criticism, pushed back his chair and began to express himself. Who ever heard of a ghost that was not transparent? What kind of spirit was it that you could not see through? What kind of confounded . . . ! When he had said a few things not complimentary to business art critics, he turned to me and asked me what I thought. I told him that in my opinion a ghost was more or less diaphanous. If it were not rather insubstantial and thin in nature it would not be a phantom. His mood was mollified by this agreeable comment of mine; and after saying some more about the business manager he turned to his drawing board and set to work to make the required alterations. The proof bore the exasperating remark, 'Hurry!'

I picked up the discarded plate and set to work to see whether I could not make it satisfactory by means of a little tool work. True had no confidence in this scheme. The average fine half tone, such as this, has 150 dots to the linear inch — that is, 22,500 dots to the square inch. He did not think it possible to run a tool along the lines between these dots and cut them down to different printing values without showing streaks and tool marks in the half-tone texture and leaving a botchy place in the picture. This, however, was my trade, and there was no miracle about such a job, mechanically, provided I could produce the right artistic effect.

In no more than twenty to twenty-five minutes I had reduced the strength of the distant scene without taking it wholly out. A proof of this was pulled and sent downstairs; and very soon it came back with the pleasing comment, 'O.K.'

True was plainly impressed. After working awhile in removing the old drawing from his board, he swung around in his chair facing me. And very deliberately he said, 'Mr. Stewart, I *per-ceive* that you know your business.'

After that we became friends. His calling me 'Mister' was not the least of his artistic compliment, for I was in my twenties and he was an old-timer at the business. The atmosphere between us warmed up and became quite genial.

We were not destined to work long together. In a week or so another piece of art criticism came up from the business office. Everybody likes to meddle with art. New managers especially like to exercise a little brief authority. True was at the end of his patience — he was not a very meek and mild sort of artist anyway. He packed up his belongings preparatory to quitting; he was going to go down and express some more of his opinion to the heavy gentleman in the swivel chair. I packed up my tools and went along. The business office expressed surprise that I too was going to quit; but I said that my mind was made up. The tail might as well go with the hide.

Being now on the street and about to go our separate ways, it was apparent to True that we ought to go and 'have something.' A friendship thus happily begun was deserving of something more than a mere sidewalk parting. We therefore bent our course toward a near-by Hannah and Hogg's. This was a place especially equipped for saying farewell. There was a man there who was an adept in his craft; and he knew how to fix up a leave-taking with all its crants and strewments.

Hannah and Hogg's places, of which there were several, were something more than mere saloons. Standing on the sidewalk in front of each of them, like a soldier at the doorway of a recruiting office, was a stone statue of some Scottish worthy — Robert Burns, Sir Walter Scott, the Ettrick Shepherd, and so on. These were no mere wooden hatchet work such as might serve for a cigar store; they were statues cut to the life. To those who were familiar with their writings, and who intended to drink in a like vein, they looked quite friendly and familiar. To those who did not know them, those stony eyeballs naturally extended the stony stare.

The saloon nearest us, and to which we first turned our attention, was the Sir Walter Scott place, just around the corner from where we were standing. This was in the financial and railway-office district; and the great Sir Walter stood at the door flanked by a gorgeous display of tropical fruits which was a distinctive feature of the place. There was a great sloping bank of beautiful specimens — oranges, tangerines, plantains, and pineapples — running up a third of the height of the window and fairly stopping you with their power of color. Many a woman, not knowing Sir Walter by sight and being unaware what his image portended, has gone in to find the fruit merchant and suddenly come out again. The fruit was intended for general passenger agents, members of the 'Change, and other thoughtful husbands who were on their way home. True and I started out for this place, but he stopped on the threshold and had a change of mind. The business manager, having so much to do with railway printing, frequently came in here with customers; and his presence would not be congenial to us. Therefore we would go over to the Robert Burns place — a choice that was quite agreeable to me. We had had enough of business managers.

This sentiment wafted us over to Madison Street and in at the doorway presided over by the divine ploughman. This was the home of poetry and art. Over the long bar was a series of stained-glass pictures illumined from behind, and projecting their beauty at you with all the rich effulgence of cathedral windows. The subject that they handled was Tam o' Shanter's ride. Here in one picture was the ruined church wherein the Scottish ghosts — murderers, witches, warlocks and hellions all — were dancing their midnight reels in the light of mystic fire, while a person no less than the Devil himself encouraged their carryings-on. The series showed also how the whole crew of them took after Tam and his mare when Tam, too courageous with Scotch liquor, reined in his horse to look at them, and then went so far as to shout out his approval of a lively jig. When instantly all was dark! 'Out the hellish legion sallied' — and the race was on. The artist, in my opinion, had a fine conception of the bone and sinew of the good gray mare. He had depicted her passing the keystone of the bridge and on to safety just at the moment when Nannie, the liveliest and swiftest ghost of them all, gets her by the tail and pulls out hair by the handful.

But what impressed us most of all was scene number one, wherein Tam's wife, a large-boned Scotch woman in clean white cap and gathered-up skirts, sat before the fireplace with a poker in her hand. She was waiting for Tam to come home — and thinking. Viewing this in our capacity as art critics, and not simply as men, we were both of the opinion that it was good work. It was simply and strongly conceived, and the execution was masterful. Her knees, on which her elbows

rested, were wide apart; and her apron, spread from knee to knee in an inverted arch, gave strong lines to the composition. And it was a strong, bare forearm that had hold of the poker.

In this saloon, frankly moral, there were no tables to induce you to tarry, and there were no pictures of libidinous ladies on the wall. Only Tam's wife was there, up above your head, and tilted at such an angle that you must needs look at her while you were draining your glass. It was a veritable drinking shrine, a sort of Devil's cathedral, resplendent in mahogany and brass, and with an elaborate altarlike bar whose cups and glasses were meticulously clean.

I do not know what has become of those pictures of Tam and his wife, and those fires, earthly and unearthly, that shone with so real a light; but I should think that they would be getting them ready at this moment to be installed in the new building of the Chicago Historical Society. And I should be pleased to see them, properly lit up, at the forthcoming world's fair.

It was at this place, and to the tune of such considerations, that I said good-bye to True. It was not a formal farewell; but men who go in different directions in Chicago naturally feel that their next meeting may be a long way off. After that it did not seem any time at all, though it was several years, when I picked up the morning paper to read that True Williams was dead. He had passed away in his 'bachelor apartments' somewhere among those old brownstone mansions on the lake front.

The next I heard of True was when Mark Twain made a speech about him before the Lambs Club in New York. It was an entertaining story recounting the difficulties and delays that Mark had to contend with in getting out his first book, all owing to the fact that True was seldom sober enough to sit up and draw. As I had worked beside him long enough to become acquainted with his ability to talk back, I could not help thinking as I read the speech that True was the dead lion of the situation. When I knew him it was about twenty-one years since he had made the T.W. illustrations.

III

Of all the farewells I have ever seen or heard, the most unforgettable was one addressed to a man who was just about to step aboard a ship.

It used to be my custom, on occasional Sunday afternoons, to take a stroll through Chicago's picturesque and somewhat disreputable-looking water front, a vast, sprawling, cluttered-up hell's acreage of made land where boats unloaded, and lumberyards found room to sun themselves, and old ships were left to rot. The present-day visitor to Chicago, whirling along the outer drive and being entertained with that magic seascape of long islands and lagoons, would hardly suspect that it was all the work of yesterday. To the Chicagoan of fifteen or twenty years ago, when such things were not, it seems impossible — a vision called up from the vasty deep. That most able creature, the suction dredge, can now squirt forth islands and lay down landscapes as with an air brush; it will put scenic features on the map just as they are wanted. What they wanted in Chicago, and got, was 'the most beautiful water front in America.'

But the old water front, growing and spreading about the mouth of the river, had its own deeper joys, not the least of which was the smell of pine resin from the lumber piles steeping in the sun, the drunken sailors sleeping in the shaded aisles, and the pensive atmos-

phere of the marine 'bone yard' where lifeless ships, great wooden ghosts with grimy masts and rusty bolts, stood unemployed, with not even a grave to go to. There was romance there.

Also there were crime and trickery and sin, and this was represented by a craft known as the bumboat. This vessel, from whose graceful old hull the masts had been entirely removed, lay in a slip with no part of her body in contact with the wharf, and a gangplank so slung that, while you could come and go on it, no part of it came in actual contact with the shore. This was a technical point. The bumboat, so lying, was on the high seas and not in Chicago at all; and in that case the owner could run a saloon in Chicago with a federal license, paying no attention to the monetary demands of the big city. The policeman's jurisdiction did not extend aboard the bumboat, his power being broken by the few inches of vacant space between the gangplank and the wharf. Only the bartender, who was captain, conducting the ship on her long, motionless voyage, had power on her deck. Theoretically the bumboat was on a trip to Chicago, a trip that was somehow never consummated, though 'winning near the goal.' You could not tell by looking at her whether the bumboat was just about to arrive in Chicago or was just beginning to back out. In plain English, the bumboat was a crafty craft.

On the Sunday that I started to tell about I was standing on the wharf looking in through the open doorway of the deck house at the small bar and the round table whose iron legs were screwed securely to the floor. The captain leaned on his bar and regarded me expectantly, being in need of a passenger; and while I was so standing there came along two men in earnest conversation. One was bound and determined to spend his Sunday on the bumboat; the other was very anxious that he should not.

The latter, a big blond with a Swedish accent, had his companion grasped firmly by the upper arm and seemed to have some sense of proprietorship or responsibility, evidently that of a brother. Further conversation made it plain that the brotherhood was that of a Christian only, and the responsible one wished the other to go back with him to the Pacific Mission. He spoke of a time when the other had been 'saved'; and now he did not want to lose him. The big one was a true fisher of men, and he clung firmly to that precious property, a human soul. He made it plain, in terms best known to a sailor, that his companion was about to start a voyage to Hell, while he was offering him a berth on a better ship.

Finally the recalcitrant one broke loose with a drunken lunge and put his foot across the vacant space. As he made his way down the gangplank and took a seat at the round, iron-legged table, the big blue-eyed one stood gazing at him with a look of infinite compassion. Then the Christian turned and went his own way, saying as he left, 'Good-bye, Tom. I am going to stick to the Gospel ship. I ban for Yeesus.'

I have not tried to convey all those seafaring allusions or to elaborate on whatever it was that affected me; but I went away feeling that I had seen Charon himself bring up his boat and take a human soul away with him to Hell.

RIOTOUS SAVING

BY WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER AND WADDILL CATCHINGS

I

THE standard of living is higher in the United States than in any other country in the world. Is this the result of prohibition? Or tariffs? Or mergers? Or mass production? Or something else? Here is unlimited room for controversy. The one thing we all agree on is pride in our high standard of living.

But what is a high standard of living? In the economic sense, it is nothing but the using up of much wealth. When we say that the standard of living of wage earners in this country has risen 34 per cent since 1914, we mean a gain of one third in the per capita consumption of goods. We mean, in other words, that for every three carpets, cantaloupes, cameras, coats, and all the rest, which were used up by the average person fifteen years ago, the average person now uses up four. We mean that, and nothing else. Likewise, when we say the standard of living of the American farmer is five times as high as that of the Russian peasant, we mean that the American farmer *consumes* five times as much.

Inventions and discoveries do not necessarily lift us to higher planes of living. Neither do electric refrigerator factories a mile long, or fleets of ships, or gushing oil wells, or fertile fields. Nor do warehouses bulging with wheat, or shop windows filled with the latest creations. These things may or may not result in higher standards of living. All depends on the extent to which the increased wealth gets into the hands of the people who *use* it.

In short, increased consumption of goods *is* a higher standard of living.

How, then, can we consume more, year after year? Only by producing more. That, at least, is orthodox economics. According to the latest extension of Einstein's theories, to be sure, those things which appear to exist do not exist, and time flows backward. Still, it is hard to see how we can eat oranges which have not yet been grown, or wear hats not yet made.

But we cannot keep on producing more oranges or hats or anything else unless we can sell more. And we cannot sell more unless consumers buy more.

In order to see what happens, imagine that all makers of goods have no way of distributing what they make, except through a monster penny-in-the-slot machine. Then the producers cannot long continue to employ workers and turn out goods at any faster rate than the people spend pennies, for there is no use cramming the machine with goods for which there is no outlet. All that sounds absurdly simple. Still, it is in all essentials precisely what happens. That is why nothing except increased spending by consumers can raise standards of living.

If people as a whole spend too little — which is the same thing as saying that they save too much — they defeat the object of saving. That is what the people of the United States have been doing all this year. Right now, large income receivers are trying to save more money than this country as a whole can possibly save to any advan-

tage. For saved money is of no use *to the country as a whole* until it is invested. But it is useless to invest money in more mills, mines, and machines than the country can use; and the country already has more than it can use without increased consumer spending. Once any nation has piled up larger savings in the form of capital facilities than the nation can operate, there is virtually no way in which it can save anything more that is worth saving. It can merely accumulate more idle capital facilities.

The thrifty individual, to be sure, who saves five dollars instead of buying a pair of shoes, *may* be better off for his thrift. What are savings for an individual, however, are not necessarily savings for society. Everyone who saves money, at times like the present, when his abstinence helps to curtail production and throw men out of work, saves at the expense of other people. For the individual, a penny saved is a penny earned; but for society, a penny saved is sometimes a penny lost. Both producers and consumers *must* save; but there are times, such as the present, when they do not save without to some extent frustrating the social object of saving.

The country can use more invested savings — more instruments of production — only if consumers spend more money. But the fact that commodity prices have been falling off for fully a year, while production and car-loadings have been falling off, too, shows that for a full year consumers have not been spending enough money to enable producers to keep their plants running. The monster penny-in-the-slot machine has not been clicking fast enough.

When, under this condition, people save more money, they are wasting the substance of the country in riotous saving.

Even in the prosperous year before the crash of the stock market, we did not buy goods as freely as the increased production of goods warranted. We could n't buy This. We could n't buy That. We were saving for a Rainy Day. Of course the Rainy Day arrived: the floods descended and the markets fell.

Then what happened? Did we fetch forth the best galoshes and slay the fatted bank roll? We did not. We went without some more of This and some more of That. We started saving for a Rainier Day. All we have to do now is keep on saving hard enough, and the Rainier Day will arrive. If half the consumers in the United States should spend only half as much this month as they spent last month, next month would bring the worst business depression in all history.

A dollar saved for a Rainy Day may be merely a dollar saved; whereas a dollar spent on a Rainy Day is a dollar earned and spent again, and so on, till the cows come home.

A sign in a suburban bank lures depositors thus: 'Someone will save the money you spend. Why not save it yourself?' This is one of those convenient records that can be played either side up. Just now, when trade is dull and jobs are scarce, we like *this* side: 'Someone will *spend* the money you save. Why not *spend* it yourself?'

The money you *save* will be used by somebody to finance production; but, for the most part, production has no trouble in getting itself financed. The money you *spend* for goods finances consumption; and just now consumption *is* having trouble in getting itself financed. The money you save may possibly be used to produce goods, which may or may not be sold. The money you spend will certainly move the goods already made, and create a demand for more. A demand for goods is potentially a demand for labor. A demand for labor means more wages for consumers. And more wages

for consumers — provided consumers' goods increase at the same rate — mean higher standards of living. Just now more wages mean just that.

It takes months for new emergency construction to get fully under way; months before pay envelopes feel the effects; months from blue prospects to blue prints; more months to run the obstacle race from blue prints to blue overalls; and more months still from blue overalls to blue skies. Meantime, all the Rainy Day Dollars you can prudently spend will do you no harm and will do good to jobless men somewhere. Blessed is that consumer who at this time is weighed by merchants and found wanting — wanting more goods. Satisfied customers may be our best advertisement; but customers with unsatisfied wants, and the will and the money to satisfy these wants, are our best employment agencies. By all means, 'save for a rainy day.' But don't think you are thereby speeding up business. To speed up business, buy an umbrella.

II

In short, how much a country can save to any advantage depends on how much a country spends.

Yet on every hand we hear the complaint that the people are wasting their substance in riotous buying of luxuries. We have just read a caustic account of the extravagance of working girls. It seems that these misguided creatures are not content with necessities: they are buying even such luxuries as fur coats. At least everybody believes that except the furriers.

This reminds us of the time, ten years ago, when the banks cut down the credit allowed to motor-car dealers, on the ground that automobiles were 'luxuries.' That was nothing but an opinion of the bankers. Consumers immediately bought more cars than ever before, showing that they did not care a flat tire for the opinion of the bankers. And now consumers actually buy twice as many cars as they bought in that extravagant age. If you don't believe it, try to find a place to park one.

What the bankers did not understand is that it is useless for anybody to go about deciding, for other people, what are luxuries and what are necessities. Everyone decides that question for himself. If women spend a million dollars more for fur coats and a million dollars less for other things, it is because they want the fur coats more than they want the other things. To insist that fur coats are 'luxuries' is an academic discussion. It has little meaning outside the classroom — if, indeed, it has any meaning there.

No doubt all of us, including working girls, can cultivate higher tastes. We can discover low-priced joys that will warm our hearts more than mink coats. We can learn to spend our money for the more 'durable satisfactions of life.' We can *make* these things necessities. And it will pay us well to do so. But other people cannot do that for us, neither bankers who ride to work in automobiles nor ladies who preach thrift in fur coats.

In any event, finding fault with people for buying 'luxuries' is a little ridiculous. No sooner do we arrive at a new definition of 'luxury' than mass production and mass distribution make it obsolete. We used to think that any business which dealt with the 'necessities' of life — food, clothing, housing, for example — was for that reason on a firm foundation. And any business which dealt with 'luxuries' seemed to be trying to get a footing on shifting sands. But in the past twelve months the people of the United States have spent for pleasure motoring at least four billion dollars. For other 'luxuries' that did not exist a generation ago

— sound and motion pictures, phonographs, radios, airplanes — they have spent, during the past year, no less than three billion dollars. And these seven billions were what they had left over after having spent another seven billions on candy, chewing gum, tobacco, travel, night clubs, vaudeville shows, and other 'entertaining' that by no stretch of imagination could be called a 'necessity,' even if it could be called entertaining. Altogether, we now spend more for luxuries than our grandfathers spent for the three great staples: food, clothing, and housing. We employ at least one fourth of our workers in making things which were scarcely heard of at the beginning of this century. Many luxuries have become staples, and many staples have become producers' risks.

What can the old-line manufacturer do about it? He can complain of the extravagance of this age. Often he does complain, bitterly. Or he can stop trying to decide for other people what things are luxuries and what things are necessities, and produce the things they buy. New 'luxuries' produced by old industries; new industries produced by old communities — that is the way ahead. Thirty years from now, the people of the United States may be spending thirty billion dollars a year for things which have not yet come to the attention of the Patent Office.

III

But what is to become of the ancient virtue of thrift? The home, the banks, the church, the school, the press — everybody, in fact, except the merchant, extols the virtue of saving money, instead of spending it. And well they may. For most of us must either save money to provide for sickness, unemployment, and old age or else go to the poorhouse. Nothing we have said here, or elsewhere, attempts to tell any individual just how much *he* can prudently spend. We ought to write that in the sky, with shooting stars for exclamation points. Let us repeat. We are not advising everybody to spend more money. No doubt there are a million persons in this country who, even in these days of business depression, could wisely spend less and save more. You may be one of the million, for all we know.

But how about those who have already saved enough money to provide themselves, for the rest of their lives, with several times the income of the average family? If such persons really want to help their country, the best thing they can do, right now, is to spend more money; right now, when business is 10 per cent below normal, because buyers are scarce; and when, for the same reason, ten billion dollars' worth of savings in the form of capital facilities is being wasted, and jobs appear to be scarcer than they were even in the major depression of a decade ago. If the well-to-do cannot spend more money prudently on themselves or their employees, they will find, in the next mail, plenty of opportunities to spend it on others.

But this is heresy! This is praise of extravagance! Already, we are told, the working girl 'puts all she earns on her back.' This horrified criticism breaks out every day. Deciding what other women can afford is a pastime for women of leisure. But while these self-appointed reformers are working out to five decimal places what the working girl can afford, the working girl goes ahead and settles that problem for herself. She is ready to put her shoulder to the wheel, but she insists that it shall be a well-tailored shoulder. She will stand for a day's work that would prostrate her critic, but she refuses to stand for it in shabby shoes. Having no in-

come from bonds with which to buy a wardrobe, she earns it herself. Having no maid to take care of it, she takes care of it herself, after hours. She has won a battle in the war against poverty. She deserves to be decorated — and she sees to it that she is.

Now that we have worked up a case for the defendant, we take pleasure in announcing that there is no defendant. The indictment has been quashed by the findings of the Business Girls' Budget Contest, conducted by the Exposition of Women's Arts and Industries, in New York City. The accused are not guilty, as charged; at least, not in New York, and probably not elsewhere. They spend on clothes only 25 per cent of what they earn. And the result! That, in itself, is an 'exposition of women's arts and industries.'

The point is this: nowhere in the world do people rise to higher standards of living until they *want* to rise. It is wholly to the credit of wage-earning girls that they want to dress well, and industry is fully equipped to dress them well.

Yet there are many comfortable persons who call all that we have been saying rank materialism. 'We are smothered in material comfort,' says Katharine Gerould, 'and we do not know enough to look for comfort of a different kind. Only aristocrats can make a spiritual use of leisure. The man who has fought all his life for enough bread to keep him and his family alive will always give undue emphasis to bread. Only in the next generation probably will he turn to the things of the mind: knowledge, taste, delicate experience. The people who know what money is good for are those who have had it long enough to learn.'

This sounds like the famous remark of Patrick McDuff: 'New shoes are so stiff, I can't get 'em on until I've worn 'em a few times.' How can anybody wear prosperity gracefully and without squeaks until he has tried it awhile? The Butterscotchman, told that he would have to run in order to get warm, replied, bitterly, that he would have to get warm before he *could* run. Nobody can learn to spend either money or leisure wisely except by having a little to spend.

'The next generation' is too far away. All of us ought to be 'smothered in material comfort' right here and now. Never fear, comfortable critics, we shall recover our breaths, presently, just as you did. We too shall acquire an appreciation for knowledge, taste, and delicate experience. Jesus, above all others, inspired men to look for comfort of another kind. Yet He once paused in His teaching, not to make sure that His listeners were 'aristocrats' with a cultural background that would enable them to turn to things of the spirit; He paused to make sure that they were amply supplied with the 'material comfort' of loaves and fishes.

Pruning our wants is not necessarily an economic virtue. Indeed, so far as it brings unemployment to others, the practice is not even spiritually sound. We used to suppose that there was just so much wealth in the world, and so the fewer good things we grasped for ourselves, the more were left for others. But it does not work out that way. The more we get of the goods which really add to our health, usefulness, and pleasure, the better off we are. There is not so wide a chasm as the Puritans thought there was between 'goods' and 'good.' On the contrary, a dearth of this world's goods — poverty — is the cause of much of this world's disease, ill temper, and crime.

Is there danger that we shall become 'thing-minded'? André Siegfried thinks so. In *America Comes of Age*, he expresses the fear that as individuals we may become spiritually submerged

and smothered by the avalanche of goods which we produce. 'America,' he says, 'has emphasized the prestige of production. Rightly or wrongly, we fear that the individual, considered not as a producer or as a consumer, but as a human being, may appear in the long run to be the loser.'

It may be possible, merely as a mental exercise, to consider the individual, not as a producer or as a consumer, but as a human being. When this is tried in real life, however, the 'individual' is out of luck. To be a human being, it is necessary to be a consumer. The spirit may be willing to concentrate on individuality, but the flesh will not put up with it. Americans have never found their idealism blighted by the assurance of three square meals a day — those who have been fortunate enough to have that assurance. Idealism persists, if at all, not on undernourishment, but in spite of it. The best centres for developing individuality are well-nurtured, well-housed, and well-clothed human beings. The result of mass production in America has been greatly to increase the proportion of such human beings. Its goal must be to make any other kind unknown.

For centuries, men have praised the virtues of the poor. The poor do have virtues, many of them: tolerance, charity, sympathy, often an amazing generosity to those even poorer than themselves. But these are the virtues of the poor. They are not the virtues of poverty. Poverty has no virtues. It has not even the virtue, so long ascribed to it, of developing the 'spirituality' of its victims. Well-meaning souls, bent on making the best of a condition that has no best, have assured us that poverty, under its ugly disguise, is a heavenly disciplinarian. Released from poverty, it is said, the great masses of the poor would relapse into gross materialism.

This doctrine seems to be preached most eloquently by persons who are comfortably well off. We conclude that they themselves have developed spirituality without the beneficial influence of poverty. But if *they* can escape materialism, why not all of us? We too may be able to resist the deadening effect of comfort. At any rate, we should like to try it; especially as Henry Ford has just declared that poverty is not an evangel at all. It fosters, he says, not spirituality but materialism. The unfortunate man whose mind is continually bent to the problem of his next meal or his next night's shelter is a materialist perforce. How shall this unfortunate man be rescued?

By prayer and fasting?

'No,' says Mr. Ford. 'This man cannot get his mind off the grindstone of material needs. But emancipate him by economic security and the appurtenances of social decency and comfort, and instead of making him more of a materialist, you liberate him from the menace of materialism.'

Mr. Ford is a practical man. When he says, 'Emancipate this man by economic security,' he is not talking of Utopia. He is talking of something that can be done, 'now, at this time.' To do it, we must steadily increase production. To do that, we must steadily increase sales. To do that, we must steadily spend more money.

No doubt we shall also save more. For if, in the future, we save more money when prices rise and spend more money when prices fall, we shall, in the long run, spend more and also save more. It is no accident that wage earners in the United States have the largest per capita savings in the world and also the largest per capita expenditures.

Spending in proportion to producing, we do not lay waste our substance in Riotous Saving.

GRASSHOPPERS, SOLDIERS, AND SILK WEAVERS

BY ANNA LOUISE STRONG

I

I HATE Tashkent! It is a town where one always gets stuck much longer than one intended. When I tried to fly to Kabul I was held here two months, wondering blindly what was going on beyond that censored border into which my airplane refused to venture. It is easy to reach Tashkent, for all trains go there. It is hard to get out again, for trains are crowded, and telegraph is slow and plans not swift to make. One loses patience at the first touch of Asia, where time is not and the hours glide as the centuries. Beyond Tashkent one has learned, perchance, to adjust one's self.

The bad news which met my arrival seemed like Tashkent's usual fatality. Dubenko, Commander of the Army of Central Asia, told me on the second day that the flight to Horog in the Pamirs must be abandoned. The first test plane, bearing only its aviator, had landed and been unable to get off again. It seems that insufficient account had been taken of the high altitude in placing the airdrome, and there was not take-off space between the mountains. In two or three months a new landing field would be arranged, but at present the trip was canceled.

'But now that you have come so far, it is a pity to turn back to Moscow,' said Dubenko. 'If you care to go to the Pamirs, you can go in with the army. The troops in those distant posts change once a year, and the relief goes in from Osh in a few days. You can travel with one of these groups — some hundred soldiers.'

I asked if the presence of a woman would not prove an embarrassment. I admit that I wondered, privately, more about hardship than embarrassment. This trip into a region visited only by explorers, and spoken of with respect by the most hardy — could I keep up with the stalwart young peasant lads of an army?

Dubenko reassured me. 'Several women are going, and even babies,' he said. 'Such of the commanding staff as are married usually take their families.'

Babies in the Pamirs! Across those passes higher than Mont Blanc, camping for many weeks at 13,000 feet elevation, these hardy Russians carry babies. The wife of one of the commanders had come out to Osh to have her baby, giving birth in a hospital a few days after crossing the Pamirs! A pioneer race! To make the trek with such women and babies and their soldiers across the Roof of the World might be as exciting even as the abandoned airplane trip.

So again I waited in Tashkent, enduring its expensive and filthy hotel and rejoicing in its flower markets along the streets. By the headlines in its newspapers I knew that a war was on. A war not against men, but against grasshoppers. A war along the Afghan front where the winged foe was appearing in clouds to threaten the cotton harvest of Turkestan.

A serious war it was, fought with

airplanes, trenches, and poison gas. Along the streets of Tashkent marched students from the agricultural schools, preceded by a band. They were mobilized out to be officers in the Anti-Grasshopper Army. Under them a peasant militia was working, digging trenches, spraying poisons, smashing hundreds of advancing bodies with their spades. Scientists in laboratories were working overtime to devise the best means of extermination; these were broadcast by radio and newspaper and graphic picture for those who could not read. An Extraordinary Committee of Five, armed with special powers to organize knowledge, man power, and materials against grasshoppers, was for the moment supreme in Turkestan.

The enemy came flying in clouds ten miles long and two miles wide from the Afghan frontier; he darkened the sun with his masses. He was the same dread African locust that once cursed the days of Pharaoh. His normal home is the Sudan. But there come years of maximum fertility when the deadly female of the species lays many times the usual number of eggs, producing little grasshoppers of incredible voracity. In such years the clouds of locusts travel in all directions seeking green fields; they fly over 5000-foot ranges and across seas; for a thousand miles they may be carried by favoring winds.

Such was the winged army advancing against the cotton fields of Turkestan. It came with many victories to its credit. The previous year it had ravaged the north of Africa, and cast parts of Persia into famine. After wintering in Southern Persia and Afghanistan, it was flying northward on a 2000-mile front. It had penetrated Soviet Central Asia as far as the oasis of Khiva, a thousand miles from its point of entrance. Over this vast territory the battle raged.

Newspaper columns were given daily to the news from the front. Each day brought telegrams from a dozen regions. Old Bokhara reports four hundred tons of grasshoppers killed to date, which is estimated at 32,000,000 individuals. A wire from Dushembe reports 'a movement of locusts observed from Jar toward the Tajik Republic; detachments have been sent to meet them.' . . . 'In Regar the six instructors who arrived yesterday have mobilized most of the available man power; peasant militia to the number of 3000 have moved to the attack.' . . . 'Six scouting groups of twenty horsemen each have been sent into the surrounding deserts to locate egg-laying.' . . . 'Four companies of sixty students each are taking a week's emergency course in grasshopper fighting.' . . . In Termes, 'within two hours after the appearance of the young grasshoppers, 5000 peasants were mobilized; by the end of the day 8000 were working and had collected 12,000 bags full of the creatures.'

The methods of warfare vary with the stage of the enemy's development. As long as the locust flies, little can be done; airplanes with poison gas have only a moderate success and cannot be used near populated regions. Loud shouting and cannonading, the time-honored methods of the populace, divert the locust temporarily from her path, but are in the end futile. Fortunately this adult flying locust eats little, but is preparing for egg laying, after which she dies.

Airplanes may be used to scout the direction of the enemy's flight and the place where eggs are laid. When these are discovered, ploughing kills many of them. But ploughing cannot reach the millions of desert acres. On the edges of cultivated regions the young hatch out, without wings, but hopping along the ground. They eat voraciously;

in five weeks they change their skin five or six times, each time growing larger; at last they grow wings and fly to new pastures, having destroyed all behind them.

During the hopping stage they are most voracious, and can then also be most easily destroyed. Walls of sheet iron are erected across their pathway, diverting them into deep ditches where they are burned or buried. Even without sheet iron, wide ditches are effective. During some of the early stages, poisoned cotton waste scattered about the fields is a good weapon.

Tons of poisons, tons of sheet iron, thousands of trained workers are needed for this serious war with grasshoppers. A war chest of several million is voted; Moscow sends seventeen additional airplanes for observation and mapping; special landing fields are prepared; all freight marked 'Grasshopper' gets right of way on the railroad and goes at half rates. Five thousand soldiers from the army and many more thousand workers from factories are sent out to lead the more ignorant peasants in the fight.

War correspondents begin to return from the front. One describes the battle near Kushka. 'These columns are enough to cause panic to men. One of the commanders of a battalion has been sent to the hospital for the insane at Ashkabad; he had delusions of being overwhelmed by inescapable grasshoppers. . . . For twelve days they passed our lines and there was no strength to withstand them. They lashed in the eyes the men who faced them and made them turn and flee. Clouds of gases were turned upon them and they fell to earth, but in forty-five minutes revived and continued their flight.

'Kushka is the front post; behind her are the second, third, and fourth lines of defense. All along the railway from Merv down you see them. They are war trenches with driving gutters; the iron walls shine blindingly in the sun-struck sands of Kara-Kum; but sometimes they grow gray from the locusts beating against them. If there is the slightest forward slope to the wall, the locusts pass over on each other's bodies to the cultivated lands beyond. So far the brunt of the fight falls on the Aviakhim battalions, the workers, students, and Young Communists. On red-hot sands without water they work all day. With burned skins in a desert renowned for sunstrokes, they fight for the oasis of Murgab far behind them.'

Allies appear in the Grasshopper War. The chief natural enemy of the locust is the rosy starling. He has scented their approach and is coming south from the mountains of Samarkand. The starlings fight tirelessly till their bills stick shut from locust juices and they must have water lest they die of suffocation. Their helpers, the native peasants, set out barrels of water for starlings to drink.

The Mohammedan mullahs tell the natives that locusts are sent by God to punish their obedience to the Bolsheviki. Only by barrels of holy water can they attract the starlings. The Young Communists retort by attracting starlings with unblessed water. This adds a touch of amusing color to the fight.

Another touch is added by the rumor which starts along the border that 'locusts are sent against us by the English, who buy them at eighty kopeks a pood for this purpose.'

Thus the Grasshopper War was waged. By the time I came back from the Pamirs it was over, leaving noticeable but not catastrophic losses on the cotton fields of Central Asia. The richest valley, Fergana, it never reached at all.

II

Meantime Dubenko said to me, as I waited disconsolately in Tashkent: 'Would you care to take an air trip to a summer camp of the army? The chief of the air forces is going over for a day's work there.' So casually was the invitation given that I was somewhat overwhelmed to discover that the camp was fourteen hours distant by rail and then some fifty kilometres back in the hills. I went by air, a pleasanter method in the heat of Central Asia.

At five in the morning we left the Tashkent airdrome, soaring aloft to a height of eleven thousand feet to pass a range of snow peaks. Descending again, we marked how the snow gave place to desert hills, and these in turn to the green of irrigation. Shortly after seven we came to what was called an 'airdrome,' but in reality was only a flat expanse of desert from which rose two tiny columns of smoke built by Red soldiers to mark our way. We landed, set a guard for the day and night over the airplane, and took the Ford touring car that had come down from camp to meet us. It was a two hours' ride by atrocious roads in great heat.

My companion had formerly spent several years fighting bandits in this region and was now revisiting it for the first time since the end of the civil war. 'It is a new country,' he said. 'You see that black-haired girl waving at us from the roadside, and those youngsters making imitation salutes? When I was here before, the village doors were walled shut in terror, and stray shots from guerrillas were our roadside greeting. In those days the "bands" had most of the peasants with them, through either fear or racial allegiance; but now the peasants are with us, and help us chase the few bandits that arise.'

During a stop for repairs, we had tea at the inevitable *chaï-khana*, the carpeted tea platform of Central Asia; and a crowd of women with many babies clinging to them invited me to the rear of the house to the women's quarters. They were all unveiled, a change indeed in the past few years of Central Asia. They showed me their spring harvest of silk cocoons and pointed woefully to the number of dead silkworms smitten by an infection before they could weave their costly shrouds.

Two Uzbek girls now approached us and begged for a ride in our automobile to a village on our road where they wished to visit their parents. Their husbands were with them and seconded their request. There was room in our auto, so the two girls mounted with ecstatic grins, while other women, who had perhaps merely failed to think of a similar request in time, stared in envy. Two unveiled Uzbek damsels, riding in a car with a Russian commander and a soldier chauffeur, and waving their hand in triumph at every Uzbek peasant we passed! Was the presence of one American woman a sufficient chaperon? Certainly two years ago it would not have been so considered. The males of their families would have torn them in pieces for the shame they brought the household. But now the Uzbek husbands made of the army commander a convenience for their wives' visits to parents.

In the heat of noon we came into the mountain camp by the side of a turbulent stream. Groups of men in bathing trunks sat in the shade of the trees or played basket ball. The six hours daily allotted to military training had already been finished, from six to twelve at noon. For the rest of the day the men were free to wear what costume they chose, and bathing suits won the majority. Later in the afternoon I saw the various 'classes in politics' sitting

in groups of thirty under the trees with instructors, discussing the difference between state farming, collective farming, and communes. From a distance one hardly knew whether they were Uzbeks or Russians, so brown were their bodies burned by the tropical sun.

Lunch time! The men gathered in open-air pavilions, each seating a thousand men, for the inevitable Russian dinner of cabbage soup, meat, potatoes, and black bread. Members of officers' families ate in another but similar pavilion, where the meal must be paid for. Soldiers also could eat here, if they chose; but except when they had visitors they preferred the free food of their own pavilions. The soldiers had better music; each regiment had its band which played at ten meals a week, while in our smaller pavilion two stringed instruments sufficed.

The chief of Political Instruction sat beside me at lunch. 'The men are fed by the army,' he explained, 'but our dining pavilion is run by the Cooperatives of Andizhan. They give us three hot meals daily for thirty rubles a month. The portions are large; if you have a family of five, three portions will do. The Andizhan Coöperatives lose money on us; but that is considered part of their "social work."'

In the cool of early evening I strolled through the camp and saw many more evidences of the 'social work' done by civilian organizations to help the army. The camp was charmingly laid out, taking advantage of hillsides and stream. The torrent was diverted to form several shower baths, one fountain, and two cement swimming pools. Alleys of three-year-old poplars served as boundaries between regiments, of which several were camped here. The tents were raised high above foundations of sun-dried mud, rounded into walls and whitewashed. Inside each tent, on a wooden floor, were sleeping cots for ten men.

The real feature of the camp life was the club buildings. Hundreds of them, of all shapes and sizes, accommodating from fifteen to a hundred men. They had been planned by the men in conference with their commanders; their civilian 'patron organizations' had made donations to them; and the men themselves had built them, vying with each other in decoration schemes and comforts invented. Little summer-houses under trees served tea for three kopeks a glass; little square boxes of houses, gayly painted and set in formal gardens, offered various reading matter and posters. One regiment put all its club buildings four feet down into the earth for greater coolness; another secured the same result by double-roofing. Others diverted little streams from the general river to irrigate small plots of grass and hopeful attempts at flowers.

Everywhere in the afternoon were men working on clubhouses, putting up ornamental gates, painting posters, finishing the second swimming pool. The camp was only in its second year and the State gave only $10,000 to furnish it. The men themselves had given work worth several hundred thousands; and their civilian 'patrons' and friends had donated materials. The commander of one regiment thus indicated the proportion between the government funds and the voluntary. 'I got from the State $500 for outfitting our club; our "patron factory" gave us $25,000, of which most was spent on our winter club, but $7000 went to fix our summer camp.'

Who were these lavish 'worker patrons'? Chiefly the Uzbeks in cotton gins and cottonseed-oil factories of the Fergana Valley. Not Russians, but brown-skinned Asians voted to become 'patrons' of such and such a regiment.

Perhaps they voted it from trade-union funds; or perhaps they voted to give 'four hours' overtime work.' In any case, these Russian army boys were dependent for their club comforts on the votes of Uzbek workers.

'A large part of our task,' said the chief of Political Instruction, 'is to organize friendly contacts with the neighborhood and get many patrons. The task of a good commander is not merely to teach military tactics, and not merely to organize good social life for his men. Unless he secures good contacts among the workers, his organization suffers, and his reputation loses. A good regiment commander organizes visits by his men to factories, and return visits of factory workers to his army camp. He starts study circles on military subjects in the factories, and his staff volunteer to do the teaching.

'When ploughing time comes and the native peasants buy European ploughs through their coöperatives, but do not know how to use them, a good commander will send volunteer detachments of soldiers, themselves peasants from European Russia, to act as instructors of ploughing in Uzbek villages. Still more, for the hundreds of peasants who have never had a horse, and who farm painfully with spades and mattocks, a good commander organizes horse assistance, planning the work of his animals so that he can free some for ploughing. He stirs up interest among the agricultural-implement coöperatives, and gets the loan or hire of implements, even of tractors. Later, perhaps these same peasants, or their sons in the factories, vote to become his patrons.'

'The political lessons are more important than the military,' said one regiment commander frankly. 'The latter we can always shove in somewhere. But the political lessons must be given in accord with local events. Just now we are all helping, of course, in the Grasshopper War.'

I went in the evening to see the 'movies' in a great open square in the darkness. Here I met also a class of thirty miners, who had come from a near-by coal mine for a month's course in politics under army instructors. All during summer various civilians camp with the army. Some 1500 Young Pioneers come for a month's vacation, seeking chiefly a healthy vacation from the heat of Central Asian cities. They study surrounding nature and the life of the army while an army doctor cares for their health.

For the spring opening of the camp, the commander told me, over a thousand civilian guests came on foot and by horse cart from a radius of more than a hundred miles, to share in the celebration. For three days they camped with the army, and the army fed them. These brown-skinned Uzbek peasants and workers, patrons of various regiments, elected by their factories and villages as delegates for this visit, poured through the camp, attended club meetings and cinema, made suggestions and criticisms about the club arrangements and the new facilities needed. Anyone who can imagine this picture in contrast with the usual habits of white armies among brown-skinned populations will understand something of the revolution occurring in Asia.

III

Even with such excursions at hand, the wait in Tashkent grew dull. My train acquaintance, the praying dyer, had urged me to visit the Silk Makers Collective of Old Margelan. This was en route to Osh, whence the army caravan would start. I decided to start ahead of Commander Lavroff and his family, and stop over with the silk

weavers, joining the commander on a following train. It was with him that I was to make the trip into the Pamir posts.

After a ghastly jam at the Tashkent railway station, in which each person, showing his ticket, held up the line for no apparent reason, while corners of wooden fruit boxes tore my clothes, came an evening of enchantment. I drew by luck a sleeping-car compartment alone, and with window opened I watched the full moon shining over irrigated cotton fields and deserts. Loud songs of crickets rose in the air, which was softened by evening to a delicious coolness and fragrant with the breath of wide-growing summer.

Next morning we rode through an increasingly hot landscape, not unlike the inland valleys of Southern California, where sagebrush alternated with irrigated cotton, and distant snow peaks were veiled in haze. But very unlike California were the jostling colorful crowds at the stations, in bright turbans and long flapping dressing gowns known as khalats. Unlike California's trim motor roads was the track I later took to Old Margelan, jolting in an ancient hack amid smothering clouds of dust.

Water was the life of this region. Every muddy irrigation ditch a yard wide was an excuse for a *chai-khana* in which the population rested, reclined, talked, and drank tea. Families set little wooden cots lengthwise in these ditches and crowded on them to dangle their feet in the coolness, exposing their bodies to the slight breath of air that follows even such tiny streams. Little naked boys were plashing. Beyond these ditches rose uneven elevations of beaten earth dignified by the name of gardens, boasting a rug on the ground and a dust-laden shade tree above. At crossroads the male population of whole settlements sometimes lounged under a single shade tree.

Thus I drove past the Regional Executive Committee, the Regional Children's Commission, the new Silk Filature Mills, the dingy office of the Social Insurance, and came through the market to the Regional Union of Handicraft, to which my silk dyer belonged. They sent for him and he was a trifle surprised, but rather proud, to see me, and exhibit me as an American visitor come all the way to Old Margelan. He introduced me to the president of the Silk Makers Artel (production collective), Riabof-Muksunof, a former revolutionist from Russia. The latter at once asked if I could help him buy some German books.

'Books of technical explanation with pictures,' he said. 'We have some machines of the English system, 220 spindles in all, but no manual of instruction. I myself am an administrator; I knew nothing previously of silk making. The members of our artel are handicraftsmen; once Old Margelan was famous for its silks. Little by little we introduce some machinery, but we need explanations. Technical books on silk dyeing we also need — serious books, used by specialists.

'There are 16,000 silk-making artisans in Old Margelan,' he continued. 'Of these 7500 are now in our artel. Our dyer told you 5000? But since he went to Moscow we have been able to accept 2500 more members. It is all a question of how much credit we get; all the artisans wish to join us. But we must limit ourselves by our credits and materials.'

We visited houses of spinners, weavers, and dyers in the late afternoon. Cavern-like huts, with floor of beaten earth and a jagged hole in the mud roof to let in light near the loom or dyeing bench. A wooden platform at one end piled with sleeping pallets. 'Not so bad

in summer,' said Riabof-Muksunof. 'Cooler than in the street. But in winter it's very miserable, damp, chilling. Yet the artisans work here fourteen hours a day winter and summer. In the new Silk Filature Mills they have the eight-hour day and all sorts of social insurance. But most of the skilled artisans prefer their independence at home; it is chiefly unskilled girls who go to the mills.

'Little by little we hope to unite more artisans and get credits. We hope then to set up our own machines under collective ownership, where the artisans may grow used to a factory type of labor. At present the Turkestan Silk Trust exploits us, driving our prices down to make up the deficits on their eight-hour factory system. But eventually we shall get credit direct from the State Bank ourselves and not through the Turkestan Silk. Each year our status improves. Two years ago artisans were not even citizens; now they vote, elect members to the city soviet, and make demands.' I could not know if Riabof-Muksunof's accusations and hopes were true, or if he was the spokesman of artisans vainly opposing the factory advance.

As we went from house to house, our dyer shouted each time through the closed door. Sometimes a little girl peeped out to answer, 'No one but women are home.' It was then not proper for us to enter. On other occasions we were admitted to see a man sitting at a loom, primitively weighted and balanced in its motions by various sizes of stones. The dyer showed us his own shop where his brother and son were stamping bright colors with blocks on the cream-colored silk. He gave us tea, and *plov*, the main dish of Central Asia — rice cooked with small pieces of meat and fat. His wife did not appear to greet us, but remained in the women's quarters. But he showed us his other treasures, chiefly an ancient Koran, four hundred years old, in gold-shaded lettering on parchment, and exquisitely illustrated.

'I paid for this six hundred rubles in 1914, when I was a merchant,' he told us. And Riabof-Muksunof informed me, while the dyer held himself proudly, that the latter had received the name Abdullah-Kari, — reader of the Koran, — in token of a pious education.

I went for the night to the home of Riabof-Muksunof, in Skobelef, the old Russian town built for the conquerors a few miles across the valley, shabby and down at heel under its splendid trees, but with 'a human climate,' according to my host. 'With its abundant shade and its breeze down the ravines, its temperature may be thirty degrees lower than sun-baked Old Margelan in the hottest days.' Here in two rooms, where the president of the Silk Makers Collective lived with his wife and daughter, he told me his life, and discussed theories of government.

'I am not a Bolshevik,' he said, 'but a former revolutionist of a different party, disagreeing with the Bolsheviki on many points. I was first jailed at seventeen years, and for eighteen years I lived an illegal life. Once I spent two and a half years in solitary confinement. Sometimes men go crazy from that; if that does n't happen, then in the first six months they lose all sense of reality and live in a dream.

'The thing I criticize in the Soviet Power in this region is the low price they give cotton growers and silk makers. The market price for cocoons is fifty rubles a pood, but the government price is twenty-three rubles. The peasant is bound to the government by debts and must deliver his cocoons to it. From this come many rows and scandals. However, one must take into account how the government subsidizes this whole region, giving new schools,

more in proportion even than in Russian provinces, and issuing endless loans to poor peasants which it knows will never be paid.'

At this point in our talk a hurried rap came at the door and a man entered to talk hastily with my host, and then withdrew. 'He wants to borrow our automobile,' was the explanation. 'All the government offices borrow it; we never get any use of it ourselves. He must go in haste to-night to a town in the hills and bring down the judges who have just issued a death sentence against a group of murderers. These murderers have plenty of friends, and it is well to get the judges back to town quickly.'

Thus I learned the tale of a religious riot and murder in a little hill settlement of Mohammedans. The village proudly possessed a sacred grave, said to be some relative of Mohammed. 'All the villages have some relative of Mohammed,' remarked Riabof-Muksunof. There came to this village a Trotskyist, exiled here to some small job of cultural work. This ardent atheist announced that there was nothing holy about this grave, and that it was probably no grave at all, but an empty hole, and proceeded to prove his case by opening the spot. A band of villagers attacked him, cut him to pieces, and carried the pieces away as souvenirs, saying, 'Thus shall it be done to those who attack religion.' Thereupon an investigating commission came, detected some of the murderers, finished the opening of the 'grave' in the presence of a large crowd and proved that there was nothing whatever in it, and followed this up by a spectacular public trial. They had apparently succeeded. All the same, they wished to leave the spot quickly.

'However,' said Riabof-Muksunof, 'the country is really very quiet now. A few years ago the peasants supported the bands. Now they report bands to the government and help in their capture. This little religious flare-up is an exception. The peasant wants peace and order; the moment a guerrilla war starts, everyone takes the peasant's horses and he can't move out of doors. Then he starves. The peasant believes now that the Soviet Power can give him order, and he supports it for that.'

I asked Riabof-Muksunof if there had been large massacres of peasants by Bolshevist troops in the Fergana Valley, as reported in books I had seen abroad. He looked puzzled. 'No special ones that I know of,' he said. 'There was plenty of killing on both sides during the civil war and the war with the bands. Hundreds and hundreds of Red agitators both Uzbek and Russian went to certain death by torture in the efforts to "reason" with the bands. Sometimes these efforts succeeded; it was always worth trying by the sacrifice of one emissary to bring peace to a whole neighborhood. But mostly the bands cut red stars and sickles and hammers on the breasts of these victims, and cut off ears and nose and mutilated them in many ways before they killed them. At last the Reds in this region grew strong enough to use force instead of reasoning. Naturally they killed lots of those bandits then.'

The following day I took the train, on which I met Commander Lavroff, his wife and baby, and several other persons of his party. Together we rode to the end of the Fergana Valley at the city of Andizhan. And together we took the autobus which brought us, late at night, to the town of Osh. Here was to start the caravan for the High Pamir.

THE ALSATIAN QUESTION

BY JACQUES NEUKIRCH

I

ALSACE-LORRAINE has now been reunited with France for something over eleven years, and the fact is generally well known that neither France nor the redeemed provinces are entirely satisfied with the work of reconciliation. Foreign newspaper correspondents in France have sent home accounts of the various difficulties encountered, and all the pro-German or anti-French propagandists have sought to prove that the two provinces are now anti-French (which is not true), in the same way that they claimed during the war that the provinces were pro-German (which was as false).

Now, eleven years after the Armistice, it is possible to appraise the work done by France in Alsace-Lorraine, to explain the problems which have arisen and the methods employed for their solution, and to set forth the present situation in the provinces as seen by the rank and file of citizens. It is with these questions so far as they relate to Alsace, where the problem of assimilation has been most difficult and where feeling has run much higher than in Lorraine, that the present paper is to deal. It may be said at once that the work accomplished by France has not been the magnificent success, has not brought about the frictionless and perfect assimilation, that everyone, with exaggerated optimism, expected in 1918. On the other hand, it is far from having been a failure.

In 1918, the Alsatians, after forty-eight years of German domination, greeted with enthusiasm their return to French rule and welcomed the French troops as conquering heroes on their entrance into the towns and villages. In fact, anti-German feeling had run so high during the war that 20,000 Alsatians had crossed no man's land at the peril of their lives to fight in the French ranks (several thousand had fallen between the lines as they were trying to pass through). Furthermore, in 1918, the people of Alsace would certainly have considered the plebiscite that President Wilson wished to impose upon them as an affront to their honor and their loyalty to France.

However, the most ardent enthusiasm and the warmest affection can hardly suffice in themselves to join two peoples who have been separated for so long. In reality, the French Government was faced by a very difficult problem: how to bring back into the great French family a country speaking a German patois and living under German laws, a country which, in the course of forty-eight years, had lost all contact with French life. Victorious France in 1918 was no longer Imperial France of 1870, and the Alsace of 1918 was no longer the Alsace of the Second Empire. Each one had developed along lines which were most often diametrically opposite.

Until 1870, Alsace had developed in entire economic, political, and religious harmony with the rest of France. The Concordat of 1802, retained after 1815 by the monarchies and the Second

Empire, assured the union of the churches and the State. Napoleon III, in fact, although pursuing a policy very favorable to the Catholic Church, was also just and tolerant to other sects. And Alsace, where the democratic spirit was very much alive, had welcomed the reforms which transformed the Absolute Empire of 1852 into the *Empire libéral* of 1867–70.

At the close of the Great War, the situation was very different. Political France, whose real sentiments, masked for some years by the patriotic and religious crisis of the war, were to reappear in 1924, had changed greatly since 1870. A secular spirit which easily became anticlerical had brought about the separation of Church and State. This spirit, this political tendency, exemplified by the Radicals and the Radical Socialists, was entirely foreign to the Alsatians, who had preserved the Concordat.

From the political point of view, the Third Republic kept the traditional principle of 1798, further strengthened by Napoleon I, of a very strongly centralized state. Alsace, on the other hand, had followed under the German domination an exactly contrary evolution. Having been annexed to Germany by force, it wished to be as little German as possible; hence its efforts, especially at the beginning of this century, to gain a rather broad autonomy. In 1870, the Imperial German Government made of Alsace-Lorraine a Reichsland — that is to say, a province which belonged to the Empire as a whole rather than to any particular state, such as Prussia or Bavaria. The Kaiser was represented at Strasbourg by a governor who, having executive power, appointed the officials and commanded the police. The Alsatians sent representatives to the Reichstag. They, being a tiny minority, could only make formal protests against the Imperial administration. At Strasbourg, finally, — and this is the institution whose autonomous character is the most evident, — the Germans created a Landesausschuss, a small local parliament which voted the provincial budget and the laws of the local administration. Gradually its powers were increased, in the endeavor to satisfy the Alsatians and to reconcile them to being German. Furthermore, throughout the Empire, in the first years of the reign of Wilhelm II, new social laws creating workmen's insurance against sickness, accident, and old age were put in force, bettering the situation of the working classes in a nation whose industrial and commercial importance was constantly increasing. At the same time a severe, rather harsh administration, but minute, exact, and rapid, collaborated in a highly efficient manner with the life and progress of the country.

In short, Alsace between 1870 and 1918, in spite of its anti-German sentiment and a bit because of it, had developed — or had been developed — in the direction of a political autonomy more apparent than real; and it had become, by reason of the social laws introduced by Germany and its own economic development, a country comparable to the most modern — even, we must say, in many points more advanced than France. Alone the religious laws, which had been repealed in France, remained unchanged beyond the Vosges. The German Empire recognized, in fact, the union of the churches and the State — not only the Roman Catholic Church, but also the Protestant Reformed, the Augsburg Confession, and the Hebrew.

From this one may realize the tragic side of the situation of Alsace in 1918 with regard to France. In spite of the efforts to remain in contact with each other after 1870, forty-eight years

without political or religious relations had caused a profound spiritual separation between the two countries. After 1870, Alsace, hating Germany and feeling France becoming more distant each year, had gradually withdrawn into itself.

That, then, was the problem, at once long and difficult to solve. Let us examine how, since the Armistice, each side has worked toward a solution.

II

In the first years which followed the cessation of hostilities, all seemed to be going well. The villages which had been totally or in part destroyed were reconstructed. The Alsatians also began ardently to learn French, a duty whose importance could not be exaggerated. Many Germans were banished. The people accompanied them as far as Kehl or Chalampé on the Rhine for the joy of seeing them at last depart! However, the Treaty of Versailles gave French nationality, if requested, to every German man or woman who had married an Alsatian; and those Germans remained, although not in great numbers, for mixed marriages were rare. There remained also those whom it was not possible to banish because their places could not immediately be filled — railway employees, government clerks, business men; in all, perhaps 50,000.

France temporarily replaced the German governor by a High Commissioner, a sort of Under-Secretary for Alsace-Lorraine, detached from Paris and living in Alsace, who decided on his own responsibility numerous questions interesting the three departments into which the two provinces had been divided. The system had its good points and, under a man like Millerand, functioned well.

For the time being, the German laws were retained; French laws were to be introduced gradually. In fact, certain German statutes, such as those concerning insurance, the *cadastre*, the *registres du commerce*, bankruptcy, and the publicity of matrimonial registers, were more advanced and more perfect than the French; and to have suppressed them would have been taking a step backward. For that reason the Alsatian deputies in Parliament proposed to extend them over France as a whole. Between 1918 and 1924, French schools and *lycées* were organized, and, gradually and prudently, some French laws were introduced.

Those measures were prudent and wise in themselves. Nevertheless, already in 1921 or 1922 the first signs of discontent began to appear, caused by the complicated machinery of French administrative procedure. The problems to be solved, particularly those relating to the compensation for war damages, were undoubtedly complex and difficult; but, for that very reason, the government would have done well to simplify its administrative methods in the province, to retain the High Commissioner longer than the first few years, and to consider first of all the rapid satisfaction of justifiable demands, instead of maintaining so rigidly its respect for vexatious formalities. However, it merely extended to Alsace the methods used in the remainder of the country, and the Alsatian, accustomed to the methodical, organized ways of the decentralized German régime, began to complain of the slow and excessively centralized French administration. The situation in 1930 remains unchanged.

There is, for example, the matter of municipal loans. A town requires money to prolong an important tramway line. Under the German régime, communities could freely borrow the money they needed for their projects.

Now, under the French since the recall of the High Commissioner, they have to apply to the Sous-Secrétariat for Alsace-Lorraine in Paris for the permission to issue a loan; and that results in official investigations, red tape, and lost time. It is so with everything. It seems always necessary to go through Paris in order to get anything accomplished, even though the things are of minor importance. The Alsatian, who has a developed practical sense, refuses to understand; he calls the obstacles ridiculous vexations. He demands a broad municipal freedom, regional freedom even; and then he is called an autonomist. He is, however, rarely so in the real sense of the word. He asks only administrative reform, for he is persuaded that the old centralized system of Napoleon I has had its day.

The curious point is that most French people are in agreement with him on this point, but have resigned themselves to what they consider irremediable. In fact, as long as centralization of the power in Paris is for the party in power an instrument which permits it to superintend the political life of the country in its most minute details, there is little chance of seeing serious reforms made in the sense of administrative decentralization.

In addition to the physical delays, the Alsatian is shocked by the spirit of French officialdom, a spirit of *laisser-aller* and complete lack of interest which gives the impression, when a citizen enters a government office, not that the clerks are there to serve him, but that he is disturbing them and that they resent it. There is also the presumption on the part of the personnel that every citizen is to be suspected of trying to defraud the State, a point of view particularly evident in the tax departments; and this shocks many honest people who have never thought of defrauding even the German State. The spirit which reigned in the administrative offices came partly at first from the way in which the personnel had been recruited.

Often the government placed in Alsace Southerners — Gascons, who knew no German, did not understand the patois, and felt themselves completely lost in a strange country. Naturally, the Alsatian who had business with them, often without being able to make himself understood, became impatient and grumbled at this invasion by heteroclite bureaucrats. The Southerners sometimes called the Alsatians 'Boches'; above all, they thought of them as such, on account of their dialect and different mentality. In the offices and in the schools there were disagreements and friction between the Alsatian personnel and the French, which passed for being favored. There was a professor in the *lycée* of Mulhouse who said that in Alsace one had the impression of being in a colony; and he protested against an administrative policy which made it so appear.

The Alsatians, for these reasons, find frequent opportunities to use their recognized talents for faultfinding. As an example, we may cite this incident which occurred. A train was delayed for some time, for an unknown reason, in a little local station, and the passengers became more and more impatient.

'Yes,' they said, 'under the Germans the railroads were run well. The trains were never late! It is terrible now all these Frenchmen are in charge!'

At this moment the conductor entered. Someone asked him why the train was waiting. 'What is the station agent doing?'

'Oh,' replied the conductor, 'the station agent is a Boche that the French have kept in his position.' And immediately everybody in the car shouted: 'What! A Boche here as station agent! Kick him out! Kick him out!'

This story, which well reveals the Alsatian character, shows also the difficulty of the administrative problem. It has not been possible to remove all the Germans because they could not be replaced. On the other hand, those that were removed — the high officials, civil engineers, and so on — have had to be replaced for the most part by Frenchmen, for trained Alsatians did not exist in sufficient numbers. Hence, jealousy and irritation have arisen.

What is the solution of this problem? Poincaré, by the decrees of November 1927, engaged France on the road of decentralization, enlarging the powers of the municipalities, of the subprefects and the prefects; but it is still definitely insufficient. And a very strong public opinion will be necessary before any government dares to present to the Chamber a law which will decentralize administrative, even economic, life.

On the other hand, the question of the personnel is partially solved to-day. The Alsatians occupy more and more — and already to a greater extent than in the German period — the important posts in the railroads (which are state-controlled) and in the administration, properly speaking. At the same time, on account of the fact that they were first sent to positions in the interior of France, they have been able to learn the French language more thoroughly and to return to Alsace with a better understanding of their fellow countrymen beyond the Vosges.

III

The first cause of Alsatian discontent was, therefore, dissatisfaction with the administration. From 1919 until 1924 there was scarcely any other.

Suddenly, however, in the year 1924, the government's policy underwent a change. Herriot and the Radicals came into power, and a short time afterward, under the pretext of unifying the law in France, Herriot announced his intention of establishing in Alsace the separation of the Church and State and of suppressing the denominational schools. The French anticlericals had, in fact, a particular grudge against Alsace because it had retained the union of the churches and the State.

The Alsatians were surprised at this resurrection of the French anticlerical spirit, which they did not understand and had every reason to fear; and immediately there was war. The people of Alsace reminded Herriot of the promise made by Joffre in 1915 that the French Government would respect their religious laws; and, in the little villages where the priest or the minister is king, a resolute campaign was begun against the anticlerical government, against irreligious France. An example often cited will show the enormous influence of the priest in electoral matters.

On the Sunday before the vote, a priest said at Mass: 'We recommend that you vote for the candidate who will defend your faith, your children, and your schools.' The result on election day was: voters registered, 193; ballots cast, 193. Monsieur Pfleger, candidate of the *Union populaire républicaine* (the Catholic party) received 193 votes, other candidates, 0. Thus, for those who knew the simple Alsatian peasants and the enormous influence of the village priests, it was easy to foresee the result of an anticlerical campaign. Religious Alsace was solidly against Herriot.

Then suddenly, a short time later, people began to talk of an autonomist movement just started by a society called the Heimatbund and its German language newspaper, the *Zukunft*. The names of the leaders — Ricklin, Rossé, and others — were not then known. The *Zukunft*, written in an excellent

German which sufficed to distinguish it from the other newspapers in the language, found immediately numerous readers among the intellectuals and the priests who had been educated in German universities and seminaries, and who felt themselves almost in a strange land since French had become again the official language. The *Zukunft* proclaimed: 'Irreligious France is threatening our faith, our customs, and our language. It is our duty to defend those holy things. For that reason, we must have a broad liberty and a real autonomy; we must have a parliament at Strasbourg, where we may send men to make our laws. Long live Alsace, free and autonomous!'

In the beginning people made fun of this discontented and ambitious group; but, nevertheless, its influence grew in the country districts. The priests rallied to the secret orders of the Abbé Haegy, who had become the clandestine leader of the movement, and openly disobeyed the admirable Bishop of Strasbourg, Monsignor Ruch, a great-hearted patriot, who predicted better times and urged his clergy to be patient. From the pulpit certain priests and ministers started a systematic propaganda of hatred and disparagement of everything French, to such an extent that the good peasant who left his village for the first time exclaimed with astonishment on seeing a French village: 'What! A church! It is incredible. I thought the French were all pagans or Freemasons!'

But why had the clergy, so patriotic in 1919, come over so suddenly to autonomism? The fact is that the questions of faith and pocketbook are closely linked for the clergy of Alsace. Priests and ministers in the province are government employees, well paid by the State. In the smallest villages the clergyman receives about fifteen thousand francs a year, considerably more than the schoolmaster. For that reason, it must be confessed that the moral level of the clergy in Alsace is not so high as in France, where disestablishment obtains. Many young men, the most intelligent among the peasants' and workingmen's sons, choose the clerical profession, not because they feel a real spiritual vocation, but simply because they realize all the material and social advantages which it carries with it. Now, if the churches were disestablished, the clergymen would be obliged to live on the contributions of their faithful. Therefore, one cannot expect disinterestedness from the good priests for whom faith is of secondary importance. The majority, at least, are ferociously interested, first in their salary, and secondly in their little rural kingdom, the spiritual fief over which they reign.

The question of language also has its place. The peasants speak a German patois and their newspapers are in German; the village priests preach either in German or in the patois. What will happen if the peasant's children, if not he himself, begin to speak French? They will tend to escape from the exclusive power of the priest and rise socially and culturally. In fact, the Alsatians know the *Muttersprache* — good German — very poorly, and cultural relations between Germany and Alsace have almost ceased. Therefore, by leaving the peasants in their patois, the priests maintain them in a limited ignorance by means of which they hope to keep their power for a long time. For this reason, the priests naturally include in their autonomist programme the defense of the *Muttersprache*.

For the clergy, then, autonomism means the defense of their material, social, and, least of all, their spiritual position. 'The League of the Priests and Ministers of Alsace for the Protection of Their Pocketbooks' — thus an

Alsatian humorous journal qualified the Heimatbund.

We shall not insult the intelligence of the priests who supported the Heimatbund by pretending that they really believed France would be stupid enough to accord real autonomy to Alsace. It meant already yielding considerable ground to leave the Alsatians all their laws in 1918. To grant the province real autonomy, however, would be to destine Alsace to be immediately swallowed up by Germany; and the first to complain and to accuse France of abandoning them would be the Alsatians themselves. So the autonomist campaign has been, instead of a real movement working at any cost for its goal, rather a campaign to intimidate the government by mass manifestations, by a real movement of public opinion, and, somewhat according to the formula of Lyautey, 'to make a show of force in order not to have to use it.' The autonomists said: 'You will promise us, for example, not to touch our religious laws for fifty years, or else we shall raise religious Alsace solidly against France.' In the beginning, they seemed to have calculated well; they succeeded in alarming Herriot, and he abandoned his plans. Eventually, however, they went too far.

The clandestine leader was, as we have said, the Abbé Haegy. He was a cunning, ambitious, embittered man, who, before 1914, had played a rôle of some importance as a representative of the Catholic Centre Party in the Landesausschuss. During the war, he had compromised himself more or less with the Germans, a mistake people did not pardon in Alsace. So, after 1918, he lost all political power; the Alsatians would not send a doubtful patriot to represent them in Paris.

But Haegy could not resign himself to a minor rôle in the *Union populaire républicaine*, as the Catholic party was called after 1918; and his ambition was reawakened when he saw the advantage he might gain from the new autonomist movement. He thought that his hour had struck and that he might once more be a power in the province as leader of the Heimatbund. He did not, however, dare to declare himself openly in favor of the autonomists. Belonging to the U. P. R., his policy tended to unite it with the autonomists by a campaign of systematic disparagement of France, threatening finally to turn definitely to autonomism if Alsace did not receive solemn guarantees that its faith, institutions, and language would be respected. Autonomism developed, thanks to him, if not because of him; and finally it seemed to melt into a single movement with Haegy as its leader. He naturally denied it. All he was asking for Alsace was a certain autonomy — 'within the framework of France,' he added hypocritically when he was pressed for definite details.

In the midst of this, in the early summer of 1926, a journalist, Édouard Helsey, published a series of sensational articles in the Paris *Journal*, accusing Haegy of playing Germany's game, even going so far as to call him a traitor bought with German gold. This was, in fact, the fear of a few and the opinion of the many. It was quite evident that the autonomist activity delighted the Germans, and people had every reason to fear that the German Government would encourage it, not in words alone, but with money as well, from its secret funds.

Before all the articles had appeared, Haegy filed a libel suit against Helsey. When it came to trial in Colmar shortly after, Henri-Robert was retained by Helsey, and the defense immediately assumed the aspect of a prosecution; from first to last the plaintiff and his lawyers were on the defensive. Public opinion, in France as well as in Alsace,

followed the sessions with passionate interest. The presiding judge, admirably tactful throughout, wished the trial to assume a symbolic value, for it to mark a sort of reconciliation between France and Alsace. After two weeks of passionate sessions in which his lawyer was defeated at every turn, Haegy, moved or (who knows?) once more hypocritical, accepted a tricolored bouquet, cried, 'Vive la France!' and abandoned his suit.

People had to be very optimistic to believe that a bouquet and a little patriotic emotion would end the Alsatian crisis. Haegy was soon attacking France as violently as before. However, in the interval, Poincaré had returned to power, and from that time the autonomists faced a more formidable antagonist. Poincaré assured the Alsatians that he would respect their religious laws; but, on the other hand, he warned the autonomists that he would fight relentlessly the enemies of France and oppose every movement which sought to detach Alsace from France.

Haegy became more prudent. The Heimatbund, on the other hand, in the course of 1927, increased its activity, multiplied its newspapers (*Zukunft*, *Elsass*, and others), and even dared to found a militia, the Schutzbund. The Heimatbund seemed to possess a really considerable fund for propaganda. Then the police learned that several autonomists were making frequent trips to Germany and apparently not returning empty-handed. The government decided to act. The *Zukunft* was suspended. Dr. Ricklin and Rossé, the leaders, were arrested, and others sought refuge in Germany. A second trial was begun, with Ricklin, Rossé, and their subordinates accused of criminal propaganda and high treason.

The trial was awkwardly conducted. Several times the impression was given that the government had proofs, but that it did not wish to use them for reasons of international policy (relations with Germany were good and, thanks to Briand, becoming better). Finally, Ricklin and Rossé were condemned to light sentences.

The autonomists, naturally, regarded them as martyrs and immediately set about preparing for them a brilliant revenge. It succeeded. In the next legislative elections, both Rossé and Ricklin were elected deputies to Parliament by rather large pluralities. Of course, being in prison, both were ineligible. At the same time, almost everywhere in Alsace — as, for instance, in Strasbourg, Saverne, and Hagenau — the autonomists won successes. In 1929, in the municipal elections, the mayoralties of Colmar and Strasbourg were carried by a coalition of autonomists and communists. In fact, it was due to that alliance that the autonomists, in 1928 as well as in 1929, gained success. It was somewhat paradoxical, to say the least, that the champions of religion should join forces with the members of the Third Internationale of Moscow; nevertheless, they did — one more of Haegy's *tours de force*. The alliance was the clearest confession of the autonomists' inability to win politically by themselves; and it did not fail to scandalize many thinking Catholics and many other good people who now, for the first time, saw things more clearly.

Ricklin and Rossé left prison somewhat less arrogant than before their trial, and, now that their party is in control of some great cities, it is becoming more moderate, like every radical party that comes into power. Moreover, the tone of Haegy's newspapers has changed notably; they are now less sensational and much more conciliatory. One would say that he is seeking pardon for his alliance with the communists. Furthermore, he has recently

been defeated for senator by the national candidate. He should remember!

IV

Dissatisfaction with administrative methods and the religious policy of the government has often been qualified by the term 'Alsatian discontent.' This discontent, of purely cultural and political origin, as we have seen, has been efficiently combated by the economic situation, which, rapidly improving since the war, has never been so prosperous as during these last years. That is a domain in which France has made a brilliant success, which all Alsatians, even the most fiercely autonomist, are obliged to recognize.

Agriculture has regained its former prosperity. The grape growers feared at one time, because of the high price of Alsatian wines, a disastrous competition from the South of France; and they deplored the loss of the German market, which formerly absorbed so large a quantity of the Alsatian vintages because of their resemblance to the most celebrated Rhine wines. However, the grape growers quickly found the true solution: to win the French market for their best vintages by supplanting entirely the Rhine wines. Now, by concentrating their attention on their best vintages and constantly bettering their quality, they have created a distinctive product which has no equivalent on the French market.

The potash mines have become extremely prosperous since the war. Under the German régime, the development had been sacrificed for the benefit of the mines in Saxony; so 1918 marks an important date in the Alsatian industry. Production, constantly increasing, is at present three times that of 1918. No new mine has been sunk; the Alsatians have merely exploited intensively those in existence. Since Alsatian labor was not sufficient in numbers, thousands of Poles were brought in. Whole villages of pretty houses were built for them in what had been forest and deserted country. The result is that to-day the Alsatian miners are among the happiest workmen in France. Each one possesses a house, usually charming, with a character of its own distinguishing it from its neighbors, a garden, and flowers; and sometimes the bourgeois of moderate means casts an envious eye upon it, thinking of the gray house which awaits him in the town.

The rapidly increasing production of the Alsatian basin has had its effect on the German potash producers. France consumes only about 10 per cent of the Alsatian production, and the remainder must be exported. The Germans have found themselves in the same situation and, since the war, have continually encountered Alsatian competition in foreign markets, particularly the Swiss, Dutch, and American. They proposed to the French a cartel which would determine for each producer the percentage of his production and his sales and thus prevent disastrous competition. This is the same cartel that was prosecuted as illegal two or three years ago in the United States. Since the world potash consumption is continually increasing, there is every reason to believe, unless something unforeseen happens, that the prosperity of the mines will continue.

Manufacturing has made great strides. The textile industry — especially cotton — has had no trouble in resuming its hold on the French market, and it will shortly find an important outlet in the colonies. Old firms of reputation have had an extraordinary renewal of activity. A certain house, for example, half ruined by the war, issued in 1919 shares with a par value of 500 francs ($100). This same stock to-

day, taking into consideration the fact that it has been split two for one, is worth approximately 24,000 francs ($940).

The metallurgical industry follows the movement. The Société Alsacienne de Constructions Mécaniques, which saw its factories divided between France and Germany in 1870, was able in 1918 to combine its two branches once more and begin anew with a burst of activity. In 1928, it fused a portion of its interests with the Thomson-Houston Company and a new era of efficient production seems to have opened. Automobile manufacture, too, with Mathis and Bugatti, has developed remarkably.

Communications have been further and efficiently improved. In particular, the grandiose work should be mentioned which has been accomplished at Strasbourg, making that city the greatest river port in France after Paris and, by means of coal and coke from the Ruhr, oil, wheat, wood, and the like, an importing city of the first rank. This work is being continued. Parallel to the Rhine a canal has been dug which will permit barges to go up the river without difficulty as far as Basel. In addition, at each dam a hydro-electric plant has been constructed which will develop nearly 1,000,000 horsepower (estimated).

In sum, Alsace has again taken without difficulty its natural place in French economic life. Its industrial production finds a more important outlet in the agricultural country that France still is to-day than it did before the war in an already greatly industrialized Germany. Finally, France, in the commercial treaties which she has negotiated since the Armistice, has constantly sought to favor the external commerce of Alsace.

V

Post-war Alsace offers the spectacle of a country which is struggling to find its destiny; and an impartial observer will easily gain from a study of the situation the idea that that destiny is not, and cannot be, anything else than that of France itself. The fact that an autonomous Alsace would be an economic impossibility is beginning to penetrate the masses; and it is penetrating, not because of propaganda, but because of the definite, tangible, and visible results which have been mentioned.

If France respects the religious laws in Alsace, removing the chief grievance of the people and the chief *raison d'être* of the autonomist party; if she renders her administrative methods more flexible; if, in fine, she continues the work of conciliation in the really lofty and liberal spirit which alone is worthy of her great traditions, it will then be only a question of time before the Alsatians as a whole realize that their political security and commercial prosperity depend upon their permanent union with France. The embittered autonomist minority will be submerged in a patriotic majority seeking to coöperate in every way with the French Government and the French nation.

In another ten years, when the generation born in 1919 shall have attained its majority, a new Alsace will be seen. Knowledge of the French language, which alone can bring perfect and sympathetic understanding, will be widespread and general; the spiritual bonds broken after 1870 will be renewed. A real coöperation, rendered by that time more easy, will permit the solution of political problems which are primarily only a question of time and patience.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITY

My prehistoric ancestor, Edward W. Stonehammer, undoubtedly got a large part of his living by the bow and arrow. It was a simple matter for him, in the course of a morning's hunt, to bring down a woolly mammoth or a cave bear, and thereby provide his family with food for a considerable time. It may be that my love for the ancient weapon has come down the long line from him to me. I, of course, took to the bow for recreation rather than as a means of livelihood; nevertheless I long ago became convinced that with reasonable assiduity a man could support himself by the bow and arrow even to-day — not, perhaps, in luxury and enervating affluence, but at least in modest comfort. This is how I came to think so.

One beautiful October afternoon in my freshman year at college I went down to the 'Common,' at the lower end of the town, for a shoot, all by myself. As I entered the little park from the street a flock of white Leghorn hens were feeding slowly away from me at the opposite end of the grounds, and gradually making their way, one by one, through the hedge that formed the rear boundary of one of the abutting back yards.

By the time I had my bow strung and the first arrow nocked, only one hen remained in sight. I had intended to place a piece of paper on the ground for a target, but as I looked down the field the plump body of that snow-white hen stood out against the dark background of the close-cut grass as the most conspicuous thing in sight — a mark that no true archer, from the aforesaid Mr. Stonehammer down, could have resisted.

The distance was about one hundred yards, and as I loosed the arrow I had no remotest idea of making a hit. The chances were fifty to one against it. I thought only of seeing how near I could come. But that shaft must have been fletched with feathers from a wing of the angel of death. As its long parabola sank to earth there came to my ear that dull 'tchuck' which, once heard, is never forgotten.

Then bedlam broke loose. Out of that wildly flopping white mass arose a clamor that assailed high heaven. No emu, no cassowary, no ostrich, not even the roc, it seemed to me, could have made such a din.

I ran as fast as I could toward the stricken bird, expecting every moment that back windows would go up and back doors open, and the accusing eyes of half the neighborhood would fix me with their baleful glare.

But no. The cries subsided, the white mass settled into stillness, no neighbor showed a face.

Having noted the yard into which the other hens had gone, I knew where the *corpus delicti* belonged; so, hiding my weapons and the dead hen in the hedge, I walked round the block and rang Dr. Parmenter's front door bell.

'Doctor,' I said, 'I have been shooting the bow out here on the Common, and have killed one of your hens. I want to pay for it.'

'Oh, I guess that's all right. I don't want anybody to pay for an accident.'

'But I would much rather pay.'

'Well, if you feel that way, we'll call it fifty cents. That's about what hens are worth now.'

I paid the fifty cents and returned to the hedge. There, as I gazed at my victim, a Great Thought came to me. That hen had died a violent death. One moment she had been in the fullness of life; in the next, translated, even as was Enoch. Moreover, I could see that she had led a reputable and circumspect existence. Her features, now calm in death, showed no signs of dissipation or late hours or worry. Age, too, had been kind. Her eye was not dimmed, nor her natural force abated. She was fit to eat!

With the body wrapped in a newspaper, I made my way to Mrs. Simpson's, where a little group of us were boarding in 'commons.' One of the group acted as steward, in compensation for his meals; and Mrs. Simpson, for a modest stipend, cooked and served the food. At the end of the week each of us got a bill for his share of the cost of meals and service.

I turned my bird over to Cochrane, the steward, and told him my story.

'Good!' he said. 'We'll have her fricasseed.'

Thus it was that on the morrow we all had a good 'chicken' dinner, which, for me, of course, was also a bonus on the fifty cents with which I had expiated my crime.

But that was not the end of the matter. Saturday came, and as usual I found the week's board bill by my plate; but this time, not as usual, I discovered at the bottom of it, below the footing of what was due, a magic entry, an altogether lovely sentiment: 'Credit, by one hen, fifty cents.'

You perceive now, of course, why I believe an industrious youth could still make a living with the bow and arrow. I had had my sport, had recovered the whole of my initial investment, and on top of that was one chicken dinner to the good. Any thoughtful person will see the implication; it is inescapable. If one hen a day was good for a clear profit of one meal, two hens would yield two meals, and twenty would produce almost a whole week's board. The capital required was inconsiderable, the turnover was very rapid. It looked like a sure thing.

No doubt a steady diet of fricasseed hen might pall in time, but that difficulty need not be troublesome. By a simple system of barter, say by meal tickets that should make fricasseed hen legal tender, it would be easy enough to exchange a possibly monotonous diet for one more varied. There will always be plenty of persons who like chicken.

'Are their heads off?'

The annual slaughter of the innocents has begun. Columbia University, holder of the world's record for hospitality to educational convocations, provides the battlefield. The august College Board, used by parents nowadays to fear babes withal, summons the defensive army. The offense, newly recruited each year, is making another assault upon the colleges.

We whose privilege it is to preserve the President's English have sharpened our pencils and squared our jaws and spied out the weaknesses of the enemy. Each split infinitive and comma splice will soon run red with our markings. Not a misplaced modifier shall escape our ambush.

We are not a bad lot in a general view. We are even a trifle merry now that the classroom no longer smothers the fire of our wit. Something of a holiday air pervades the scene in spite of the solemnity of the task we are engaged upon. I even find my heart warming a little to Mr. A——, who collects errors in punctuation with the

delight of a connoisseur and keeps a private record of them (which he carefully shades from the curious with his left hand). One suspects that he is meditating a *magnum opus* on the full stop. Miss H——, headmistress of one of our leading female seminaries, greets me with a cordiality I had not supposed she felt toward any man. But then, this is a festive season for her; she has consecrated her life to the defeating of enthusiasms, and these hundreds of aspiring papers give her a fair field.

So generally pleased with our reunion are we that not until the third day shall I find myself annoyed by the languid young master in English from the S—— School. He is convinced, I am certain, that he is a thwarted genius. He devotes his ruined life, magnanimously, to the discovery of mute Miltons among the candidates. Where a more jaundiced eye can find only nonsense, he discerns fantasy which suggests a Barrie-to-be. He trembles with expectancy over a squalid little theme on 'Adventures in My Back Yard,' hoping to see a Zola burst out of this drab cocoon.

If we have a fault, and I suppose we must have (one hundred Ph.D.'s can't always be right), it is that we will not tolerate humor, especially if it is unconscious. The candidates have a real grievance against us. As for myself, I am weary of this compulsion to blue-pencil the fine imaginings of American Youth. Is it not true (except to a schoolmaster) that one finds in Burke 'all sorts of grammatical illusions'? Meredith could not have invented a finer figure than this description of Lady Macbeth's ambition: 'The bug of temptation had whispered in her ear.' I myself prefer, though I dare not admit it to my colleagues, thinking of the French peasants as dancing the rigmarole in the streets of Paris to remembering whatever was the name of their bloody revel. After struggling for many seasons to explain to the modern generation the anguish caused by scientific determinism in the heart of the young Tennyson, I welcome with frabjous joy this exegesis of 'Crossing the Bar': 'He and his friend went out for a row and they were afraid to come back because they did n't know how much the bar would be moaning.' What if Eugene O'Neill never wrote a poem called 'Little Boy Blue'? He ought to try once. Were I making the 829th edition of Shakespeare, I should adopt with delight these critical comments and make my edition the best since Johnson's. Of Cassius: 'He was a keen politician with an intuitive knowledge of stagecraft.' Of Hamlet: 'Queen Gertrude had a fine boy in the younger Hamlet. He was a well-built fellow, though he might be considered a little too heavy for his height.' Of Portia: 'She showed Brutus that she could keep things to herself when she swallowed the live coal and did not tell him what ailed her.'

Clinical notes taken at these sessions yield two hypotheses I have no longer the right to keep from the world. I have discovered the cause of the American mind, that great mystery to European visitors, and I am prepared to suggest a cure for it. There can be no doubt that we are what we are because we were all compelled in our youth to read *Silas Marner*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, and Burke on *Conciliation*. Visiting Englishmen, amazed by our cult of service, should be made to ponder the fact that every American child at the age of fourteen is obliged to heave up his right hand and swear allegiance to little golden-haired Eppie. Consider our suspicions regarding the French. How can we be expected to believe that the French are respectable? Did their effete nobility not kill little

children wantonly, and are not their wives all Madame Defarges? Where can we find a better explanation of our national fondness for making mental reservations when swearing to uphold the Constitution at home and abroad than the fact that we were forced in our youth to lie prodigiously about Burke's abortive masterpiece? Did we not once pretend that it was our fondest pastime to read orations, particularly *this* oration, just as six thousand boys and girls have done this year?

There is a ready cure for these delusions of the American mind. The examiners in English have only to throw overboard *Self-Reliance* and the *Vision of Sir Launfal* and lay a new course. Better than making the songs of a nation is to prescribe what its adolescents shall parse in the schoolroom. What might the Board do for this great commonwealth if it should oust *Silas* in favor of *Tristram Shandy?* Consider for a moment the state of our national consciousness after five generations had been fed on *Jude the Obscure*. For variety's sake we could bring up the mothers and fathers on *Don Juan* and *Point Counter-Point*, and demand of their sons and daughters a complete working knowledge of *Lucile*, *Aurora Leigh*, and *Evangeline*. I have propounded these ideas to some of the examiners, but they were coldly received. That is why I suggest them here; popular sentiment must be created to force the hands of the Board.

About bores

Bores are a product of civilization, and therefore a more critical problem in Boston than in Chicago. For obvious reasons a bore could not survive in an uncivilized community; sometimes even in a civilized one they meet with disaster — Nero had Thrasea put to death for looking like a professor.

It is evidence that France was civilized earlier than England that the French had a word for 'bore' long before their island neighbors. Molière's *Les Fâcheux*, produced in 1661, was copied in England with the title *The Sullen Lovers*, and a translation of Cardinal Richelieu's *L'Art de plaisir dans la Conversation*, published in London in 1722, renders the question, 'Quoi! vous pouvez excuser ces Fâcheux?' by 'You can, then, excuse these *Troublesomes?*' Dean Swift, who was keenly sensitive to bores, does not have the word, and it is not in general use until the nineteenth century. Byron is among the first to use it as a noun: —

> Society is now one polished horde,
> Formed of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bored*.

Provost Salmon of Dublin once defined a bore as 'a person who insists on talking to you about himself, while all the time you are wanting to talk to him about yourself,' but this definition is more cynical than complete. An exalted position may be won by many and devious methods; the art of expression is not always one of them, but exalted persons will inevitably be called upon to 'say a few words' on great occasions. Thus 'we have with us' the Official Bore. When a distinguished Canon was making an exceptionally dull speech at a Commencement, Father Healy of Bray remarked that that was just as it should be, 'the greater the canon, the greater the bore.' Official speeches are probably the most oppressive form of the malady which we have to endure, though the ease with which officials can ignore facts often gives even to these utterances a peculiar charm.

It is, of course, true, as Oliver Wendell Holmes said, that all men are bores except when you want them, yet there are some never wanted, who may therefore be classed as bores *sui generis*.

The dictionary holds the function of the bore to be 'to weary by tedious conversation or simply by the failure to be interesting,' and most sufferers would agree with this statement so far as it goes. The bore is, in other words, the one who can compel attention but who cannot arouse interest. Dean Swift, in his 'Hints toward an Essay on Conversation,' describes the bore at work with great accuracy. 'Among such as deal in multitudes of words,' he writes, 'none are comparable to the sober deliberate talker, who proceedeth with much thought and caution, maketh his preface, brancheth out into several digressions, findeth a hint that putteth him in mind of another story, which he promiseth to tell you when this is done; cometh back regularly to his subject, cannot regularly call to mind some person's name, holdeth his head, complaineth of his memory; the whole company, all this while, in suspense; at length, says he, it is no matter, and so goes on. And to crown the business, it perhaps proveth at last a story the company hath heard fifty times before; or at least some insipid adventure of the relater.'

The word 'bore' is said to be derived from a French word which means to stuff or cram, and the true bore must be one who is full of something, himself or his children (a bachelor has been defined as a person who has no children to speak of), or his catarrh or his car; and it is because of this characteristic of bores that some have attempted their defense on the plea that it is our deficiency that is at fault: we are unable to receive of their fullness. But much depends on the nature of the fullness. There is one fullness of a wine jar, another of a soup tureen, and then there are teapots which are condemned as having 'a bad pour.' The perfect bore could not announce that an archangel had alighted on the back fence in such a way as to arouse interest.

Numerous remedies against bores have been proposed. Dr. Johnson suggested withdrawing the attention and thinking of Tom Thumb. This might be effective in some cases, — as when listening to important speeches, for example, — but there are bores who insert questions in the midst of their discourses, and the wandering attention is thus put to an open shame. One of the best remedies proposed is to make a collection of bores. To find after months of search that there is a greater bore than the wealthy and benevolent Babbitt is to triumph over circumstances, and even surpasses the excitement which a man once found in collecting dull stories. Another remedy suggested is to become a bore one's self; a kind of homeopathic treatment, for the bore is himself never bored — not, at least, while he can find a victim. But this remedy requires time; a bore is not built in a day. It may even need some moral discipline — that is, if Dr. Jowett was correct in his belief that bores were generally good men.

The modern world is finding the remedy in substitution. It has abandoned the Art of Conversation as something entirely beyond its intellectual reach, and has substituted the phonograph, the radio, and bridge; but here the question must arise whether the remedy is not worse than the disease. The ancient symposium was worth the risk of an occasional bore.

The only cure for the disease is again the ancient rule of 'Know Thyself.' This is once more best expressed by Dean Swift: 'Of such mighty importance every man is to himself and ready to think he is so to others, without once making the easy and obvious reflection, that his affairs can have no more weight with other men than theirs can have with him, and how little that is he is sensible enough.'

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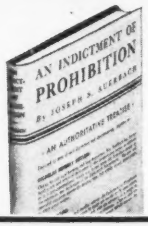

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The Atlantic BOOKSHELF

A Guide to Good Books

BOSTON has had a propensity for developing Americans of whose independence, rugged intellect, and creative power there is tangible evidence. One has only to fetch back a decade to remember Mrs. Jack Gardner and her Palace, Amy Lowell and her 'Patterns,' Charles Sargent and the Arboretum, or a generation to recall Phillips Brooks and Trinity Church, and Charles Eliot, president of a revived Harvard. Exactly a year ago this magazine published Dean Briggs's prose portrait of President Eliot. 'I have watched,' wrote the Dean, 'first with boyish fear, then with a young assistant's mingled fear and pride, then with no fear at all but with constantly increasing pride and gratitude and love, this greatest of all the men whom I have known.'

Now appears from the pen of another, familiar with Harvard and Cambridge, the definitive biography seeking to do justice to Eliot's 'greatness.' The author, Henry James, son of William the philosopher, and nephew of his namesake the novelist, has had in the preparation of this book the advantage of propinquity in impressionable years, and of perspective in maturity. Though 'born and bred in Eliot's Cambridge,' Mr. James has chosen to do his writing at a reasonable distance from Boston — that is to say, in New York, where, as everyone knows, there is cultivated a certain detached criticism in regard to Harvard.

THE MAN *of the* MONTH

HENRY JAMES

Charles William Eliot

[Houghton Mifflin, 2 vols., $10.00]

PRESIDENT ELIOT, said Mr. John Jay Chapman, 'belongs to a class of men who fill a great place in the public eye and are suddenly and ungratefully forgotten; the class of worthies. Twenty-five years from now, young men will be shamelessly asking, "Who was Presid Eliot?"' Fifteen of these years have passed since Chapman made his prophecy, twenty-one since Eliot resigned his office, and now in Mr. James's def tive biography we have, as we have never had bef the man and his achievement placed before us in s detail and with such a picture of his environment should enable us to judge of the justice of Mr. Ch man's estimate.

The biographer has been well chosen. Born and b in Eliot's Cambridge, Mr. James has, in addition to advantage of abundant opportunity of first-hand servation, the additional one of being non-academic of having lived long enough at a distance from Harv to achieve a fortunate detachment. His attitude tow his subject is appreciative and admiring but not some, discriminating but not grudging. His knowle of the background is ample. His style is clear and dir with passages of restrained feeling and unforced ele tion. He never comes between the portrait and spectator.

'The purpose of this book,' as stated in the Prefat Note, 'is to delineate [Eliot's] character, not to hall his memory or to chronicle all his achievements,' this is a true account of the emphasis employed. treating a life as long as Mr. Eliot's, so full of activ in so many fields, there was a grave risk of producin work so ponderous that no one would read it throu and of enumerating events till the outline of the p sonality was lost. Perhaps Mr. James's outstandi merit is his power of selection and his rigor in rejecti As a result the narrative reads rapidly and holds t interest, and the picture of the man stands out w great distinctness and vitality.

As far as possible Mr. Eliot is made to draw his o image. His opinions are mainly stated in langua drawn from his speeches and writings and a discreet is made of his letters. He had a vast corresponden but he was not one of the great letter writers. epistolary style differed little from that of his publish writings, and it would have been a mistake to make t book chiefly letters. But we are glad to have enough his family correspondence to disclose sides of his nat more intimate than the public was permitted to see his lifetime.

Doubtless many people will be disappointed w what seems to them a scanty treatment of incidents a activities that engage their special interest. The viewer, for example, for professional reasons would ha liked to hear more of Mr. Eliot's changing attitud toward the education of women and of how he got t money for the remaking of Harvard. But to have sat fied all such desires would have made the book of unmanageable size and would have defeated its ma purpose of vivid portraiture of the man.

Though the biography contains numerous passages analysis and interpretation, it closes without a attempt at a final summing up of Mr. Eliot's personali or any estimate of the degree of his greatness. One

Of Mark Sullivan the historian, Allan Nevins writes "he has brought into American historical writing a current of such originality and freshness that his work is likely to prove more influential than anything else done in years," and of his great work "Our Times"—"one of the most impressive exhibitions of the scope, the variety, and the irresistible energy of American life yet published."

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grets this modesty on the part of the author, for such a characterization would have been what one would have liked to compare with the sentences quoted at the beginning of this review. One may be sure that it would have made evident their hopeless inadequacy.

There is an element of condescension and patronage in Mr. Chapman's term which is wholly inappropriate. No man ever condescended to Charles William Eliot; no man ever patronized him. That is one evidence of his greatness. Every reader will pick others for himself — his brilliant powers as an administrator, his knowledge of men, his extraordinary skill in leadership without any of the meaner arts of it, his blazing candor, his justness, his courage, his patience and persistence, his passion for service, his indomitable faith that the right way must ultimately be taken, that truth will prevail. All these are exhibited again and again, and with them his limitations, such as his slight æsthetic endowment, his restricted sense of humor, his narrow imaginative range.

What Mr. James has added that will be new to many whose contacts with Mr. Eliot were purely professional is the evidence of a warm and deep emotional nature. To his more magnificent qualities which awed so many men this book has added great tenderness, a capacity for romantic and chivalrous devotion, and a pathetically repressed craving for affection. This affection he found abundantly in his family circle, but it now seems clear that, largely through his conception of the demands of his official position, he deprived himself of a much wider range of affectionate relations of which his nature was capable and for which he yearned. The myth of the glacial Eliot is destroyed.

W. A. Neilson

Prominent among this season's novelists are three women, each of whom has become known for a kind of heady wine bottled in her books. Margaret Kennedy, with her *Constant Nymph*, Rose Macaulay, with *Potterism* and *Orphan Island*, and Dorothy Canfield Fisher, whose *Bent Twig* moved Lord Bryce to praise. Have they, we wonder, done it again? And is the vintage as good as, or better than, that of other years?

New Wine in Old Bottles

These novels, each sure of its anticipating public, range themselves *penseroso* and *allegro*, as might be expected: on one hand the gravity of Dorothy Canfield Fisher; on the other the audacities of Margaret Kennedy and the light-hearted preposterousness that decorates Rose Macaulay's thesis.

Staying with Relations, by **Rose Macaulay** (Liveright, $2.50), is a synthetic draft that pricks with the characteristic Macaulay tang. It is wild narrative, brilliant and beautiful description. Incidentally it is keen study of a nervously mismated couple, and it the ancient California joke made new and glorious. is also, as I have said, a novel with a thesis.

Whenever Miss Macaulay goes gunning, she is aft specific game. In *Staying with Relations*, her game 'the facile temptation to classify humanity according sex, to age, to type, to anything but temperamer which so readily besets the writer.' (And which, extension, so readily besets us all.) Catherine Grey, t young English novelist, no sooner comes to visit h cousins in Guatemala than she falls zestfully to work assigning them their types. Then she is puzzled by the conduct in the extravaganza that shortly involves ther She is indignant when her stepcousin's husband says her sternly, 'You call everyone a type. That's whe you're hopelessly out. There are no types. . . . W can't even understand or classify ourselves and our ow reactions, let alone anyone else's.'

By a turn that is pure Macaulay, it is this critic hin self who presently is voicing the reader's own sha surprise as he says of Catherine the observer, 'You never suspect her of all that turbulent and disorder private history she seems to have. All those debts an love and whatnot, I mean.' His languid stepbrother-i law's rejoinder succinctly restates the thesis: 'My dea why on earth not?'

Even the title of this book has its tongue in its chee

With ***The Fool of the Family*** (Doubleday, Dora $2.00), **Margaret Kennedy** has done it again. Th Sangers have come back, vehement and vivid and di organized as ever. But in Caryl, the family fool, ther is something exotic, something not altogether Sange something that permits him to plan madly but not t execute consistently. In Caryl Sanger we have what called the artistic temperament hampered by quee tendernesses, queer scruples, by a thing that might b called conscience. In Sebastian Sanger we have th artistic temperament reënforced by a quite sublim ruthlessness and a magnificent endowment of oblivio In Fenella McLean, loved by Caryl and desired by th beautiful Sebastian, we have the Scotch temperamen captivated by the newly learned phrase 'living danger ously' and unhorsed from its habitual prudence by th impact of the mad Sanger brothers.

Out of one of Miss Kennedy's eyes, as it were, look an *enfant terrible;* out of the other, a sage. Their join findings are reported in this writer's singularly tellin manner. It is equally telling whether she is describin how Caryl, who is playing the piano for the Lido Pie Cinema and has reached the moment when he shoul begin on 'Chiri-biri-bi!' storms into the 'Appassionata because a flash of lightning has shown him the se through the window; or how Fenella battles aghast wit a quite contraband emotion; or how the little reprobat Gemma sits singing in a queer, shrill voice, —

'Leggie over leggie
The doggie went to Dover,'

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The BOOKSHELF

over her dead baby; or how the amazing procession of clergymen and other antiquarians comes wending to the old mill where two guilty elopers have sequestered themselves; or how the primroses glow in the orchard by the mill, and the 'intolerable melancholy sweetness of spring is in the air.'

In ***The Deepening Stream*** (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00), **Dorothy Canfield Fisher** tells of a woman's difficult progress along 'the uphill road that led from her childish hardness toward a little understanding of the rich complexity of life.' She depicts with great skill certain landmarks on this progress: a little girl's first sense of the miraculous, caught from the sudden brilliant flowering of tulips in a garden above the Hudson River; her first sense of terror, on the night when she is lost with her sister and her brother in the broom on Tzeohébie Hill; the celestial joy of her encounter with great music; the misery and scare of her growing realization that her father and her mother enjoy triumphing over each other, hurting each other; the revelation, at the dreadful hour of her father's death, that between him and her mother there has been nevertheless a supreme dependence.

Matey Gilbert's life, in short, like the life of any perceptive and analytical and candid person, is a continuous recognition of one thing more that she has failed to understand. And the process of recognition goes on into her marriage, through the discipline of maternity, through her joy in her children, through the slow ripening of her love for her husband. And last it goes on into her experience in the Great War.

I think it is significant that Mrs. Fisher postponed her war novel so many years. The latter half of this book, which deals with the war as seen and felt by a relief worker in Paris, has authority, of course; it has dignity and reticence; but, most of all, it has perspective. This is felt particularly in Matey's somewhat dubious feeling over the triumphal entry into Paris of 'le Président Veelson,' and the subsequent resolution of her doubt through a new interpretation; and in the post-war groping of Matey and her husband for solid ground for their feet.

The Deepening Stream has all the qualities one has learned to expect of a novel by this writer: reality, seriousness of purpose, and, I think one must add, an unalleviated seriousness of execution, high-mindedness, a sense of deep roots. It has in addition the largeness that comes from the war theme.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS

IT is hardly too much to say that our present and what Norman Douglas calls our 'cannibalistic' craving for personalities has been most nourished by an Englishman, Lytton Strachey, a Frenchman, André Maurois, and a German, Emil Ludwig. This fall we have a new book by the latter, which is sure to be read, and simultaneously a 'fictionized' biography by that picturesque Dutchman, Hendrik Van Loon. By a coincidence Van Loon devotes the whole of his volume and Ludwig the greater third of his to a study of Rembrandt. This similarity in theme throws into contrast their methods of presentation.

TITANS

Emil Ludwig has developed an excellent method for compiling biographies of great men, although so far he has not had the temerity to apply it to a great woman. Yet this method would seem admirably fitted for that end, since it is largely a selection of details, often in themselves insignificant, which reveal character or illuminate a situation. Thus in his new book, ***Three Titans: Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Beethoven*** (Putnam, $3.50), we are told that when Michelangelo was away from his house in Rome 'the cats missed him very much, though they did not want for food'; or we are reminded that he said, 'Every painter ought to do sculpture along with painting, every sculptor painting along with sculpture'; or, summing up his life in Rome, 'If I did serve the Popes, it was because I had to'; or the profound precept which might stand as his artistic credo, 'Take infinite pains, and make something that looks effortless.'

Ludwig is also a stickler for dates. He prefaces his book with an outline which records the significant years of his three Titans; it is evidently condensed from a much fuller sketch which served as the basis of his work.

Of the three Titans, Michelangelo receives the fullest and most satisfying treatment; so good is this biography that one wishes it had filled the whole book, expanded and enriched, somewhat as Merezhkovski has given us the life of Leonardo, but without the inventions of the Russian novelist. Not that Ludwig falls short in imaginative creation; he is a true interpreter, as in the first pages, where he paints the life of Lorenzo the Magnificent, statesman, Platonist, and lover of art, showing convincingly the influence of those early years on the whole life of the great sculptor. But it was hardly necessary to stress the possible moods of jealousy among the immortals by a subtle depreciation of Raphael and Leonardo, in order to make Michelangelo stand out supreme.

One finds the same tendency to cast a shadow on Rubens, in the study of Rembrandt, but one finds also the same fine imaginative interpretation; especially sensitive is the picture of Rembrandt's first work in his father's mill, where the whirling wings outside the window made a magical succession of light and shade, which fascinated the young painter and dominated all his later work. But one is inclined to think that Ludwig is too sentimental in his record of the many miseries which Rembrandt brought upon himself and those he

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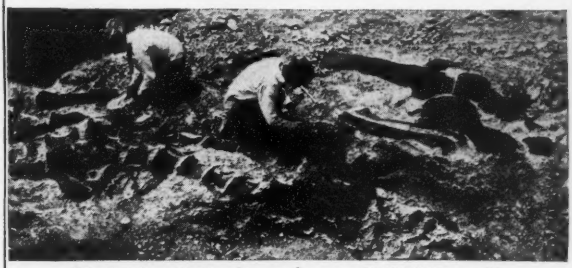

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loved, through sheer inability to keep accounts. One is inclined to believe that, on the whole, the Dutch master was supremely happy in his work; that, even in his last period of dependence, he was 'as having nothing, yet possessing all things,' in virtue of his ceaseless power of creation.

Sentimentalism is also somewhat marked in the story of Beethoven, which is nevertheless sensitively recorded. But, while one does gain the feeling of Michelangelo's immense life work, and in nearly equal degree of Rembrandt's, this is less true of the great musician; perhaps because Ludwig has adopted the jargon of some art critics, who, in describing music, mix up the names of the instruments, the sounds they produce, and the emotions to be conveyed by these sounds, as who should say, 'Bassoons, blare, bravado!' instead of describing the successive emotions, aspirations, and moods of color which the musician is laboring to express. But after all, the one true description of music is the music itself.

In the 'School of Athens' in the Vatican, Raphael has painted Pythagoras, Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, and 'other illustrious personages of antiquity,' and has inserted his own picture among them. If one may call this immense picture a 'portrait of Raphael,' then one is justified in describing **Hendrik Van Loon's** new book, ***R. v. R.*** (Liveright, $5.00), as a biography of Rembrandt. For Rembrandt does appear among the many figures in this voluminous work.

We begin with a real or imaginary ancestor who, evidently mindful of the prayer book of King Edward VI, makes one of a group, Jew, Turk, Infidel, Heretic; endowed with a fine flow of words, they tell the story of their lives, after the manner of *Gil Blas*. The Infidel, who is the ancestral Van Loon, is, after a good many chapters, called in to the Rembrandt household to give medical aid to the dying Saskia, and so the central figure at last enters the somewhat diffuse narrative.

Perhaps holding that a casual and rather careless diary of the seventeenth century is best represented by an equally casual style in the twentieth, the ancestral Van Loon constantly uses phrases that would be quite at home in the columns of one of our dailies with a complaisant editor. But when we come to sum up, the figure of Rembrandt stands forth substantially the same as in the avowedly historical work of Ludwig, and both books do full justice to the fine devotion of Saskia and her successor, Hendrikje, the two women who dedicated their lives to the happiness of the titanic, untidy, rather shiftless man of genius. Some of the speeches which are put into Rembrandt's mouth are excellent; they give a true interpretation of his ideals and methods, though one doubts that this rather taciturn painter ever poured forth so copious a flow of words.

CHARLES JOHNSTON

No one will dispute the fact that Ellis Parke Butler knows his guinea pigs. And, also, that he i apt to know when a thing is funny. His enthusi asm for his quizzical associate, A. Edward New ton, is an agreeable confirmation of the fact tha experts do not always disagree.

AN INNOCENT ABROAD

WHEN I picked up this copy of ***A Tourist in Spite o Himself*** (Atlantic Monthly Press & Little, Brow $3.50), I knew I was going to enjoy reading again group of essays that gave me pleasure when I read the in a certain magazine. I had said to a friend but a da or two before, 'There's one thing you *must* read — "I Standardland,"' because the author, **A. Edwar Newton,** had said in that essay such amusingly com mon-sense things about the United States with such good-natured smile.

I found this and nine other of the essays in this book It is hardly necessary to tell *Atlantic* readers anythin about the Newtonian style and method. His method — he has n't any, by the way — is that of a well-nourishe and well-read gentleman named A. Edward Newto who starts out on a walk with a serious brow and a smil in his eyes, and with a cane hung over his arm, an stops to look in shop windows, stops to turn over a ston to see the human bugs scramble, stops to listen to bird. He pokes things with his cane, goes into the firs inn for refreshments, talks to aged night-watchmen porters, and returns with the seriousness off his bro and the smile on his lips as well as in his eyes. And h probably reaches home with a first edition in his pocket picked up in a dusky bookshop.

In this way A. Edward Newton cheerfully perambu lates through London and Paris and other foreign places — 'perambulate' means 'to inspect by traversing,' — so that you hear of Dr. Johnson, Corona cigars, Wood row Wilson, and the Folies-Bergère in Jerusalem, an the Pennsylvania Railway and Mr. Bryan in Rome Nothing could be more pleasant than walking behin this unhurried Mr. Newton, seeing what he sees, gettin glimpses of what he thinks, and hearing what he says t old ladies, vicars, policemen, and himself. And wha they say to him.

I have always felt that the prime requirement of th essay, even more than of any other form of writing should be readability, and these are essays that ar readable whether taken from start to finish, from finis to start, from the middle both ways, or by scattere pages or paragraphs. This pleasant gentleman wit the cane has any number of interesting things to say some of them quite important, but — important or no — he makes them interesting. The way I felt about i was 'Why, here is a book that can be read!' and I fel it with relief after so many books that seemed to hav been made to slam me in the face, gag me in the gullet or jounce me up and down and leave me with a frac tured cerebrum.

YALE

NOTES—

Mr. Frankfurter's article in this issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* is included in his book, *The Public and Its Government*, $2.00, just published.

More and more do we find that non-fiction titles are in demand. Those people to whom knowledge of the truth is as essential as food, have always sought and acquired books of permanent value. But now a new group appears—those who find that the reading of good books is an inexpensive luxury.

There is pleasure and excitement in new ideas—in following some subject around the corner. The journal of William H. Brewer, *Up and Down California*, $6.00, just published, might offer one point of departure. It is a delightful, informative diary of California in the sixties.

Or you might stop to consider why our early settlers went where they did? Archer B. Hulbert believes that the type of soil had much to do with it. Germans from the Palatinate sought the limestone they knew. He develops this theory in *Soil; Its Influence on the History of the United States*, $2.50, just out.

Current events provide another field for intellectual explorations. Charles P. Howland's volume, announced herewith, forms a well blazed trail to follow.

There is also Halidé Edib who writes of modern Turkey in her *Turkey Faces West*, $3.00, and André Siegfried of France in his *France: A Study in Nationality*, $2.00.

Herbert Feis in his new book, *Europe; The World's Banker*, $5.00, gives an account of the connection between world finance and diplomacy before the War. His survey is clear and succinct.

Nearly two years ago Gisela M. A. Richter's *Sculpture and Sculptors of the Greeks* was published in a limited edition of 500 copies at $35.00. The edition quickly sold out. Recently the same material, complete text with the same 750 illustrations, has been issued in a simpler format for $12.00.

In Art, the name of Bernhard Berenson looms big. His new book, *Studies in Medieval Painting*, with one hundred and fifty illustrations, $15.00, has just been published.

Why not ask us (Yale University Press, New Haven) for our new autumn catalogue. As a reader of the *Atlantic Monthly*, you are certain to be interested in our new books.

THE PUBLIC AND ITS GOVERNMENT

By Felix Frankfurter

One of the most astute observers of government presents the case for American Democracy, its defects and virtues, and suggests the ways in which change should occur. The author is "no dealer in panaceas," his striking argument is derived from the facts, and the remedies are as concrete as the precedents. Price $2.00

SURVEY OF AMERICAN FOREIGN RELATIONS, 1930

Prepared by Charles P. Howland

The third volume in the authoritative annual survey of the Council on Foreign Relations. The problems of the New Pacific, World Order and Co-ordination, and Post-War Financial Relations are here brilliantly discussed. Price $5.00

CONWAY LETTERS

By Marjorie Nicolson

The Correspondence of Anne, Viscountess Conway, Henry More, and their Friends from 1642 to 1684—a volume which brings to life many of the most fascinating people of the seventeenth century. Anyone interested in the intellectual movements, the religious feeling, and the deeper aspects of the social history of that time will turn to this book. We believe that it will be regarded as one of the standard collections of letters. Price $6.00

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WRITE FOR NEW AUTUMN LIST

The BOOKSHELF

'Why,' I felt, 'here is pleasant literature once more!' But, since I had read most of the essays before, that did not fully account for the new pleasure they gave me in this book form, and it was not until I suddenly realized that the type and the page and the spacing of the lines were those of my favorite and excellent set of Thackeray that I knew why I was feeling this especial delight. It is a beautiful book in both type and paper, and as — probably — A. Edward Newton is not as ready with the pencil as Thackeray was, Gluyas Williams has been called in to do the amusing drawings scattered through the book in true Thackeray manner. They are delightful pictures, and, believe it or not, not one of the faces depicted is Bob Benchley's. The illustrations become, by their appropriateness, a part of the book, and for that Mr. Newton should make Mr. Williams a suitable present — I would choose Mr. Newton's cane if I were Mr. Williams; it has poked into many interesting corners and clicked on many amusing pavements.

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

BOOKS for children, as everyone knows, are invariably purchased for them by their elders, many of whom have to depend on the salesmen's advice or a few seconds' sampling in a crowded bookstall. The *Atlantic* counts it a privilege to be able to offer these recommendations of Anne Carroll Moore of the New York Public Library. A further selection by Miss Moore will appear in the Bookshel for December.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS OF 1930

THERE are space and air, light and laughter, and living truth in the children's book that survives, and the search for these elements in the publications of a given season is rarely so well rewarded as it is this year. Out of hundreds of books examined I have made a first selection representative of typical groups and worthy of personal ownership by children from picture-book age well into the teens.

A Roundabout Turn (Warne & Co., $1.50) is a good starting point, for of all books the picture book has the most universal appeal. No one, whether child or grown-up, who sees the drawings of **Leslie Brooke,** and what he has done with the venturesome Toad of Albury Heath who sets forth to see for himself how round the world is, is likely to rest content without a copy of this delightful book for his very own. The verses, a rare piece of authentic nonsense, appeared first in *Punch.* They were written by **Robert Charles.**

A new picture book by Leslie Brooke, the creator of *Johnny Crow* and *The Golden Goose Book,* is an event, for we have had no books from his competent hand for several years. To a greater degree than any other artis he has carried on in the Caldecott tradition of childlik fun excellently drawn against a background of clea colors. His talent as a portrait painter is clearly dis cernible in his picture books when applied to birds an animals in human situations. Every detail is most care fully drawn, with full appreciation of a child's intelli gence and sense of humor.

From Albury Heath to Mexico City may seem a lon way to travel, but in ***René d'Harnoncourt's*** draw ings for ***The Painted Pig,*** by **Elizabeth Morrow** (Knopf, $2.00), we make the happy discovery tha childhood's country knows no boundaries. This book i Mexico. Whether one has ever been there or not, on feels the authenticity of the colorful and rhythmic draw ings of children and their toys in a country where every toy is an original —a sculpture, a painting, or a draw ing. Thanks to Mrs. Dwight Morrow's keen perceptio of the value of such a spontaneous pictorial record o Mexican life to all children, and to the circumstantia story drawn from her own experience in buying a painted pig in the market at Cuernavaca, we have in this book a unique addition to picture books of enduring quality The reproduction of some fifteen illustrations in brilliant colors is admirable and results in a book in striking contrast to many which look like mere advertising matter Countries with a tradition of art and culture deserve something better at the hands of American publishers than a succession of mechanical printings in hard bright colors.

Excellence of effect can be produced by very simple means. The alternative use of orange and blue to set off the deep blacks in **Emma Brock's *To Market, To Market*** (Knopf, $1.75) illustrates the point. Here is a third well-conceived and well-produced picture book with a background of Holland drawn from life. The artist has written her own jolly little story, in which a mouse and a duck go to market and have many adventures by the way. Those who have had the good fortune to be in Middleburg on a market day will recognize how true it all is. Here are the farmers in their tilt-carts, the fishwives, the butter-wives, the sailors, the children. Miss Brock has a sure sense of selection, of what belongs in a picture book of another country, as well as her own way of seeing.

The artist who can write his own stories or the author who can illustrate his is indeed a fortunate soul. **Anne Parrish** has done both in ***Floating Island*** (Harper, $3.00). This is quite the most childlike and charming book of the year for children just beyond the picture-book age and beginning to read on their own account. Although concerned with dolls and a shipwreck in tropical seas, it is entirely original, thoroughly informed, and written in effortless prose which should be taken to heart by all educators who are laboriously trying to put factual information in story form. It takes an artist

Books of Quality

Civilization and Its Discontents

By SIGMUND FREUD

"An impressive and absorbing contribution to the great problem of happiness under our civilization." — HENRY HAZLITT in *The Nation*. $2.25

FIVE MASTERS

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Author of *The Modern Temper*

THIS study in the mutations of the novel combines the interest of biography, both narrative and psychological, with the philosophical criticism of literature. The five chosen for study are Boccaccio, Cervantes, Samuel Richardson, Stendhal, and Marcel Proust. $3.50

ARMAGEDDON

Edited by Eugene Lohrke

All the greatest literature that has been written about the war. *800 pages, extensive bibliography, and notes on books and authors.* $5.00

A BACHELOR ABROAD

By Evelyn Waugh

A delightful travel book by the brilliant author of *Vile Bodies*, etc. Vivid descriptions of Paris, Port Said, of Cairo; of parties, of dives, and of dance halls. $2.50

The New Library

Heredity. By F. A. E. Crew
The Black Death. By G. G. Coulton
The Indian States and Ruling Princes. By Sir Sidney Low
Buddhism. By Kenneth Saunders
The Great Philosophies of the World. By C. E. M. Joad
Marriage. By Edward Westermarck
Just published. Send for complete list. Each, $.60

A BRASS HAT IN NO MAN'S LAND

By Brig.-Gen. F. P. Crozier

"An *All Quiet on the Western Front* by a British General; and it is better." — *Outlook*. $2.50

THE SOVIETS IN WORLD AFFAIRS

By Louis Fischer

A complete and well-documented history of Soviet foreign affairs from the beginning of the Bolshevik revolution to the present day. *Two volumes*, $10.00

THE BACK-TO-BACKS

By J. C. Grant

This novel describes in moving prose the human drama of a coal-mining town in England. *Introduction by LIAM O'FLAHERTY.* $2.00

A SATURDAY LIFE

By Radclyffe Hall

The first American publication of this novel about a beautiful and incorrigibly difficult young girl and the amusing people who surround her. $2.00

For Young People

THE BLOT: Little City Cat. By Phyllis Crawford. *Illustrated*, $2.00
PINK FURNITURE. By A. E. Coppard. *Illustrated*, $2.50
TALES FROM CHAUCER. Retold by Eleanor Farjeon. *With 12 full page colored illustrations.* $3.00

AS I LAY DYING

By WILLIAM FAULKNER

JUST published, this new novel by the author of *The Sound and the Fury*. In construction it is simpler than that book, but here again the author's genius spreads a kind of black magic over the pages. $2.50

Humanity Uprooted

By MAURICE HINDUS

"By far the most truthful picture of Russia yet drawn by anyone." — *HUGH WALPOLE. Introduction by JOHN DEWEY.* 6th printing. *Illustrated*, $3.50

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The BOOKSHELF

with a sense of humor as well as of beauty to make the connection between the seen and the unseen, the known and the unknown. Anne Parrish has done just that with her doll house and its inimitable inhabitants. The drawings are in perfect harmony with the text and will seem to a child as if done for him personally. The adventures of Mr. Doll and William will be as interesting to small boys as to girls.

For boys somewhat older, in touch with the world of the fourth school grade, ***Emil and the Detectives,*** by **Erich Kaestner** (Doubleday, Doran, $2.00), holds an original portrait gallery through which they pass to the fascinating story of the lively adventures of Emil and his friends in Berlin. Translated from the German by May Massee, the story loses none of its freshness and virility as a human document. The small boy of the world has never been better done than by Herr Kaestner, young German poet and journalist. One is reminded of William Henry, almost the first natural ten-year-old boy in American fiction — the creation of Mrs. Diaz. William Henry and Emil have a good many ideas in common although living in different countries and in different periods of time. Both books are packed with boy psychology, and very opportunely ***The William Henry Letters*** by **Abby Morton Diaz** (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, $2.00) has this year been reissued in a well-printed large type edition retaining the original illustrations.

For little girls there is **Eliza Orne White's** story, ***The Green Door,*** with scissor cuts by **Lisl Hummel** (Houghton Mifflin, $1.50), in which a lively little girl comes from the Middle West to live in a New England town. Miss White's stories are true to life: they come from the competent hand of a novelist as well as the heart of a lover of children.

For the children of various ages who last year enjoyed the *Bastable Children,* for their elders who may relish that English author, E. Nesbit, and for the unacquainted who have luck, it will be a happy surprise to find that three rollicking volumes, *Fire Children and It, The Phœnix and the Carpet,* and *The Story of the Amulet,* have this year been compressed and reissued in a single volume, ***The Five Children,*** by **E. Nesbit** (Coward-McCann, $3.00). It is the publisher's mistake, however, to advertise E. Nesbit as 'the English Louisa Alcott.' She holds quite a different place by her own individual right. Her plots are different from all other plots and her English scenes have a singular charm. Her books read aloud incomparably.

There are several other excellent books from which to read aloud at Halloween and Thanksgiving. ***A Baker's Dozen*** (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00) contains thirteen admirably chosen stories which **Mary Gould Davis** often tells to boys and girls of ten and twelve. ***The Bold Dragoon and Other Ghostly Tales*** by **Washington Irving** (Knopf, $3.50) is a reminder pictorially as well as textually of what a capital inventor of mystery stories Washington Irving really was. **James Daugherty,** who made the pictures for *The Bold Dragoon,* has also illustrated a new edition of **Stephen Vincent Benét's *John Brown's Body*** (Doubleday, Doran, $3.50), designed especially for older boys and girls. As one can readily see, the artist has been in personal touch with the poet. These are but the forerunners of a longer list in December.

ANNE CARROLL MOORE

At the time this is written it is of course too early to pick the favorites of the fall. It is clear, however, both from the publishers' announcements and from those titles which have already appeared, that there will be no lack of attractive books to fetch people into the bookshops. I shall run no risk by predicting that *Angel Pavement,* by J. B. Priestley (Harper), will find its way into a good many homes, that *Jeb Stuart,* by Captain John Thomason (Scribner), will be one of the most glamorous biographies of the season, and that *Memories and Vagaries,* by Dr. Axel Munthe (Dutton), will be sought for by three out of five of those who read *The Story of San Michele.* Incidentally the royalties earned by the latter volume have been expended by Dr. Munthe on a bird sanctuary at Capri, which is to remain a preserve after his death. The income from his Swedish edition is to go for bird sanctuaries in Sweden. A fine action, recalling as it does the will of the late W. H. Hudson. . . .

It is interesting to observe that of the fall novels reviewed in these columns thus far one is priced at $3.00, three at $2.50, and four at $2.00. . . .

In the October *Scribner's,* as some will have seen, the generously disposed William Lyon Phelps enumerates his choice of the one hundred best novels of all time. His list, which might serve as a New Year Resolution for the conscientious, is composed of thirty English authors, twelve American, nine French, four Russian, three German, three Scandinavian, and one Polish.

Edward Weeks

THE BOOKSHELF'S List of prominent books in 1929–1930 will be sent free on request to the Editor